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VOL. CLXXIX.

THE CAXTONS BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE CAXTONS;

A FAMILY PICTURE.

BY

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart.
AUTHOR OF RIENZI, &C.

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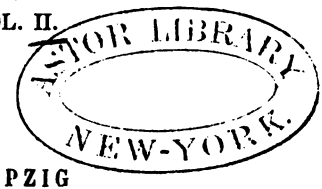
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1849.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK

Every family is a history in itself and even a poem to those who know how to search its pages.

LAMARTINE.

Dii probos mores docili juventæ,
Dii senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque, prolemque,
Et decus omne.

HORAT. *Carmen Sæculare.*

THE CAXTONS;

A

FAMILY PICTURE.

PART XI.

CHAPTER I.

THE next day, on the outside of the Cambridge Telegraph, there was one passenger who ought to have impressed his fellow-travellers with a very respectful idea of his lore in the dead languages; for not a single syllable, in a live one, did he vouchsafe to utter from the moment he ascended that "bad eminence," to the moment in which he regained his mother earth. "Sleep," says honest Sancho, "covers a man better than a cloak." I am ashamed of thee, honest Sancho! thou art a sad plagiarist; for Tibullus said pretty nearly the same thing before thee, —

"Te somnus fusco velavit amictu." *

But is not silence as good a cloak as sleep? — does it not wrap a man round with as offusc and impervious a fold? Silence — what a world it covers! — what busy schemes — what bright hopes and dark fears — what ambition, or what despair! Do you ever see a man in any society sitting mute for hours, and not feel an uneasy curiosity to penetrate the

* Tibullus, iii. 4, 55.

wall he thus builds up between others and himself? Does he not interest you far more than the brilliant talker at your left — the airy wit at your right, whose shafts fall in vain on the sullen barrier of the silent man! Silence, dark sister of Nox and Erebus, how, layer upon layer, shadow upon shadow, blackness upon blackness, thou stretchest thyself from hell to heaven, over thy two chosen haunts — man's heart and the grave!

So, then, wrapped in my greatcoat and my silence, I performed my journey; and on the evening of the second day I reached the old-fashioned brick house. How shrill on my ears sounded the bell! How strange and ominous to my impatience seemed the light gleaming across the windows of the hall! How my heart beat as I watched the face of the servant who opened the gate to my summons!

"All well?" cried I.

"All well, Sir," answered the servant, cheerfully. "Mr. Squills, indeed, is with master, but I don't think there is anything the matter."

But now my mother appeared at the threshold, and I was in her arms.

"Sisty, Sisty! — my dear, dear son! — beggared, perhaps — and my fault, — mine."

"Yours! — come into this room, out of hearing — your fault?"

"Yes, yes! — for if I had had no brother, or if I had not been led away, — if I had, as I ought, entreated poor Austin not to —"

"My dear, dearest mother, *you* accuse yourself for what, it seems, was my uncle's misfortune — I am sure not even his fault! (I made a gulp *there*.) No, lay the fault on the right shoulders — the defunct shoulders of that horrible progenitor William Caxton the printer; for, though I don't yet know th

particulars of what has happened, I will lay a wager it is connected with that fatal invention of printing. Come, come, — my father is well, is he not?"

"Yes, thank Heaven."

"And you too, and I, and Roland, and little Blanche! Why then, you are right to thank Heaven, for your true treasures are untouched. But sit down and explain, pray."

"I cannot explain. I do not understand anything more than that he, my brother, — mine! — has involved Austin in — in —" (a fresh burst of tears.)

I comforted, scolded, laughed, preached, and adjured in a breath; and then, drawing my mother gently on, entered my father's study.

At the table was seated Mr. Squills, pen in hand, and a glass of his favourite punch by his side. My father was standing on the hearth, a shade more pale; but with a resolute expression on his countenance, which was new to its indolent thoughtful mildness! He lifted his eyes as the door opened, and then, putting his finger to his lips, as he glanced towards my mother, he said gaily, "No great harm done. Don't believe her! Women always exaggerate, and make realities of their own bugbears: it is the vice of their lively imaginations, as Wierus has clearly shown in accounting for the marks, moles, and hare-lips which they inflict upon their innocent infants before they are even born. My dear boy," added my father, as I here kissed him and smiled in his face, "I thank you for that smile! God bless you!" He wrung my hand, and turned a little aside.

"It is a great comfort," renewed my father, after a short pause, "to know, when a misfortune happens, that it could not be helped. Squills has just discovered that I have no bump of *cautiveness*; so that, craniologically speaking, if I

had escaped one imprudence, I should certainly have run my head against another."

"A man with your development is made to be taken in," said Mr. Squills, consolingly.

"Do you hear that, my own Kitty! and have you the heart to blame Jack any longer — a poor creature cursed with a bump that would take in the Stock Exchange? And can any one resist his bump, Squills?"

"Impossible!" said the surgeon authoritatively.

"Sooner or later it must involve him in its airy meshes — eh, Squills? entrap him into its fatal cerebral cell. There his fate waits him, like the ant-lion in its pit."

"Too true," quoth Squills. "What a phrenological lecturer you would have made!"

"Go, then, my love," said my father, "and lay no blame but on this melancholy cavity of mine, where cautiveness — is not! Go, and let Sisty have some supper; for Squills says that he has a fine development of the mathematical organs, and we want his help. We are hard at work on figures, Pisistratus."

My mother looked broken-hearted, and, obeying submissively, stole to the door without a word. But as she reached the threshold she turned round, and beckoned to me to follow her.

I whispered my father, and went out. My mother was standing in the hall, and I saw by the lamp that she had dried her tears; and that her face, though very sad, was more composed.

"Sisty," she said, in a low voice which struggled to be firm, "promise me that you will tell me all, — the worst, Sisty. They keep it from me, and that is my hardest punishment; for when I don't know all that he — that Austin suffers, it seems to me as if I had lost his heart. Oh, Sisty! my child,

ny child, don't fear me! I shall be happy whatever befalls us, if I once get back my privilege — my privilege, Sisty, to comfort, to share! — do you understand me?"

"Yes, indeed, my mother! And with your good sense, and clear woman's wit, if you will but feel how much we want them, you will be the best counsellor we could have. So never fear, you and I will have no secrets."

My mother kissed me, and went away with a less heavy step.

As I re-entered, my father came across the room and embraced me.

"My son," he said in a faltering voice, "if your modest prospects in life are ruined —"

"Father, father, can you think of me at such a moment! Me! — Is it possible to ruin the young, and strong, and healthy! Ruin me, with these thews and sinews! — ruin me, with the education you have given me — thews and sinews of the mind! Oh no! there, Fortune is harmless! And you forget, Sir, — the saffron bag!"

Squills leapt up, and, wiping his eyes with one hand, gave me a sounding slap on the shoulder with the other.

"I am proud of the care I took of your infancy, Master Caxton. That comes of strengthening the digestive organs in early childhood. Such sentiments are a proof of magnificent ganglions in a perfect state of order. When a man's tongue is as smooth as I am sure yours is, he slips through misfortune like an eel."

I laughed outright, my father smiled faintly; and seating myself, I drew towards me a paper filled with Squills' memoranda, and said, "Now to find the unknown quantity. What on earth is this? 'Supposed value of books, £750.' Oh, father! this is impossible. I was prepared for anything but that. *Your books* — they are your life!"

"Nay," said my father; "after all, they are the offending party in this case, and so ought to be the principal victims. Besides, I believe I know most of them by heart. But, in truth, we are only entering all our effects, to be sure (added my father proudly) that, come what may, we are not dishonoured."

"Humour him," whispered Squills; "we will save the Books." Then he added aloud, as he laid finger and thumb on my pulse, "One, two, three, about seventy — capital pulse — soft and full — he can bear the whole: let us administer it."

My father nodded — "Certainly. But, Pisistratus, we must manage your dear mother. Why she should think of blaming herself, because poor Jack took wrong ways to enrich us, I cannot understand. But, as I have had occasion before to remark, Sphinx and Enigma are nouns feminine."

My poor father! that was a vain struggle for thy wonted innocent humour. The lips quivered.

Then the story came out. It seems that, when it was resolved to undertake the publication of the *Literary Times*, a certain number of shareholders had been got together by the indefatigable energies of Uncle Jack; and, in the deed of association and partnership, my father's name figured conspicuously as the holder of a fourth of this joint property. If in this my father had committed some imprudence, he had at least done nothing that, according to the ordinary calculations of a secluded student, could become ruinous. But, just at the time when we were in the hurry of leaving town, Jack had represented to my father that it might be necessary to alter a little the plan of the paper; and, in order to allure a larger circle of readers, touch somewhat on the more vulgar news and interests of the day. A change of plan might involve a change of title; and he suggested to my father the expediency

of leaving the smooth hands of Mr. Tibbets altogether unfettered, as to the technical name and precise form of the publication. To this my father had unwittingly assented, on hearing that the other shareholders would do the same. Mr. Peck, a printer of considerable opulence, and highly respectable name, had been found to advance the sum necessary for the publication of the earlier numbers, upon the guarantee of the said act of partnership, and the additional security of my father's signature to a document, authorising Mr. Tibbets to make any change in the form or title of the periodical that might be judged advisable, concurrent with the consent of the other shareholders.

Now it seems that Mr. Peck had, in his previous conferences with Mr. Tibbets, thrown much cold water on the idea of the *Literary Times*, and had suggested something that should "catch the moneyed public," — the fact being, as was afterwards discovered, that the printer, whose spirit of enterprise was congenial to Uncle Jack's, had shares in three or four speculations, to which he was naturally glad of an opportunity to invite the attention of the public. In a word, no sooner was my poor father's back turned than the *Literary Times* was dropped incontinently, and Mr. Peck and Mr. Tibbets began to concentre their luminous notions into that brilliant and comet-like apparition which ultimately blazed forth under the title of *The Capitalist*.

From this change of enterprise the more prudent and responsible of the original shareholders had altogether withdrawn. A majority, indeed, were left; but the greater part of those were shareholders of that kind most amenable to the influences of Uncle Jack, and willing to be shareholders in anything, since as yet they were possessors of nothing.

Assured of my father's responsibility, the adventurous Peck put plenty of spirit into the first launch of *The Capitalist*.

All the walls were placarded with its announcements; circular advertisements ran from one end of the kingdom to the other. Agents were engaged, correspondents levied *en masse*. The invasion of Xerxes on the Greeks was not more munificently provided for than that of *The Capitalist* upon the credulity and avarice of mankind.

But as Providence bestows upon fishes the instrument of fins, whereby they balance and direct their movements, however rapid and erratic, through the pathless deeps, so to the cold-blooded creatures of our own species — that may be classed under the genus MONEY-MAKERS — the same protective power accords the fin-like properties of prudence and caution, wherewith your true money-getter buoys and guides himself majestically through the great seas of speculation. In short, the fishes the net was cast for were all scared from the surface at the first splash. They came round and smelt at the mesh with their shark bottle-noses, and then, plying those invaluable fins, made off as fast as they could — plunging into the mud — hiding themselves under rocks and coral banks. Metaphor apart, the capitalists buttoned up their pockets, and would have nothing to say to their namesake.

Not a word of this change, so abhorrent to all the notions of poor Augustine Caxton, had been breathed to him by Peck or Tibbets. He eat, and slept, and worked at the Great Book, occasionally wondering why he had not heard of the advent of the *Literary Times*, unconscious of all the awful responsibilities which *The Capitalist* was entailing on him; — knowing no more of *The Capitalist* than he did of the last loan of the Rothschilds.

Difficult was it for all other human nature, save my father's, not to breathe an indignant anathema on the scheming head of the brother-in-law who had thus violated the most sacred obligations of trust and kindred, and so entangled an unsuspecting recluse. But, to give even Jack Tibbets his due, he had

firmly convinced himself that *The Capitalist* would make my father's fortune; and if he did not announce to him the strange and anomalous development into which the original sleeping chrysalis of the *Literary Times* had taken portentous wing, it was purely and wholly in the knowledge that my father's "prejudices," as he termed them, would stand in the way of his becoming a Crœsus. And, in fact, Uncle Jack had believed so heartily in his own project, that he had put himself thoroughly into Mr. Peck's power, signed bills in his own name to some fabulous amount, and was actually now in the Fleet, whence his penitential and despairing confession was dated, arriving simultaneously with a short letter from Mr. Peck, wherein that respectable printer apprised my father that he had continued, at his own risk, the publication of *The Capitalist*, as far as a prudent care for his family would permit; that he need not say that a new daily journal was a very vast experiment; that the expense of such a paper as *The Capitalist* was immeasurably greater than that of a mere literary periodical, as originally suggested; and that now, being constrained to come upon the shareholders for the sums he had advanced, amounting to several thousands, he requested my father to settle with him immediately — delicately implying that he himself might settle as he could with the other shareholders, most of whom, he grieved to add, he had been misled by Mr. Tibbets into believing to be men of substance, when in reality they were men of straw!

Nor was this all the evil. The "Great Anti-Bookseller Publishing Society," — which had maintained a struggling existence — evinced by advertisements of sundry forthcoming works of solid interest and enduring nature, wherein, out of a long list, amidst a pompous array of "Poems;" "Dramas not intended for the Stage;" "Essays by Phileutheros, Philanthropos, Philopolis, Philodemus, and Philalethes," stood

prominently forth "The History of Human Error, Vols. I. and II., quarto, with illustrations," — the "Anti-Bookseller Society," I say, that had hitherto evinced nascent and budding life by these exfoliations from its slender stem, died of a sudden blight, the moment its sun, in the shape of Uncle Jack, set in the Cimmerian regions of the Fleet; and a polite letter from another printer (O William Caxton, William Caxton! — fatal progenitor!) informing my father of this event, stated complimentarily that it was to him, "as the most respectable member of the Association," that the said printer would be compelled to look for expenses incurred, not only in the very costly edition of the History of Human Error, but for those incurred in the print and paper devoted to "Poems," "Dramas, not intended for the stage," "Essays by Phileutheros, Philanthropos, Philopolis, Philodemus, and Philalethes," with sundry other works, no doubt of a very valuable nature, but in which a considerable loss, in a pecuniary point of view, must be necessarily expected.

I own that, as soon as I had mastered the above agreeable facts, and ascertained from Mr. Squills that my father really did seem to have rendered himself legally liable to these demands, I leant back in my chair, stunned and bewildered.

"So you see," said my father, "that as yet we are contending with monsters in the dark — in the dark all monsters look larger and uglier. Even Augustus Cæsar, though certainly he had never scrupled to make as many ghosts as suited his convenience, did not like the chance of a visit from them, and never sate alone *in tenebris*. What the amount of the sums claimed from me may be, we know not; what may be gained from the other shareholders is equally obscure and undefined. But the first thing to do is to get poor Jack out of prison."

"Uncle Jack out of prison!" exclaimed I: "surely, Sir, that is carrying forgiveness too far."

"Why, he would not have been in prison if I had not been so blindly forgetful of his weakness, poor man! I ought to have known better. But my vanity misled me; I must needs publish a great book, as if (said Mr. Caxton, looking round the shelves,) there were not great books enough in the world! I must needs, too, think of advancing and circulating knowledge in the form of a journal — I, who had not knowledge enough of the character of my own brother-in-law to keep myself from ruin! Come what will, I should think myself the meanest of men to let that poor creature, whom I ought to have considered as a monomaniac, rot in prison, because I, Austin Caxton, wanted common sense. And (concluded my father resolutely) he is your mother's brother, Pisistratus. I should have gone to town at once; but, hearing that my wife had written to you, I waited till I could leave her to the companionship of hope and comfort — two blessings that smile upon every mother in the face of a son like you. To-morrow I go."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Squills firmly; "as your medical adviser, I forbid you to leave the house for the next six days."

CHAPTER II.

"Sir," continued Mr. Squills, biting off the end of a cigar which he pulled from his pocket, "you concede to me that it is a very important business on which you propose to go to London."

"Of that there is no doubt," replied my father.

"And the doing of business well or ill entirely depends upon the habit of body!" cried Mr. Squills triumphantly.

"Do you know, Mr. Caxton, that while you are looking so calm, and talking so quietly — just on purpose to sustain your son and delude your wife — do you know that your pulse, which is naturally little more than sixty, is nearly a hundred? Do you know, Sir, that your mucous membranes are in a state of high irritation, apparent by the *papillæ* at the tip of your tongue? And if, with a pulse like this, and a tongue like that, you think of settling money matters with a set of sharp-witted tradesmen, all I can say is, that you are a ruined man."

"But —" began my father.

"Did not Squire Rollick," pursued Mr. Squills — "Squire Rollick, the hardest head at a bargain I know of — did not Squire Rollick sell that pretty little farm of his, Scranny Holt, for thirty per cent below its value? And what was the cause, Sir? — the whole county was in amaze! — what was the cause, but an incipient simmering attack of the yellow jaundice, which made him take a gloomy view of human life, and the agricultural interest? On the other hand, did not Lawyer Cool, the most prudent man in the three kingdoms — Lawyer Cool, who was so methodical, that all the clocks in the county were set by his watch — plunge one morning head over heels into a frantic speculation for cultivating the bogs in Ireland, (his watch did not go right for the next three months, which made our whole shire an hour in advance of the rest of England!) And what was the cause of that nobody knew, till I was called in, and found the cerebral membranes in a state of acute irritation, probably just in the region of his acquisitiveness and ideality. No, Mr. Caxton, you will stay at home, and take a soothing preparation I shall send you, of lettuce leaves and marsh-mallows. But I," continued Squills, lighting his cigar and taking two determined whiffs — "but *I* will go up to town and settle the business for you, and take with me this

young gentleman, whose digestive functions are just in a state to deal safely with those horrible elements of dyspepsia —the L. S. D."

As he spoke, Mr. Squills set his foot significantly upon mine.

"But," resumed my father mildly, "though I thank you very much, Squills, for your kind offer, I do not recognise the necessity of accepting it. I am not so bad a philosopher as you seem to imagine; and the blow I have received has not so deranged my physical organisation as to render me unfit to transact my affairs."

"Hum!" grunted Squills, starting up and seizing my father's pulse; "ninety-six — ninety-six if a beat! And the tongue, Sir!"

"Pshaw!" quoth my father, "you have not even seen my tongue!"

"No need of that, I know what it is by the state of the eyelids — tip scarlet, sides rough as a nutmeg-grater!"

"Pshaw!" again said my father, this time impatiently.

"Well," said Squills solemnly, "it is my duty to say, (here my mother entered, to tell me that supper was ready,) and I say it to you, Mrs. Caxton, and you, Mr. Pisistratus Caxton, as the parties most nearly interested, that if you, Sir, go to London upon this matter, I 'll not answer for the consequences."

"Oh! Austin, Austin!" cried my mother, running up and throwing her arms round my father's neck; while I, little less alarmed by Squills' serious tone and aspect, represented strongly the inutility of Mr. Caxton's personal interference at the first moment. All he could do on arriving in town would be to put the matter into the hands of a good lawyer, and that we could do for him; it would be time enough to send for him when the extent of the mischief done was more clearly ascer-

tained. Meanwhile Squills griped my father's pulse, and my mother hung on his neck.

"Ninety-six — ninety-seven!" groaned Squills in a hollow voice.

"I don't believe it!" cried my father, almost in a passion — "never better nor cooler in my life."

"And the tongue — look at his tongue, Mrs. Caxton — a tongue, Ma'am, so bright that you could see to read by it!"

"Oh! Austin, Austin!"

"My dear, it is not my tongue that is in fault, I assure you," said my father, speaking through his teeth; "and the man knows no more of my tongue than he does of the Mysteries of Eleusis."

"Put it out then," exclaimed Squills, "and if it be not as I say, you have my leave to go to London, and throw your whole fortune into the two great pits you have dug for it. Put it out!"

"Mr. Squills!" said my father, colouring — "Mr. Squills, for shame!"

"Dear, dear Austin! your hand is so hot — you are feverish, I am sure."

"Not a bit of it."

"But, Sir, only just gratify Mr. Squills," said I coaxingly.

"There, there!" said my father, fairly baited into submission, and shyly exhibiting for a moment the extremest end of the vanquished organ of eloquence.

Squills darted forward his lynx-like eyes. "Red as a lobster, and rough as a gooseberry-bush!" cried Squills, in a tone of savage joy.

CHAPTER III.

How was it possible for one poor tongue, so reviled and persecuted, so humbled, insulted, and triumphed over — to resist three tongues in league against it?

Finally, my father yielded; and Squills, in high spirits, declared that he would go to supper with me, to see that I ate nothing that could tend to discredit his reliance on my system. Leaving my mother still with her Austin, the good surgeon then took my arm, and, as soon as we were in the next room, shut the door carefully, wiped his forehead, and said — "I think we have saved him!"

"Would it really, then, have injured my father so much?"

"So much! — why, you foolish young man, don't you see that, with his ignorance of business, where he himself is concerned — though, for any other one's business, neither Rollick nor Cool has a better judgment — and with his d — d Quixotic spirit of honour worked up into a state of excitement, he would have rushed to Mr. Tibbets, and exclaimed 'How much do you owe? there it is!' — settled in the same way with these printers, and come back without a sixpence; whereas you and I can look coolly about us, and reduce the inflammation to the minimum!"

"I see, and thank you heartily, Squills."

"Besides," said the surgeon, with more feeling, "your father has really been making a noble effort over himself. He suffers more than you would think — not for himself, (for I do believe that, if he were alone in the world, he would be quite contented if he could save fifty pounds a-year and his books,) but for your mother and yourself; and a fresh access of

emotional excitement, all the nervous anxiety of a journey to London on such a business, might have ended in a paralytic or epilepctic affection. Now, we have him here snug; and the worst news we can give him will be better than what he will make up his mind for. But you don't eat."

"Eat! How can I? My poor father!"

"The effect of grief upon the gastric juices, through the nervous system, is very remarkable," said Mr. Squills, philosophically, and helping himself to a broiled bone; "it increases the thirst, while it takes away hunger. No — don't touch Port! — heating! Sherry and water."

CHAPTER IV.

THE house-door had closed upon Mr. Squills — that gentleman having promised to breakfast with me the next morning, so that we might take the coach from our gate — and I remained alone, seated by the supper-table, and revolving all I had heard, when my father walked in.

"Pisistratus," said he, gravely, and looking round him, "your mother! — suppose the worst — your first care, then, must be to try and secure something for her. You and I are men — *we* can never want, while we have health of mind and body; but a woman — and if anything happens to me" —

My father's lip writhed as it uttered these brief sentences.

"My dear, dear father!" said I, suppressing my tears with difficulty, "all evils, as you yourself said, look worse by anticipation. It is impossible that your whole fortune can be involved. The newspaper did not run many weeks; and only the first volume of your work is printed. Besides, there must be other shareholders who will pay their quota. Believe me, I

feel sanguine as to the result of my embassy. As for my poor mother, it is not the loss of fortune that will wound her — depend on it, she thinks very little of that; it is the loss of your confidence."

"My confidence!"

"Ah yes! tell her all your fears, as your hopes. Do not let your affectionate pity exclude her from one corner of your heart."

"It is that — it is *that*, Austin, — my husband — my joy — — my pride — my soul — my all!" cried a soft, broken voice.

My mother had crept in, unobserved by us.

My father looked at us both, and the tears which had before stood in his eyes forced their way. Then opening his arms — into which his Kitty threw herself joyfully — he lifted those moist eyes upward, and, by the movement of his lips, I saw that he thanked God.

I stole out of the room. I felt that those two hearts should be left to beat and to blend alone. And from that hour, I am convinced that Augustine Caxton acquired a stouter philosophy than that of the stoics. The fortitude that concealed pain was no longer needed, for the pain was no longer felt.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Squills and I performed our journey without adventure, and, as we were not alone on the coach, with little conversation. We put up at a small inn at the city, and the next morning I sallied forth to see Trevanion — for we agreed that he would be the best person to advise us. But, on arriving at St. James's Square, I had the disappointment of hearing that

the whole family had gone to Paris three days before, and were not expected to return till the meeting of Parliament.

This was a sad discouragement, for I had counted much on Trevanion's clear head, and that extraordinary range of accomplishment in all matters of business — all that related to practical life — which my old patron preeminently possessed. The next thing would be to find Trevanion's lawyer, (for Trevanion was one of those men whose solicitors are sure to be able and active.) But the fact was, that he left so little to lawyers, that he had never had occasion to communicate with one since I had known him; and I was therefore in ignorance of the very name of his solicitor; nor could the porter, who was left in charge of the house, enlighten me. Luckily, I bethought myself of Sir Sedley Beaudesert, who could scarcely fail to give me the information required, and who, at all events, might recommend me some other lawyer. So to him I went.

I found Sir Sedley at breakfast with a young gentleman who seemed about twenty. The good baronet was delighted to see me; but I thought it was with a little confusion, rare to his cordial ease, that he presented me to his cousin, Lord Castleton. It was a name familiar to me, though I had never before met its patrician owner.

The Marquis of Castleton was indeed a subject of envy to young idlers, and afforded a theme of interest to gray-beard politicians. Often had I heard of "that lucky fellow Castleton," who, when of age, would step into one of those colossal fortunes which would realise the dreams of Aladdin — a fortune that had been out to nurse since his minority. Often had I heard graver gossips wonder whether Castleton would take any active part in public life — whether he would keep up the family influence. His mother (still alive) was a superior woman, and had devoted herself, from his childhood, to supply a father's loss, and fit him for his great position. It was said

that he was clever — had been educated by a tutor of great academic distinction, and was reading for a double first class at Oxford. This young marquis was indeed the head of one of those few houses still left in England that retain feudal importance. He was important, not only from his rank and his vast fortune, but from an immense circle of powerful connexions; from the ability of his two predecessors, who had been keen politicians and cabinet-ministers; from the *prestige* they had bequeathed to his name; from the peculiar nature of his property, which gave him the returning interest in no less than six parliamentary seats in Great Britain and Ireland — besides that indirect ascendency which the head of the Castletons had always exercised over many powerful and noble allies of that princely house. I was not aware that he was related to Sir Sedley, whose world of action was so remote from politics; and it was with some surprise that I now heard that announcement, and certainly with some interest that I, perhaps from the verge of poverty, gazed on this young heir of fabulous El-Dorados.

It was easy to see that Lord Castleton had been brought up with a careful knowledge of his future greatness, and its serious responsibilities. He stood immeasurably aloof from all the affectations common to the youth of minor patricians. He had not been taught to value himself on the cut of a coat, or the shape of a hat. His world was far above St. James's Street and the clubs. He was dressed plainly, though in a style peculiar to himself — a white neckcloth, (which was not at that day quite so uncommon for morning use as it is now,) trowsers without straps, thin shoes and gaiters. There was nothing in his manner of the supercilious apathy which characterises the dandy introduced to some one whom he doubts if he can nod to from the bow-window at White's — none of such vulgar coxcombries had Lord Castleton; and yet a young gentleman more

emphatically coxcomb it was impossible to see. He had been told, no doubt, that, as the head of a house which was almost in itself a party in the state, he should be bland and civil to all men; and this duty being grafted upon a nature singularly cold and unsocial, gave to his politeness something so stiff, yet so condescending, that it brought the blood to one's cheek — though the momentary anger was counterbalanced by something almost ludicrous in the contrast between this gracious majesty of deportment, and the insignificant figure, with the boyish beardless face, by which it was assumed. Lord Castleton did not content himself with a mere bow at our introduction. Much to my wonder how he came by the information he displayed, he made me a little speech after the manner of Louis XIV. to a provincial noble — studiously modelled upon that royal maxim of urbane policy which instructs a king that he should know something of the birth, parentage, and family, of his meanest gentleman. It was a little speech, in which my father's learning, and my uncle's services, and the amiable qualities of your humble servant, were neatly interwoven — delivered in a falsetto tone, as if learned by heart, though it must have been necessarily impromptu; and then, reseating himself, he made a gracious motion of the head and hand, as if to authorise me to do the same.

Conversation succeeded, by galvanic jerks and spasmodic starts — a conversation that Lord Castleton contrived to tug so completely out of poor Sir Sedley's ordinary course of small and polished small-talk, that that charming personage, accustomed, as he well deserved, to be Coryphæus at his own table, was completely silenced. With his light reading, his rich stores of anecdote, his good-humoured knowledge of the drawing-room world, he had scarce a word that would fit into the great, rough, serious matters which Lord Castleton threw upon the table, as he nibbled his toast. Nothing but the most

grave and practical subjects of human interest seemed to attract this future leader of mankind. The fact is that Lord Castleton had been taught everything that relates to *property* — (a knowledge which embraces a very wide circumference.) It had been said to him "You will be an immense proprietor — knowledge is essential to your self-preservation. You will be puzzled, bubbled, ridiculed, duped every day of your life, if you do not make yourself acquainted with all by which property is assailed or defended, impoverished or increased. You have a vast stake in the country — you must learn all the interests of Europe — nay, of the civilised world — for those interests react on the country, and the interests of the country are of the greatest possible consequence to the interests of the Marquis of Castleton." Thus the state of the Continent — the policy of Metternich — the condition of the Papacy — the growth of Dissent — the proper mode of dealing with the general spirit of Democracy, which was the epidemic of European monarchies — the relative proportions of the agricultural and manufacturing population — corn-laws, currency, and the laws that regulate wages — a criticism on the leading speakers of the House of Commons, with some discursive observations on the importance of fattening cattle — the introduction of flax into Ireland — emigration — the condition of the poor — the doctrines of Mr. Owen — the pathology of potatoes; the connexion between potatoes, pauperism, and patriotism; these, and suchlike stupendous subjects for reflection — all branching, more or less intricately, from the single idea of the Castleton property — the young lord discussed and disposed of in half-a-dozen prim, poised sentences — evincing, I must say in justice, no inconsiderable information, and a mighty solemn turn of mind. The oddity was, that the subjects so selected and treated should not come rather from some young barrister, or mature political

economist, than from so gorgeous a lily of the field. Of a man, less elevated in rank one would certainly have said — "Cleverish, but a prig;" but there really was something so respectable in a personage born to such fortunes, and having nothing to do but to bask in the sunshine, voluntarily taking such pains with himself, and condescending to identify his own interests — the interests of the Castleton property — with the concerns of his lesser fellow-mortals, that one felt the young marquis had in him the stuff to become a very considerable man.

Poor Sir Sedley, to whom all these matters were as unfamiliar as the theology of the Talmud, after some vain efforts to slip the conversation into easier grooves, fairly gave in, and, with a compassionate smile on his handsome countenance, took refuge in his easy-chair and the contemplation of his snuff-box.

At last, to our great relief, the servant announced Lord Castleton's carriage; and with another speech of overpowering affability to me, and a cold shake of the hand to Sir Sedley, Lord Castleton went his way.

The breakfast parlour looked on the street, and I turned mechanically to the window as Sir Sedley followed his guest out of the room. A travelling carriage, with four post-horses, was at the door; and a servant, who looked like a foreigner, was in waiting with his master's cloak. As I saw Lord Castleton step into the street, and wrap himself in his costly mantle lined with sables, I observed, more than I had while he was in the room, the enervate slightness of his frail form, and the more than paleness of his thin, joyless face; and then, instead of envy, I felt compassion for the owner of all this pomp and grandeur — felt that I would not have exchanged my hardy health, and easy humour, and vivid capacities of enjoyment in things the slightest and most within the reach of all men, for

the wealth and greatness which that poor youth perhaps deserved the more for putting them so little to the service of pleasure.

"Well," said Sir Sedley, "and what do you think of him?"

"He is just the sort of man Trevanion would like," said I, evasively.

"That is true," answered Sir Sedley, in a serious tone of voice, and looking at me somewhat earnestly. "Have you heard? — but no, you cannot have heard yet."

"Heard what?"

"My dear young friend," said the kindest and most delicate of all fine gentlemen, sauntering away that he might not observe the emotion he caused, "Lord Castleton is going to Paris to join the Trevanions. The object Lady Ellinor has had at heart for many a long year is won, and our pretty Fanny will be Marchioness of Castleton when her betrothed is of age — that is, in six months. The two mothers have settled it all between them!"

I made no answer, but continued to look out of the window.

"This alliance," resumed Sir Sedley, "was all that was wanting to assure Trevanion's position. When parliament meets, he will have some great office. Poor man! how I shall pity him! It is extraordinary to me," continued Sir Sedley, benevolently going on, that I might have full time to recover myself, "how contagious that disease called business is in our foggy England! Not only Trevanion, you see, has the complaint in its very worst and most complicated form, but that poor dear cousin of mine, who is so young, (here Sir Sedley sighed,) and might enjoy himself so much, is worse than you were when Trevanion was fagging you to death. But, to be sure, a great name and position, like Castleton's, must be a

very heavy affliction to a conscientious mind. You see how the sense of its responsibilities has *aged* him already — positively, two great wrinkles under his eyes. Well, after all, I admire him, and respect his tutor: a soil naturally very thin, I suspect, has been most carefully cultivated; and Castleton, with Trevanion's help, will be the first man in the peerage — prime-minister some day, I dare say. And, when I think of it, how grateful I ought to feel to his father and mother, who produced him quite in their old age; for, if he had not been born, I should have been the most miserable of men — yes, positively, that horrible marquisate would have come to me! I never think over Horace Walpole's regrets, when he got the earldom of Orford, without the deepest sympathy, and without a shudder at the thought of what my dear Lady Castleton was kind enough to save me from — all owing to the Ems waters, after twenty years' marriage! Well, my young friend, and how are all at home?"

As when, some notable performer not having yet arrived behind the scenes, or having to change his dress, or not having yet quite recovered an unlucky extra tumbler of exciting fluids — and the green curtain has therefore unduly delayed its ascent — you perceive that the thorough-bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a prelude of astonishing prolixity, calling in *Lodoiska* or *Der Freischütz* to beguile the time, and allow the procrastinating histrio leisure sufficient to draw on his flesh-coloured pantaloons, and give himself the proper complexion for a Coriolanus or Macbeth — even so had Sir Sedley made that long speech, requiring no rejoinder, till he saw the time had arrived when he could artfully close with the flourish of a final interrogative, in order to give poor Pisistratus Caxton all preparation to compose himself, and step forward. There is certainly something of exquisite kindness, and thoughtful benevolence, in that

rarest of gifts, —*fine breeding;* and when now, remanned and resolute, I turned round and saw Sir Sedley's soft blue eye shyly, but benignantly, turned to me — while, with a grace no other snuff-taker ever had since the days of Pope, he gently proceeded to refresh himself by a pinch of the celebrated Beaudesert mixture — I felt my heart as gratefully moved towards him as if he had conferred on me some colossal obligation. And this crowning question — "And how are all at home?" restored me entirely to my self-possession, and for the moment distracted the bitter current of my thoughts.

I replied by a brief statement of my father's involvement, disguising our apprehensions as to its extent, speaking of it rather as an annoyance than a possible cause of ruin, and ended by asking Sir Sedley to give me the address of Trevanion's lawyer.

The good baronet listened with great attention; and that quick penetration which belongs to a man of the world enabled him to detect, that I had smoothed over matters more than became a faithful narrator.

He shook his head, and, seating himself on the sofa, motioned me to come to his side; then, leaning his arm over my shoulder, he said in his seductive, winning way —

"We two young fellows should understand each other, when we talk of money matters. I can say to you what I could not to my respectable senior — by three years; your excellent father. Frankly, then, I suspect this is a bad business. I know little about newspapers, except that I have to subscribe to one in my county, which costs me a small income; but I know that a London daily paper might ruin a man in a few weeks. And as for shareholders, my dear Caxton, I was once teased into being a shareholder in a canal that ran through my property, and ultimately ran off with £30,000 of it! The other shareholders were all drowned in the canal, like Pharaoh and

his hosts in the Red Sea. But your father is a great s
and must not be plagued with such matters. I owe him
deal. He was very kind to me at Cambridge, and gave
taste for reading, to which I owe the pleasantest hours
life. So, when you and the lawyers have found out w
extent of the mischief is, you and I must see how we c
settle it.

"What the deuce! my young friend — I have no '
brances,' as the servants, with great want of politene
wives and children. And I am not a miserable great
millionnaire, like that poor dear Castleton, who owes s
duties to society that he can't spend a shilling, exce
grand way and purely to benefit the public. So go, n
to Trevanion's lawyer: he is mine too. Clever fellow—
as a needle. Mr. Pike, in Great Ormond Street — n
a brass plate; and when he has settled the amount, we
scapegraces will help each other, without a word to
folks."

What good it does to a man, throughout life, t
kindness and generosity like this in his youth!

I need not say that I was too faithful a representativ
father's scholarly pride, and susceptible independe
spirit, to accept this proposal; and probably Sir Sedle
and liberal as he was, did not dream of the extent to wh
proposal might involve him. But I expressed my gr
so as to please and move this last relic of the De Co
and went from his house straight to Mr. Pike's office,
little note of introduction from Sir Sedley. I found M
exactly the man I had anticipated from Trevanion's ch
— short, quick, intelligent, in question and answer; im
and somewhat domineering, in manner — not overc
with business, but with enough for experience and re
bility; neither young nor old; neither a pedantic mac

parchment, nor a jaunty off-hand coxcomb of West End manners.

"It is an ugly affair," said he, "but one that requires management. Leave it all in my hands for three days. Don't go near Mr. Tibbets, nor Mr. Peck; and on Saturday next, at two o'clock, if you will call here, you shall know my opinion of the whole matter." With that Mr. Piké glanced at the clock, and I took up my hat and went.

There is no place more delightful than a great capital, if you are comfortably settled in it — have arranged the methodical disposal of your time, and know how to take business and pleasure in due proportions. But a flying visit to a great capital, in an unsettled, unsatisfactory way — at an inn — an inn in the city, too — with a great worrying load of business on your mind, of which you are to hear no more for three days; and an aching, jealous, miserable sorrow at the heart, such as I had — leaving you no labour to pursue, and no pleasure that you have the heart to share in — oh, a great capital then is indeed forlorn, wearisome, and oppressive! It is the Castle of Indolence, not as Thomson built it, but as Beckford drew in his Hall of Eblis — a wandering up and down, to and fro — a great awful space, with your hand pressed to your heart; and — oh for a rush on some half-tamed horse, through the measureless green wastes of Australia! That is the place for a man who has no home in the Babel, and whose hand is ever pressing to his heart, with its dull, burning pain.

Mr. Squills decoyed me the second evening into one of the small theatres; and very heartily did Mr. Squills enjoy all he saw, and all he heard. And while, with a convulsive effort of the jaws, I was trying to laugh too, suddenly, in one of the actors, who was performing the worshipful part of a parish beadle, I recognised a face that I had seen before. Five

minutes afterwards, I had disappeared from the side of Squills, and was amidst that strange world — BEHIND THE SCENES.

My beadle was much too busy and important to allow me a good opportunity to accost him, till the piece was over. I then seized hold of him, as he was amicably sharing a pot of porter with a gentleman in black shorts and a laced waistcoat, who was to play the part of a broken-hearted father in the Domestic Drama in Three Acts, that would conclude the amusements of the evening.

"Excuse me," said I apologetically; "but, as the Swan pertinently observes, — 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?'"

"The Swan, Sir!" cried the beadle aghast — "the Swan never demeaned himself by such d — d broad Scotch as that!"

"The Tweed has its swans as well as the Avon, Mr. Peacock."

"St — st — hush — hush — h — u — sh!" whispered the beadle in great alarm, and eyeing me, with savage observation, under his corked eyebrows. Then, taking me by the arm, he jerked me away. When he had got as far as the narrow limits of that little stage would allow, Mr. Peacock said —

"Sir, you have the advantage of me; I don't remember you. Ah! you need not look! — by gad, Sir, I am not to be bullied, — it was all fair play. If you will play with gentlemen, Sir, you must run the consequences."

I hastened to appease the worthy man.

"Indeed, Mr. Peacock, if you remember, I refused to play with you; and, so far from wishing to offend you, I now come on purpose to compliment you on your excellent acting, and to inquire if you have heard anything lately of your young *friend, Mr. Vivian.*"

"Vivian? — never heard the name, Sir. Vivian! Pooh, you are trying to hoax me; very good."

"I assure you, Mr. Peac —"

"St — st — How the deuce did you know that I was once called Peac — that is, people called me Peac — A friendly nickname, no more — drop it, Sir, or you 'touch me with noble anger!'"

"Well, well; 'the rose, by any name, will smell as sweet,' as the Swan, this time at least, judiciously observes. But Mr. Vivian, too, seems to have other names at his disposal. I mean a young, dark, handsome man — or rather boy — with whom I met you in company by the roadside, one morning."

"O — h!" said Mr. Peacock, looking much relieved, "I know whom you mean, though I don't remember to have had the pleasure of seeing you before. No; I have not heard anything of the young man lately. I wish I did know something of him. He was a 'gentleman in my own way.' Sweet Will has hit him off to a hair! —

'The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.'

Such a hand with a cue! — you should have seen him seek 'the bubble reputation at the *cannon's* mouth!' I may say, (continued Mr. Peacock, emphatically,) that he was a regular trump — trump!" he reiterated with a start, as if the word had stung him — "trump! he was a BRICK!"

Then fixing his eyes on me, dropping his arms, interlacing his fingers, in the manner recorded of Talma in the celebrated "Qu'en dis-tu?" he resumed in a hollow voice, slow and distinct —

"When — saw — you — him, — young m—m—a—n—nn?"

Finding the tables thus turned on myself, and not willing to give Mr. Peac — *any clue* to poor Vivian — who thus ap-

peared, to my great satisfaction, to have finally drop
acquaintance more versatile than reputable — I contriv
a few evasive sentences, to keep Mr. Peac —'s curiosi
distance, till he was summoned in haste to change his
for the domestic drama. And so we parted.

CHAPTER VI.

I HATE law details as cordially as my readers can
therefore I shall content myself with stating that Mr.
management, at the end, not of three days, but of two
was so admirable that Uncle Jack was drawn out of
and my father extracted from all his liabilities, by a su
thirds less than was first startlingly submitted to our ind
horror — and that, too, in a manner that would have sa
the conscience of the most punctilious formalist, whos
tribution to the national fund, for an omitted payment
Income Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer ever h
honour to acknowledge. Still the sum was very large
portion to my poor father's income; and what with
debts, the claims of the Anti-Publisher Society's pri
including the very expensive plates that had been so l
bespoken, and in great part completed, for the *Hist*
Human Error — and, above all, the liabilities incur
The Capitalist; what with the *plant*, as Mr. Peck tech
phrased a great upas-tree of a total, branching out into
cases, printing-presses, engines, &c., all now to be
at a third of their value; what with advertisements an
that had covered all the dead walls by which rubbish mi
shot, throughout the three kingdoms; what with the c
reporters, and salaries of writers, who had been engag
a year at least to *The Capitalist*, and whose claims su

the wretch they had killed and buried; what, in short, with all that the combined ingenuity of Uncle Jack and printer Peck could supply for the utter ruin of the Caxton family — even after all deductions, curtailments, and after all that one could extract in the way of just contribution from the least unsubstantial of those shadows called the shareholders — my father's fortune was reduced to little more than £8000, which being placed at mortgage, at 4 per cent, yielded just £372, 10s. a-year — enough for my father to live upon, but not enough to afford also his son Pisistratus the advantages of education at Trinity College, Cambridge. The blow fell rather upon me than my father, and my young shoulders bore it without much wincing.

This settled, to our universal satisfaction, I went to pay my farewell visit to Sir Sedley Beaudesert. He had made much of me, during my stay in London. I had breakfasted and dined with him pretty often; I had presented Squills to him, who no sooner set eyes upon that splendid conformation, than he described his character with the nicest accuracy as the necessary consequence of such a development for the rosy pleasures of life, and whose philosophy delighted and consoled Sir Sedley. We had never once retouched on the subject of Fanny's marriage, and both of us tacitly avoided even mentioning the Trevanions. But in this last visit, though he maintained the same reserve as to Fanny, he referred without scruple to her father.

"Well, my young Athenian," said he, after congratulating me on the result of the negotiations, and endeavouring again in vain to bear at least some share in my father's losses — "well, I see I cannot press this farther; but at least I *can* press on you any little interest I may have, in obtaining some appointment for yourself in one of the public offices. Treva-

nion could of course be more useful, but I can understan that he is not the kind of man you would like to apply to."

"Shall I own to you, my dear Sir Sedley, that I have n taste for official employment? I am too fond of my liberty Since I have been at my uncle's old tower, I account for hal my character by the Borderer's blood that is in me. I doub if I am meant for the life of cities, and I have odd floatin notions in my head, that will serve to amuse me when I ge home, and may settle into schemes. And now, to chang the jubject, may I ask what kind of person has succeeded m as Mr. Trevanion's secretary?"

"Why, he has got a broad-shouldered, stooping fellow in spectacles and cotton stockings, who has written upo 'Rent,' I believe — an imaginative treatise in his case, I fea for rent is a thing he could never have received, and not ofte been trusted to pay. However, he is one of your politica economists, and wants Trevanion to sell his pictures, as 'un productive capital.' Less mild than Pope's Narcissa, 't make a wash,' he would certainly 'stew a child.' Besides thi official secretary, Trevanion trusts, however, a good deal t a clever, good-looking young gentleman, who is a great fa vourite with him."

"What is his name?"

"His name? — oh, Gower — a natural son, I believe, o one of the Gower family."

Here two of Sir Sedley's fellow fine gentlemen lounged in and my visit ended.

CHAPTER VII.

"I SWEAR," cried my uncle, "that it *shall* be so;" and with a big frown, and a truculent air, he seized the fatal instrument.

"Indeed, brother, it must not," said my father, laying one pale, scholarlike hand mildly on Captain Roland's brown, bellicose, and bony fist; and with the other, outstretched, protecting the menaced, palpitating victim.

Not a word had my uncle heard of our losses, until they had been adjusted, and the sum paid; for we all knew that the old tower would have been gone — sold to some neighbouring squire or jobbing attorney — at the first impetuous impulse of Uncle Roland's affectionate generosity. Austin endangered! Austin ruined! — he would never have rested till he came, cash in hand, to his deliverance. Therefore, I say, not till all was settled did I write to the Captain, and tell him gaily what had chanced. And, however light I made of our misfortunes, the letter brought the Captain to the red brick house the same evening on which I myself reached it, and about an hour later. My uncle had not sold the tower, but he came prepared to carry us off to it *vi et armis*. We must live with him, and on him — let or sell the brick house, and put out the remnant of my father's income to nurse and accumulate. And it was on finding my father's resistance stubborn, and that hitherto he had made no way, — that my uncle, stepping back into the hall, in which he had left his carpet-bag, &c., returned with an old oak case, and, touching a spring roller, out flew — the Caxton pedigree.

Out it flew — covering all the table, and undulating, Nile-like, till it had spread over books, papers, my mother's work-box, and the tea-service, (for the table was large and compen-

dious, emblematic of its owner's mind) — and then, flowing the carpet, dragged its slow length along, till it was stopp by the fender.

"Now," said my uncle solemnly, "there never have bee but two causes of difference between you and me, Austir One is over; why should the other last? Aha! I know wh you hang back; you think that we may quarrel about it!"

"About what, Roland?"

"About it, I say — and I 'll be d—d if we do!" cried m uncle, reddening. "And I have been thinking a great de upon the matter, and I have no doubt you are right. So brought the old parchment with me, and you shall see me fi up the blank, just as you would have it. Now, then, you wi come and live with me, and we can never quarrel any more.

Thus saying, Uncle Roland looked round for pen and ink and, having found them — not without difficulty, for they ha been submerged under the overflow of the pedigree — he wa about to fill up the *lacuna*, or hiatus, which had given rise t such memorable controversy, with the name of "Willia Caxton, printer in the Sanctuary," when my father, slowly re covering his breath, and aware of his brother's purpose, inte vened. It would have done your heart good to hear them - so completely, in the inconsistency of human nature, had the changed sides upon the question — my father now all for S William de Caxton, the hero of Bosworth; my uncle all for th immortal printer. And in this discussion they grew animated their eyes sparkled, their voices rose — Roland's voice dee and thunderous, Austin's sharp and piercing. Mr. Squil stopped his ears. Thus it arrived at that point, when m uncle doggedly came to the end of all argumentation — " swear that it shall be so;" and my father, trying the last re source of pathos, looked pleadingly into Roland's eyes, an *said, with a tone soft as mercy,* "Indeed, brother, it must not.

Meanwhile the dry parchment crisped, creaked, and trembled in every pore of its yellow skin.

"But," said I, coming in, opportunely, like the Horatian deity, "I don't see that either of you gentlemen has a right so to dispose of my ancestry. It is quite clear that a man has no possession in posterity. Posterity may possess him; but deuce a bit will he ever be the better for his great great-grandchildren!"

SQUILLS. — Hear, hear!

PISISTRATUS — (*warming.*) — But a man's ancestry is a positive property to him. How much, not only of acres, but of his constitution, his temper, his conduct, character, and nature, he may inherit from some progenitor ten times removed! Nay, without that progenitor would he ever have been born — would a Squills ever have introduced him into the world, or a nurse ever have carried him *upo kolpo?*

SQUILLS. — Hear, hear!

PISISTRATUS — (*with dignified emotion.*) — No man, therefore, has a right to rob another of a forefather, with a stroke of his pen, from any motives, howsoever amiable. In the present instance, you will say, perhaps, that the ancestor in question is apocryphal — it may be the printer, it may be the knight. Granted; but here, where history is in fault, shall a mere sentiment decide? While both are doubtful, my imagination appropriates both. At one time I can reverence industry and learning in the printer; at another, valour and devotion in the knight. This kindly doubt gives me two great forefathers; and, through them, two trains of idea that influence my conduct under different circumstances. I will not permit you, Captain Roland, to rob me of either forefather — either train of idea. Leave, then, this sacred void unfilled, profaned; and accept this compromise of chivalrous courtesy — *while my father* lives with the Captain, we will

believe in the printer; when away from the Captain, we will stand firm to the knight."

"Good!" cried Uncle Roland, as I paused, a little out of breath.

"And," said my mother softly, "I do think, Austin, there is a way of settling the matter which will please all parties. It is quite sad to think that poor Roland, and dear little Blanche, should be all alone in the tower; and I am sure that we should be much happier altogether."

"There!" cried Roland, triumphantly. "If you are not the most obstinate, hard-hearted, unfeeling brute in the world — which I don't take you to be — brother Austin, after that really beautiful speech of your wife's, there is not a word to be said farther."

"But we have not yet heard Kitty to the end, Roland."

"I beg your pardon, a thousand times, Ma'am — sister," said the Captain, bowing.

"Well, I was going to add," said my mother, "that we will go and live with you, Roland, and club our little fortunes together. Blanche and I will take care of the house, and we shall be just twice as rich together as we are separately."

"Pretty sort of hospitality that!" grunted the Captain. "I did not expect you to throw me over in that way. No, no; you must lay by for the boy there, — what 's to become of him?"

"But we shall *all* lay by for him," said my mother simply; "you as well as Austin. We shall have more to save, if we have both more to spend."

"Ah, save! — that is easily said: there would be a pleasure in saving, then!" said the Captain mournfully.

"And what's to become of me?" cried Squill[illegible] very pe[illegible]lantly. "Am I to be left here, in my [illegible] soul to speak to, and no [illegible]

a drop of decent punch to be had! 'A plague on both your houses!' as the chap said at the theatre the other night."

"There 's room for a doctor in our neighbourhood, Mr. Squills," said the Captain. "The gentleman in your profession who *does for us*, wants, I know, to sell the business."

"Humph!" said Squills — "a horribly healthy neighbourhood, I suspect!"

"Why, it has that misfortune, Mr. Squills; but with your help," said my uncle slily, "a great alteration for the better may be effected in that respect."

Mr. Squills was about to reply, when ring — a-ting — ring — ting! there came such a brisk, impatient, make-one's-self-at-home kind of tintanabular alarum at the great gate, that we all started up and looked at each other in surprise. Who could it possibly be? We were not kept long in suspense; for, in another moment, Uncle Jack's voice, which was always very clear and distinct, pealed through the hall; and we were still staring at each other when Mr. Tibbets, with a bran-new muffler round his neck, and a peculiarly comfortable great-coat — best double Saxony, equally new — dashed into the room, bringing with him a very considerable quantity of cold air, which he hastened to thaw, first in my father's arms, next in my mother's. He then made a rush at the Captain, who ensconced himself behind the dumb waiter with a "Hem! Mr. — Sir — Jack — Sir — hem, hem!" Failing there, Mr. Tibbets rubbed off the remaining frost upon his double Saxony against your humble servant; patted Squills affectionately on the back, and then proceeded to occupy his favourite position before the fire.

"Took you by surprise, eh?" said Uncle Jack, unpeeling [illegible] hearth-rug. "But no — not by surprise; you [illegible] Jack's heart: you at least, Austin Caxton, [illegible] must have seen that it overflowed

with the tenderest and most brotherly emotions; that, once delivered from that cursed Fleet, (you have no idea what a place it is, Sir,) I could not rest, night or day, till I had flown her — here, to the dear family nest — poor wounded dove that I am!" added Uncle Jack pathetically, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief from the double Saxony, which he had now flung over my father's arm-chair.

Not a word replied to this eloquent address, with its touching peroration. My mother hung down her pretty head, and looked ashamed. My uncle retreated quite into the corner, and drew the dumb waiter after him, so as to establish a complete fortification. Mr. Squills seized the pen that Roland had thrown down, and began mending it furiously — that is, cutting it into slivers — thereby denoting, symbolically, how he would like to do with Uncle Jack, could he once get him safe and snug under his manipular operations. I bent over the pedigree, and my father rubbed his spectacles.

The silence would have been appalling to another man: nothing appalled Uncle Jack.

Uncle Jack turned to the fire, and warmed first one foot, then the other. This comfortable ceremony performed, he again faced the company — and resumed musingly, and as if answering some imaginary observations —

"Yes, yes — you are right there — and a deuced unlucky speculation it proved too. But I was overruled by that fellow Peck. Says I to him — says I — '*Capitalist!* pshaw — no popular interest there — it don't address the great public! Very confined class the capitalists; better throw ourselves boldly on the people. Yes,' said I, 'call it the *anti*-Capitalist. By Jove, Sir, we should have carried all before us! but I was overruled. The *Anti-Capitalist!* — what an idea! Address the whole reading world there, Sir: everybody hates the

capitalist — everybody would have his neighbour's money. The *Anti-Capitalist!* — Sir, we should have gone off, in the manufacturing towns, like wildfire. But what could I do?" —

"John Tibbets," said my father solemnly, "capitalist or anti-capitalist, thou hadst a right to follow thine own bent, in either — but always provided it had been with thine own money. Thou seest not the thing, John Tibbets, in the right point of view; and a little repentance, in the face of those thou hast wronged, would not have misbecome thy father's son, and thy sister's brother!" —

Never had so severe a rebuke issued from the mild lips of Austin Caxton; and I raised my eyes with a compassionate thrill, expecting to see John Tibbets gradually sink and disappear through the carpet.

"Repentance!" cried Uncle Jack, bounding up, as if he had been shot. "And do you think I have a heart of stone, of pummy-stone! — do you think I don't repent? I have done nothing but repent — I shall repent to my dying day."

"Then there is no more to be said, Jack," cried my father, softening, and holding out his hand.

"Yes!" cried Mr. Tibbets, seizing the hand, and pressing it to the heart he had thus defended from the suspicion of being pummy — "yes — that I should have trusted that dunder-headed, rascally, curmudgeon Peck: that I should have let him call it *The Capitalist*, despite all my convictions, when the *Anti*—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted my father, drawing away his hand.

"John," said my mother gravely, and with tears in her voice, "you forget who delivered you from prison, — you forget whom you have nearly consigned to prison yourself, — you forg —"

"Hush, hush!" said my father, "this will never do; and

it is you who forget, my dear, the obligations I owe to Jack. He has reduced my fortune one half, it is true; but I verily think he has made the three hearts, in which lie my real treasures, twice as large as they were before. Pisistratus, my boy, ring the bell."

"My dear Kitty," cried Jack, whimperingly, and stealing up to my mother, "don't be so hard on me; I thought to make all your fortunes — I did, indeed."

Here the servant entered.

"See that Mr. Tibbets' things are taken up to his room, and that there is a good fire," said my father.

"And," continued Jack, loftily, "I *will* make all your fortunes yet. I have it *here!*" and he struck his head.

"Stay a moment," said my father to the servant, who had got back to the door. "Stay a moment," said my father, looking extremely frightened; "perhaps Mr. Tibbets may prefer the inn?"

"Austin," said Uncle Jack with emotion, "if I were a dog, with no home but a dog-kennel, and you came to me for shelter, I would turn out — to give you the best of the straw!"

My father was thoroughly melted this time.

"Primmins will be sure to see everything is made comfortable for Mr. Tibbets," said he, waving his hand to the servant. "Something nice for supper, Kitty, my dear — and the largest punch-bowl. You like punch, Jack?"

"Punch, Austin!" said Uncle Jack, putting his handkerchief to his eyes.

The Captain pushed aside the dumb waiter, strode across the room, and shook hands with Uncle Jack; my mother buried her face in her apron, and fairly ran off; and Squills said in my ear, "It all comes of the biliary secretions. Nobody could account for this, who did not know the peculiarly fine organisation of your father's — liver!"

PART XII.

CHAPTER I.

The Hegira is completed — we have all taken roost in the old tower. My father's books have arrived by the waggon, and have settled themselves quietly in their new abode — filling up the apartment dedicated to their owner, including the bed-chamber and two lobbies. The duck also has arrived, under wing of Mrs. Primmins, and has reconciled herself to the old stewpond; by the side of which my father has found a walk that compensates for the peach wall — especially as he has made acquaintance with sundry respectable carps, who permit him to feed them after he has fed the duck — a privilege of which (since, if any one else approaches, the carps are off in an instant) my father is naturally vain. All privileges are valuable in proportion to the exclusiveness of their enjoyment.

Now, from the moment the first carp had eaten the bread my father threw to it, Mr. Caxton had mentally resolved, that a race so confiding should never be sacrificed to Ceres and Primmins. But all the fishes on my uncle's property were under the special care of that Proteus Bolt — and Bolt was not a man likely to suffer the carps to earn their bread without contributing their full share to the wants of the community. But, like master, like man! Bolt was an aristocrat fit to be hung *à la lanterne*. He out-Rolanded Roland in the respect he entertained for sounding names and old families; and by that bait my father caught him with such skill that you might

see that, if Austin Caxton had been an angler of fis[illegible] he could have filled his basket full any day, shine or rain.

"You observe, Bolt," said my father, beginning a[illegible]rtf "that those fishes, dull as you may think them, are cr*eat*[illegible] capable of a syllogism; and if they saw that, in proportio[illegible] their civility to me, they were depopulated by you, t[illegible] would put two and two together, and renounce my acquai[illegible] ance."

"Is that what you call being silly Jems, Sir?" said Bo[illegible] "faith, there is many a good Christian not half so wise!"

"Man," answered my father thoughtfully, "is an anim[illegible] less syllogistical, or more silly-Jemmical than many creature popularly esteemed his inferiors. Yes, let but one of thos Cyprinidæ, with his fine sense of logic, see that, if his fellow fishes eat bread, they are suddenly jerked out of their ele ment, and vanish for ever; and though you broke a quarter loaf into crumbs, he would snap his tail at you with enlightene contempt. If," said my father soliloquising, "I had bee as syllogistic as those scaly logicians, I should never hav swallowed that hook, which — hum! there — least said soon est mended. But, Mr. Bolt, to return to the Cyprinidæ."

"What 's the hard name you call them 'ere carp, you honour?" asked Bolt.

"Cyprinidæ, a family of the section Malacoptergii Ab dominales," replied Mr. Caxton; "their teeth are generall confined to the Pharyngeans, and their branchiostegous ray are but few — marks of distinction from fishes vulgar an voracious."

"Sir," said Bolt, glancing to the stewpond, "if I ha known they had been a family of such importance, I am sur I should have treated them with more respect."

"They are a very old family, Bolt, and have been settle in England since the fourteenth century. A younger branc

the family has established itself in a pond in the gardens Peterhoff, (the celebrated palace of Peter the Great, Bolt— emperor highly respected by my brother, for he killed a many people very gloriously in battle, besides those he sabred for his own private amusement.) And there an officer or servant of the imperial household, whose task is to summon those Russian Cyprinidæ to dinner by ringing bell, shortly after which, you may see the emperor and press, with all their waiting ladies and gentlemen, coming wn in their carriages to see the Cyprinidæ eat in state. So perceive, Bolt, that it would be a republican, Jacobinical roceeding to stew members of a family so intimately asso- ted with royalty."

"Dear me, Sir!" said Bolt, "I am very glad you told me. I ought to have known they were genteel fish, they are so mighty shy — as all your real quality are."

My father smiled, and rubbed his hands gently; he had carried his point, and henceforth the Cyprinidæ of the section Malacoptergii Abdominales were as sacred in Bolt's eyes as cats and ichneumons were in those of a priest in Thebes.

My poor father! with what true and unostentatious philosophy thou didst accommodate thyself to the greatest change thy quiet, harmless life had known, since it had passed out of the brief burning cycle of the passions. Lost was the home, endeared to thee by so many noiseless victories of the mind — so many mute histories of the heart — for only the scholar knoweth how deep a charm lies in monotony, in the old associations, the old ways, and habitual clockwork of peaceful time. Yet, the home may be replaced — thy heart built its home round it everywhere — and the old tower might supply the loss of the brick house, and the walk by the duck-pond become as dear as the haunts by the sunny peach wall. But that shall replace to thee the bright dream of thine innocent

ambition, — that angel-wing which had glittered across thy manhood, in the hour between its noon and its setting? What replace to thee the Magnum Opus — the Great Book? — fair and broadspreading tree — lone amidst the sameness of the landscape — now plucked up by the roots! The oxygen was subtracted from the air of thy life. For be it known to ye, O my compassionate readers, that with the death of the Anti-Publisher Society the blood-streams of the Great Book stood still — its pulse was arrested — its full heart beat no more. Three thousand copies of the first seven sheets in quarto, with sundry unfinished plates, anatomical, architectural, and graphic, depicting various developments of the human skull, (that temple of Human Error), from the Hottentot to the Greek; sketches of ancient buildings, Cyclopean and Pelasgic; Pyramids, and Pur-tors, all signs of races whose handwriting was on their walls; landscapes to display the influence of Nature upon the customs, creeds, and philosophy of men — here showing how the broad Chaldean wastes led to the contemplation of the stars, and illustrations of the Zodiac in elucidation of the mysteries of symbol-worship; fantastic vagaries of earth fresh from the Deluge, tending to impress on early superstition the awful sense of the rude powers of nature; views of the rocky defiles of Laconia; Sparta, neighboured by the "silent Amyclæ," explaining, as it were, geographically, the iron customs of the warrior colony, (arch Tories, amidst the shift and roar of Hellenic democracies, contrasted by the seas, and coasts, and creeks of Athens and Ionia, tempting to adventure, commerce, and change. Yea my father, in his suggestions to the artist of those few imperfect plates, had thrown as much light on the infancy of earth and its tribes as by the "shining words" that flowed from his calm starry knowledge! Plates and copies, all rested now in peace and dust — "housed with darkness and with

death" on the sepulchral shelves of the lobby to which they were consigned — rays intercepted — worlds incompleted. The Prometheus was bound, and the fire he had stolen from heaven lay embedded in the flints of his rock. For so costly was the mould in which Uncle Jack and the Anti-Publisher Society had contrived to cast this Exposition of Human Error, ere every bookseller shyed at its very sight, as an owl blinks daylight, or human error at truth. In vain Squills and I, before we left London, had carried a gigantic specimen of the Magnum Opus into the back-parlours of firms the most opulent and adventurous. Publisher after publisher started, if we had held a blunderbuss to his ear. All Paternoster Row uttered a "Lord deliver us!" Human Error found no man so egregiously its victim as to complete those two quartos, with the prospect of two others, at his own expense. Now, I had earnestly hoped that my father, for the sake of mankind, would be persuaded to risk some portion, — and that, I own, not a small one — of his remaining capital on the conclusion of a undertaking so elaborately begun. But there my father was obdurate. No big words about mankind, and the advantage to unborn generations, could stir him an inch. Stuff!" said Mr. Caxton peevishly. "A man's duties to mankind and posterity begin with his own son; and having wasted half your patrimony, I will not take another huge slice out of the poor remainder to gratify my vanity, for that is the plain truth of it. Man must atone for sin by expiation. By the book I have sinned, and the book must expiate it. Pile the sheets up in the lobby, so that at least one man may be wiser and humbler by the sight of Human Error, every time he walks by so stupendous a monument of it."

Verily, I know not how my father could bear to look at those dumb fragments of himself — strata of the Caxtonian conformation lying layer upon layer, as if packed up and

disposed for the inquisitive genius of some moral Murchis
or Mantell. But, for my part, I never glanced at their repo
in the dark lobby, without thinking, "Courage, Pisistrat
courage! there 's something worth living for; work ha
grow rich, and the Great Book shall come out at last."

Meanwhile, I wandered over the country, and made a
quaintance with the farmers, and with Trevanion's steward
an able man, and a great agriculturist — and I learned fr
them a better notion of the nature of my uncle's domai
Those domains covered an immense acreage, which, sa
a small farm, was of no value at present. But land of t
same sort had been lately redeemed by a simple kind
draining, now well known in Cumberland; and with capit
Roland's barren moors might become a noble property. B
capital, where was that to come from? Nature gives us
except the means to turn her into marketable account. As c
Plautus saith so wittily, "Day, night, water, sun, and moo
are to be had gratis; for everything else — down with yo
dust!"

CHAPTER II.

Nothing has been heard of Uncle Jack. Before
left the brick house, the Captain gave him an invitation
the tower — more, I suspect, out of compliment to my moth
than from the unbidden impulse of his own inclinations. B
Mr. Tibbets politely declined it. During his stay at the bri
house, he had received and written a vast number of letters
some of those he received, indeed, were left at the villa
post-office, under the alphabetical addresses of A B or X
For no misfortune ever paralysed the energies of Uncle Jac
In the winter of adversity he vanished, it is true, but even

nishing he vegetated still. He resembled those *algæ*, termed the *Prolococcus nivales*, which give a rose-colour to the Polar snows that conceal them, and flourish unsuspected amidst the general dissolution of Nature. Uncle Jack, then, was as lively and sanguine as ever — though he began to let fall vague hints of intentions to abandon the general cause of his fellow creatures, and to set up business henceforth purely on his own account; wherewith my father — to the great shock of my belief in his philanthropy — expressed himself much pleased. And I strongly suspect that, when Uncle Jack wrapped himself up in his new double Saxony, and went off at last, he carried with him something more than my father's good wishes in aid of his conversion to egotistical philosophy.

"That man will do yet," said my father, as the last glimpse was caught of Uncle Jack standing up on the stage-coach box, beside the driver — partly to wave his hand to us as we stood at the gate, and partly to array himself more commodiously in a box coat, with six capes, which the coachman had lent him.

"Do you think so, Sir?" said I, doubtfully. "May I ask why?"

Mr. Caxton. — On the cat principle — that he tumbles so lightly. You may throw him down from St. Paul's, and the next time you see him he will be scrambling a-top of the Monument.

Pisistratus. — But a cat the most viparious is limited to nine lives — and Uncle Jack must be now far gone in his eighth.

Mr. Caxton — (*not heeding that answer, for he has got his hand in his waistcoat.*) — The earth, according to Apuleius, in his *Treatise on the Philosophy of Plato*, was produced from right-angled triangles; but fire and air from the scalene triangle — the angles of which, I need not say, are very different from those of a right-angled triangle. Now I think

there are people in the world of whom one can only judge rightly according to those mathematical principles applied to their original construction; for, if air or fire predominates in our natures, we are scalene triangles; — if earth, right-angled. Now, as air is so notably manifested in Jack's conformation, he is, *nolens volens*, produced in conformity with his preponderating element. He is a scalene triangle, and must be judged, accordingly, upon irregular, lop-sided principles; whereas you and I, commonplace mortals, are produced, like the earth, which is our preponderating element, with our triangles all right-angled, comfortable, and complete — for which blessing let us thank Providence, and be charitable to those who are necessarily windy and gaseous, from that unlucky scalene triangle upon which they have had the misfortune to be constructed, and which, you perceive, is quite at variance with the mathematical constitution of the earth!

PISISTRATUS. — Sir, I am very happy to hear so simple, easy, and intelligible an explanation of Uncle Jack's peculiarities; and I only hope that, for the future, the sides of his scalene triangle may never be produced to our rectangular conformations.

MR. CAXTON — (*descending from his stilts, with an air as mildly reproachful as if I had been cavilling at the virtues of Socrates.*) — You don't do your uncle justice, Pisistratus: he is a very clever man; and I am sure that, in spite of his scalene misfortune, he would be an honest one — that is, (added Mr Caxton, correcting himself,) not romantically or heroically honest — but honest as men go — if he could but keep his head long enough above water; but, you see, when the best man in the world is engaged in the process of sinking, he catches hold of whatever comes in his way, and drowns the very friend who is swimming to save him.

PISISTRATUS. — Perfectly true, Sir; but Uncle Jack makes it his business to be *always* sinking!

MR. CAXTON — (*with naïveté.*) — And how could it be otherwise, when he has been carrying all his fellow creatures in his breeches' pockets! Now he has got rid of that dead weight, I should not be surprised if he swam like a cork.

PISISTRATUS — (*who, since the Anti-Capitalist, has become a strong Anti-Jackian.*) — But if, Sir, you really think Uncle Jack's love for his fellow creatures is genuine, that is surely not the worst part of him!

MR. CAXTON. — O literal ratiocinator, and dull to the true logic of Attic irony, can't you comprehend that an affection may be genuine as felt by the man, yet its nature be spurious in relation to others. A man may genuinely believe he loves his fellow creatures, when he roasts them like Torquemada, or guillotines them like St. Just! Happily Jack's scalene triangle, being more produced from air than from fire, does not give to his philanthropy the inflammatory character which distinguishes the benevolence of inquisitors and revolutionists. The philanthropy, therefore, takes a more flatulent and innocent form, and expends its strength in mounting paper balloons, out of which Jack pitches himself, with all the fellow creatures he can coax into sailing with him. No doubt Uncle Jack's philanthropy is sincere, when he cuts the string and soars up out of sight; but the sincerity will not much mend their bruises when himself and fellow creatures come tumbling down, neck and heels. It must be a very wide heart that can take in all mankind — and of a very strong fibre, to bear so much stretching. Such hearts there are, Heaven be thanked! — and all praise to them! Jack's is not of that quality. He is a scalene triangle. He is not a circle! And yet, if he would but let it rest, it is a good heart — a very good heart," continued my father, warming into a tenderness

quite infantine, all things considered. "Poor Jack! that w prettily said of him — 'That if he were a dog, and he had n home but a dog-kennel, he would turn out to give me the be of the straw!' Poor brother Jack!"

So the discussion was dropped; and, in the meanwhil Uncle Jack, like the short-faced gentleman in the SPECTATO "*distinguished himself* by a profound silence."

CHAPTER II.

BLANCHE has contrived to associate herself, if not wit my more active diversions — in running over the country, an making friends with the farmers — still in all my more leisurel and domestic pursuits. There is about her a silent charm tha it is very hard to define — but it seems to arise from a kind c innate sympathy with the moods and humours of those sh loves. If one is gay, there is a cheerful ring in her silver laug that seems gladness itself; if one is sad, and creeps away int a corner to bury one's head in one's hands, and muse — by and-by — and just at the right moment — when one has muse one's fill, and the heart wants something to refresh and restor it, one feels two innocent arms round one's neck — looks up — and lo! Blanche's soft eyes, full of wistful compassionate kind ness; though she has the tact not to question — it is enough fo her to sorrow with your sorrow — she cares not to know more A strange child! — fearless, and yet seemingly fond of thing that inspire children with fear — fond of tales of fay, sprite and ghost — which Mrs. Primmins draws fresh and new fror her memory, as a conjuror draws pancakes hot and hot from hat. And yet so sure is Blanche of her own innocence, tha they never trouble her dreams in her lone little room, full c caliginous corners and nooks, with the winds moaning roun

desolate ruins, and the casements rattling hoarse in the geon-like wall. She would have no dread to walk through ghostly keep in the dark, or cross the churchyard, what

"By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,"

rave stones look so spectral, and the shade from the rees lies so still on the sward. When the brows of Roland loomiest, and the compression of his lips makes sorrow sternest, be sure that Blanche is couched at his feet, g the moment when, with some heavy sigh, the muscles and she is sure of the smile if she climbs to his knee. retty to chance on her gliding up broken turret stairs, or ng hushed in the recess of shattered windowless case- , and you wonder what thoughts of vague awe and n pleasure can be at work under that still little brow. e has a quick comprehension of all that is taught to her; eady tasks to the full my mother's educational arts. My has had to rummage his library for books, to feed (or uish) her desire for "farther information;" and has ed lessons in French and Italian — at some golden time shadowy "By-and-By," — which are received so grate- hat one might think Blanche mistook *Telemaque* and e *Morali* for baby-houses and dolls. Heaven send her h French and Italian with better success than attended axton's lessons in Greek to Pisistratus! She has an ear sic, which my mother, who is no bad judge, declares exquisite. Luckily there is an old Italian settled in a en miles off, who is said to be an excellent music master, ho comes the round of the neighbouring squirearchy a-week. I have taught her to draw — an accomplishment ich I am not without skill — and she has already taken a from nature, which, barring the perspective, is not so

amiss; indeed, she has caught the notion of "idea (which promises future originality) from her own natu stincts, and given to the old witch-elm, that hangs o stream, just the bough that it wanted to dip into the and soften off the hard lines. My only fear is, that B should become too dreamy and thoughtful. Poor chil has no one to play with! So I look out, and get her a frisky and young, who abhors sedentary occupations — niel, small and coal-black, with ears sweeping the gro baptise him "Juba," in honour of Addison's Cato, consideration of his sable curls and Mauritanian comp Blanche does not seem so eerie and elf-like, while through the ruins, when Juba barks by her side, and the birds from the ivy.

One day I had been pacing to and fro the hall, whi deserted; and the sight of the armour and portraits — evidences of the active and adventurous lives of the ol bitants, which seemed to reprove my own inactive ob — had set me off on one of those Pegasćan hobbies on youth mounts to the skies — delivering maidens on roc killing Gorgons and monsters — when Juba bounded i Blanche came after him, her straw hat in her hand.

BLANCHE. — I thought you were here, Sisty: stay?

PISISTRATUS. — Why, my dear child, the day is that instead of losing it in-doors, you ought to be run the fields with Juba.

JUBA. — Bow — wow!

BLANCHE. — Will you come too? If Sisty stays in, B does not care for the butterflies!

Pisistratus, seeing that the thread of his day-dre broken, consents with an air of resignation. Just

gain the door, Blanche pauses, and looks as if there were something on her mind.

PISISTRATUS. — What now, Blanche? Why are you making knots in that ribbon, and writing invisible characters on the floor with the point of that busy little foot?

BLANCHE — (*mysteriously.*) — I have found a new room, Sisty. Do you think we may look into it?

PISISTRATUS. — Certainly, unless any Bluebeard of your acquaintance told you not. Where is it?

BLANCHE. — Up stairs — to the left.

PISISTRATUS. — That little old door, going down two stone steps, which is always kept locked?

BLANCHE. — Yes! it is not locked to-day. The door was ajar, and I peeped in; but I would not do more till I came and asked you if you thought it would not be wrong.

PISISTRATUS. — Very good in you, my discreet little cousin. I have no doubt it is a ghost-trap; however, with Juba's protection, I think we might venture together.

Pisistratus, Blanche, and Juba, ascend the stairs, and turn off down a dark passage to the left, away from the rooms in use. We reach the arch-pointed door of oak planks nailed roughly together; we push it open, and perceive that a small stair winds down from the room: it is just over Roland's chamber.

The room has a damp smell, and has probably been left open to be aired, for the wind comes through the unbarred casement, and a billet burns on the hearth. The place has that attractive, fascinating air which belongs to a lumber-room, than which I know nothing that so captivates the interest and fancy of young people. What treasures, to them, often lie hid in those quaint odds and ends which the elder generations have discarded as rubbish! All children are by nature antiquarians and relic-hunters. Still there is an order and pre-

cision with which the articles in that room are stowed away that belies the true notion of lumber — none of the mildew and dust which give such mournful interest to things abandoned to decay.

In one corner are piled up cases, and military-looking trunks of outlandish aspect, with R. D. C. in brass nails on their sides. From these we turn with involuntary respect, and call off Juba, who has wedged himself behind in pursuit of some imaginary mouse. But in the other corner is what seems to me a child's cradle — not an English one evidently — it is of wood, seemingly Spanish rosewood, with a rail-work at the back, of twisted columns; and I should scarcely have known it to be a cradle but for the fairy-like quilt and the tiny pillows, which proclaimed its uses.

On the wall above the cradle were arranged sundry little articles, that had, perhaps, once made the joy of a child's heart — broken toys with the paint rubbed off, a tin sword and trumpet, and a few tattered books, mostly in Spanish — by their shape and look, doubtless, children's books. Near these stood, on the floor, a picture with its face to the wall. Juba had chased the mouse that his fancy still insisted on creating, behind this picture, and, as he abruptly drew back, it fell into the hands I stretched forth to receive it. I turned the face to the light, and was surprised to see merely an old family portrait; it was that of a gentleman in the flowered vest and stiff ruff which referred the date of his existence to the reign of Elizabeth — a man with a bold and noble countenance. On the corner was placed a faded coat of arms, beneath which was inscribed, "HERBERT DE CAXTON, EQ: AUR: ÆTAT: 35."

On the back of the canvass I observed, as I now replaced the picture against the wall, a label in Roland's handwriting, though in a younger and more running hand than he now

wrote. The words were these: — "The best and bravest of our line. He charged by Sidney's side on the field of Zutphen; he fought in Drake's ship against the armament of Spain. If ever I have a —" The rest of the label seemed to have been torn off.

I turned away, and felt a remorseful shame that I had so far gratified my curiosity, — if by so harsh a name the powerful interest that had absorbed me must be called. I looked round for Blanche; she had retreated from my side to the door, and, with her hands before her eyes, was weeping. As I stole towards her, my glance fell on a book that lay on a chair near the casement, and beside those relics of an infancy once pure and serene. By the old-fashioned silver clasps I recognised Roland's bible. I felt almost as if I had been guilty of profanation in my thoughtless intrusion. I drew away Blanche, and we descended the stairs noiselessly, and not till we were on our favourite spot, amidst a heap of ruins on the feudal justice-hill, did I seek to kiss away her tears and ask the cause.

"My poor brother," sobbed Blanche; "they must have been his — and we shall never, never see him again! — and poor papa's bible, which he reads when he is very, very sad! I did not weep enough when my brother died. I know better what death is now! Poor papa, poor papa! Don't die, too, Sisty!"

There was no running after butterflies that morning; and it was long before I could soothe Blanche. Indeed, she bore the traces of dejection in her soft looks for many, many days; and she often asked me, sighingly, "Don't you think it was very wrong in me to take you there?" Poor little Blanche, true daughter of Eve, she would not, let me bear my due share of the blame; she would have it all in Adam's primitive way of justice, — "The woman tempted me, and I did eat."

And since then Blanche has seemed more fond than ever of Roland, and comparatively deserts me, to nestle close to him, and closer, till he looks up and says, "My child, you are pale; go and run after the butterflies;" and she says now to him, not to me, — "Come too!" drawing him out into the sunshine with a hand that will not loose its hold.

Of all Roland's line this Herbert de Caxton was "the best and bravest!" yet he had never named that ancestor to me — never put any forefather in comparison with the dubious and mythical Sir William. I now remembered once, that, in going over the pedigree, I had been struck by the name of Herbert — the only Herbert in the scroll — and had asked, "What of him, uncle?" and Roland had muttered something inaudible and turned away. And I remembered also, that in Roland's room there was the mark in the wall where a picture of that size had once hung. It had been removed thence before we first came, but must have hung there for years to have left that mark on the wall; — perhaps suspended by Bolt, during Roland's long Continental absence. "If ever I have a —." What were the missing words? Alas, did they not relate to the son — missed for ever, evidently not forgotten still?

CHAPTER IV.

My uncle sate on one side the fireplace, my mother on the other; and I, at a small table between them, prepared to note down the results of their conference; for they had met in high council, to assess their joint fortunes — determine what should be brought into the common stock, and set apart for the civil list, and what should be laid aside as a sinking fund. Now my mother, true woman as she was, had a womanly love

of show in her own quiet way — of making "a genteel figure" in the eyes of the neighbourhood — of seeing that sixpence not only went as far as sixpence ought to go, but that, in the going, it should emit a mild but imposing splendour — not, indeed, a gaudy flash — a startling Borealian coruscation, which is scarcely within the modest and placid idiosyncrasies of sixpence — but a gleam of gentle and benign light, just to show where a sixpence had been, and allow you time to say, "Behold," before

"The jaws of darkness did devour it up."

Thus, as I once before took occasion to apprise the reader, we had always held a very respectable position in the neighbourhood round our square brick house; been as sociable as my father's habits would permit; given our little tea-parties, and our occasional dinners, and, without attempting to vie with our richer associates, there had always been so exquisite a neatness, so notable a house-keeping, so thoughtful a disposition, in short, of all the properties indigenous to a well-spent six-pence, in my mother's management, that there was not an old maid within seven miles of us who did not pronounce our tea-parties to be perfect; and the great Mrs. Rollick, who gave forty guineas a-year to a professed cook and housekeeper, used regularly, whenever we dined at Rollick Hall, to call across the table to my mother (who therewith blushed up to her ears,) to apologise for the strawberry jelly. It is true that when, on returning home, my mother adverted to that flattering and delicate compliment, in a tone that revealed the self-conceit of the human heart, my father — whether to sober his Kitty's vanity into a proper and Christian mortification of spirit, or from that strange shrewdness which belonged to him — would remark that Mrs. Rollick was of a querulous nature; that the com-

pliment was meant not to please my mother, but to spite th professed cook and housekeeper, to whom the butler woul be sure to repeat the invidious apology.

In settling at the tower, and assuming the head of i establishment, my mother was naturally anxious that, poo battered invalid though the tower was, it should still put its be leg foremost. Sundry cards, despite the thinness of th neighbourhood, had been left at the door; various invit tions, which my uncle had hitherto declined, had greete his occupation of the ancestral ruin, and had become mo numerous since the news of our arrival had gone abroad; that my mother saw before her a very suitable field for h hospitable accomplishments — a reasonable ground for h ambition that the tower should hold up its head, as becam a tower that held the head of the family.

But not to wrong thee, O dear mother, as thou sitte there, opposite the grim captain, so fair and so neat, — wi thine apron as white, and thy hair as trim and as sheen, an thy morning cap, with its ribbons of blue, as coquettish arranged as if thou hadst a fear that the least negligence c thy part might lose thee the heart of thine Austin — not wrong thee by setting down to frivolous motives alone th feminine visions of the social amenities of life, I know th thine heart, in its provident tenderness, was quite as muc interested as ever thy vanities could be, in the hospitab thoughts on which thou wert intent. For, first and foremo it was the wish of thy soul that thine Austin might, as litt as possible, be reminded of the change in his fortunes, might miss as little as possible those interruptions to his a stracted scholarly moods, at which, it is true, he used to fr and to pshaw and to cry Papæ! but which nevertheless alwa did him good, and freshened up the stream of his thought

[redacted]d, next, it was the conviction of thine understanding th

a little society, and boon companionship, and the proud pleasure of showing his ruins, and presiding at the hall of his forefathers, would take Roland out of those gloomy reveries into which he still fell at times. And, thirdly, for us young people, ought not Blanche to find companions in children of her own sex and age? Already in those large black eyes there was something melancholy and brooding, as there is in the eyes of all children who live only with their elders; and for Pisistratus, with his altered prospects, and the one great gnawing memory at his heart — which he tried to conceal from himself, but which a mother (and a mother who had loved) saw at a glance — what could be better than such union and interchange with the world around us, small though that world might be, as woman, sweet binder and blender of all social links, might artfully effect? — So that thou didst not go like the awful Florentine,

"Sopra lor vanita che par persona,

'over thin shadows that mocked the substance of real forms,' but rather it was the real forms that appeared as shadows or *vanita*.

What a digression! — can I never tell my story in a plain straightforward way? Certainly I was born under the Cancer, and all my movements are circumlocutory, sideways, and crab-like.

CHAPTER V.

"I THINK, Roland," said my mother, "that the establishment is settled. Bolt, who is equal to three men at least; Primmins, cook and housekeeper; Molly a good stirring girl — and willing, (though I've had some difficulty in persuading

her, poor thing, to submit not to be called Anna Maria!) Their wages are but a small item, my dear Roland."

"Hem!" said Roland, "since we can't do with fewer servants at less wages, I suppose we must call it small —"

"It is so," said my mother with mild positiveness. "And, indeed, what with the game and fish, and the garden and poultry-yard, and your own mutton, our housekeeping will be next to nothing."

"Hem!" again said the thrifty Roland, with a slight inflection of the beetle brows. "It may be next to nothing, Ma'am — sister — just as a butcher's shop may be next to Northumberland House, but there is a vast deal between nothing and that next neighbour you have given it."

This speech was so like one of my father's; — so *naïve* an imitation of that subtle reasoner's use of the rhetorical figure called ANTANACLASIS, (or repetition of the same words in a different sense,) that I laughed and my mother smiled. But she smiled reverently, not thinking of the ANTANACLASIS, as, laying her hand on Roland's arm, she replied in the yet more formidable figure of speech called EPIPHONEMA, (or exclamation,) "Yet, with all your economy, you would have had us —"

"Tut!" cried my uncle, parrying the EPIPHONEMA with a masterly APOSIOPESIS (or breaking off;) "tut! if you had done what I wished, I should have had more pleasure for my money!"

My poor mother's rhetorical armoury supplied no weapon to meet that artful APOSIOPESIS, so she dropped the rhetoric altogether, and went on with that "unadorned eloquence" natural to her, as to other great financial reformers: — "Well, Roland, but I am a good housewife, I assure you, and — don't scold; but that you never do, — I mean don't look as if you

would like to scold; the fact is, that, even after setting aside £100 a-year for our little parties —"

"Little parties! — a hundred a-year!" cried the Captain aghast.

My mother pursued her way remorselessly, — "Which we can well afford; and without counting your half-pay, which you must keep for pocket-money and your wardrobe and Blanche's, I calculate that we can allow Pisistratus £150 a-year, which, with the scholarship he is to get, will keep him at Cambridge," (at that, seeing the scholarship was as yet admidst the Pleasures of Hope, I shook my head doubtfully;) "and," continued my mother, not heeding that sign of dissent, "we shall still have something to lay by."

The Captain's face assumed a ludicrous expression of compassion and horror; he evidently thought my mother's misfortunes had turned her head.

His tormentor continued.

"For," said my mother, with a pretty calculating shake of her head, and a movement of the right forefinger towards the five fingers of the left hand, "three hundred and seventy pounds — the interest of Austin's fortune — and fifty pounds that we may reckon for the rent of our house, make £420 a-year. Add your £330 a-year from the farm, sheep-walk, and cottages that you let, and the total is £750. Now with all we get for nothing for our housekeeping, as I said before, we can do very well with five hundred a-year, and indeed make a handsome figure. So, after allowing Sisty £150, we still have £100 to lay by for Blanche."

"Stop, stop, stop!" cried the Captain, in great agitation; "who told you that I had £330 a-year?"

"Why, Bolt — don't be angry with him."

"Bolt is a blockhead. From £330 a-year take £200, and the remainder is all my income, besides my half-pay."

My mother opened her eyes, and so did I.

"To that £130 add, if you please, £130 of your own. All that you have over, my dear sister, is yours or Austin's, or your boy's; but not a shilling can go to give luxuries to a miserly, battered old soldier. Do you understand me?"

"No, Roland," said my mother, "I don't understand you at all. Does not your property bring in £330 a-year?

"Yes, but it has a debt of £200 a-year on it," said the Captain, gloomily and reluctantly.

"Oh, Roland!" cried my mother tenderly, and approaching so near that, had my father been in the room, I am sure she would have been bold enough to kiss the stern Captain, though I never saw him look sterner and less kissable. "Oh, Roland!" cried my mother, concluding that famous EPIPHONEMA which my uncle's APOSIOPESIS had before nipped in the bud, "and yet you would have made us, who are twice as rich, rob you of this little all!"

"Ah!" said Roland, trying to smile, "but I should have had my own way then, and starved you shockingly. No talk then of 'little parties,' and suchlike. But you must not now turn the tables against me, nor bring your £420 a-year as a set-off to my £130."

"Why," said my mother generously, "you forget the money's worth that you contribute — all that your grounds supply, and all that we save by it. I am sure that that 's worth a yearly £300 at the least."

"Madam — sister," said the Captain, "I 'm sure you don't want to hurt my feelings. All I have to say is, that, if you add to what I bring an equal sum — to keep up the poor old ruin — it is the utmost that I can allow, and the rest is not more than Pisistratus can spend."

So saying, the Captain rose, bowed, and before either of us could stop him, hobbled out of the room.

"Dear me, Sisty!" said my mother, wringing her hands, "I have certainly displeased him. How could I guess he had so large a debt on the property?"

"Did not he pay his son's debts? Is not that the reason that —"

"Ah," interrupted my mother, almost crying, "and it was that which ruffled him, and I not to guess it? What shall I do?"

"Set to work at a new calculation, dear mother, and let him have his own way."

"But then," said my mother, "your uncle will mope himself to death, and your father will have no relaxation, while you see that he has lost his former object in his books. And Blanche — and you too. If we were only to contribute what dear Roland does, I do not see how, with £260 a-year, we could ever bring our neighbours round us! I wonder what Austin would say! I have half a mind — no, I'll go and look over the week-books with Primmins."

My mother went her way sorrowfully, and I was left alone.

Then I looked on the stately old hall, grand in its forlorn decay. And the dreams I had begun to cherish at my heart swept over me, and hurried me along, far, far away into the golden land, whither Hope beckons Youth. To restore my father's fortunes — reweave the links of that broken ambition which had knit his genius with the world — rebuild these fallen walls — cultivate those barren moors — revive the ancient name — glad the old soldier's age — and be to *both* the brothers what Roland had lost — a son! These were my dreams; and when I woke from them, lo! they had left behind an intense purpose, a resolute object. Dream, O youth — dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be prophets!

CHAPTER VI.

Letter from Pisistratus Caxton, to Albert Trevanion, Esq., M.P.

(The confession of a youth who, in the Old World, finds himself one too many.)

"My dear Mr. Trevanion,—I thank you cordially, and so we do all, for your reply to my letter, informing you of the villanous traps through which we have passed — not indeed with whole skins, but still whole in life and limb — which, considering that the traps were three, and the teeth sharp, was more than we could reasonably expect. We have taken to the wastes, like wise foxes as we are, and I do not think a bait can be found that will again snare the fox paternal. As for the fox filial, it is different, and I am about to prove to you that he is burning to redeem the family disgrace. Ah! my dear Mr. Trevanion, if you are busy with 'blue books' when this letter reaches you, stop here, and put it aside for some rare moment of leisure. I am about to open my heart to you, and ask you, who know the world so well, to aid me in an escape from those *flammantia mœnia*, wherewith I find that world begirt and enclosed. For look you, Sir, you and my father were right when you both agreed that the mere book life was not meant for me. And yet what is not book life, to a young man who would make his way through the ordinary and conventional paths to fortune? All the professions are so book-lined, book-hemmed, book-choked, that wherever these strong hands of mine stretch towards action, they find themselves met by octavo ramparts, flanked with quarto crenellations. For first, this college life, opening to scholarships, and ending, perchance, as you political economists would desire, in Malthusian fellowships — premiums for celibacy — consider what manner of thing it is!

"Three years, book upon book, — a great Dead Sea before one, three years long, and all the apples that grow on the shore full of the ashes of pica and primer! Those three years ended, the fellowship, it may be, won, — still books — books — if the whole world does not close at the college gates. Do I, from scholar, efflouresce into literary man, author by profession? — books — books! Do I go into the law? — books — books. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, which, paraphrased, means that it is slow work before one fags one's way to a brief! Do I turn doctor? Why, what but books can kill time, until, at the age of forty, a lucky chance may permit me to kill something else? The church? (for which, indeed, I don't profess to be good enough,) — that is book life *par excellence*, whether, inglorious and poor, I wander through long lines of divines and fathers; or, ambitious of bishopricks, I amend the corruptions, not of the human heart, but of a Greek text, and through defiles of scholiasts and commentators win my way to the See. In short, barring the noble profession of arms — which you know, after all, is not precisely the road to fortune — can you tell me any means by which one may escape these eternal books, this mental clock-work, and corporeal lethargy. Where can this passion for life that runs riot through my veins find its vent? Where can these stalwart limbs, and this broad chest, grow of value and worth, in this hot-bed of cerebral inflammation and dyspeptic intellect? I know what is in me; I know I have the qualities that should go with stalwart limbs and broad chest. I have some plain common sense, some promptitude and keenness, some pleasure in hardy danger, some fortitude in bearing pain — qualities for which I bless Heaven, for they are qualities good and useful in private life. But in the forum of men, in the market of fortune, are they not *flocci, nauci, nihili?*

"In a word, dear Sir and friend, in this crowded Old

World, there is not the same room that our bold fore-fathers found for men to walk about, and jostle their neighbours. No; they must sit down like boys at their form, and work out their tasks, with rounded shoulders and aching fingers. There has been a pastoral age, and a hunting age, and a fighting age. Now we have arrived at the age sedentary. Men who sit longest carry all before them: puny delicate fellows, with hands just strong enough to wield a pen, eyes not bleared by the midnight lamp that they see no joy in this buxom sun, (which draws me forth into the fields, as life draws the living,) and digestive organs worn and macerated by the relentless flagellation of the brain. Certainly, if this is to be the Reign of Mind, it is idle to repine, and kick against the pricks; but is it true that all these qualities of action that are within me are to go for nothing! If I were rich and happy in mind and circumstance, well and good; I should shoot, hunt, farm, travel, enjoy life, and snap my fingers at ambition. If I were so poor and so humbly bred that I could turn gamekeeper or whipper-in, as pauper gentlemen virtually did of old, well and good too; I should exhaust this trouble some vitality of mine, by nightly battles with poachers, and leaps over double dykes and stone walls. If I were so de pressed of spirit that I could live without remorse on my fa ther's small means, and exclaim with Claudian, 'The earth gives me feasts that cost nothing,' well and good too; it were a life to suit a vegetable, or a very minor poet. But as it is! — here I open another leaf of my heart to you! To say that being poor, I want to make a fortune, is to say that I am an Englishman. To attach ourselves to a thing positive, belong to our practical race. Even in our dreams, if we build castles in the air, they are not *Castles of Indolence*, — indeed they have very little of the castle about them, and look much more like Hoare's Bank on the east side of Temple Bar! I desire, then

make a fortune. But I differ from my countrymen, first, by
ring only what you rich men would call but a *small* for-
e; secondly, in wishing that I may not spend my whole
e in that said fortune-making. Just see, now, how I am
ced.

"Under ordinary circumstances, I must begin by taking
m my father a large slice of an income that will ill spare
ring. According to my calculation, my parents and my
de want all they have got — and the subtraction of the
rly sum on which Pisistratus is to live, till he can live by
s own labours, would be so much taken from the decent
mforts of his kindred. If I return to Cambridge, with all
nomy, I must thus narrow still more the *res angusta domi* —
d when Cambridge is over, and I am turned loose upon the
rld — failing, as is likely enough, of the support of a fel-
rship — how many years must I work, or rather, alas! not
rk, at the bar (which, after all, seems my best calling)
ore I can in my turn provide for those who, till then, rob
mselves for me? — till I have arrived at middle life, and
y are old and worn out — till the chink of the golden bowl
nds but hollow at the ebbing well! I would wish that, if I
make money, those I love best may enjoy it while enjoy-
nt is yet left to them; that my father shall see *The History
Human Error*, complete, bound in russia on his shelves;
t my mother shall have the innocent pleasures that content
, before age steals the light from her happy smile; that
ore Roland's hair is snow-white, (alas! the snows there
ken fast,) he shall lean on my arm, while we settle together
re the ruin shall be repaired or where left to the owls; and
re the dreary bleak waste around shall laugh with the
m of corn: — for you know the nature of this Cumberland
— you, who possess much of it, and have won so many
acres from the wild; — you know that my uncle's land,

now (save a single farm) scarce worth a shilling an a
but capital to become an estate more lucrative tha
ancestors owned. You know that, for you have a
capital to the same kind of land, and, in doing
blessings — which you scarcely think of in yo
library — you have effected! — what mouths you
hands you employ! I have calculated that my unc
which now scarce maintain two or three shephe
manured by money, maintain two hundred famili
labour. All this is worth trying for! therefore
wants to make money. Not so much! he does
millions — a few spare thousand pounds would go
and with a modest capital to begin with, Roland
come a true squire, a real landowner, not the mer
desert. Now then, dear Sir, advise me how I may
qualities as I possess, arrive at that capital — ay, a
is too late — so that money-making may not l
grave.

"Turning in despair from this civilised worl
I have cast my eyes to a world far older, — and ye
world in its giant childhood. India here, — Aust
— what say you, Sir — you who will see dispassion
things that float before my eyes through a gc
looming large in the distance? Such is my confide
judgment that you have but to say, 'Fool, give u
Dorados and stay at home, — stick to the books ap
— annihilate that redundance of animal life that i
grow a mental machine. Thy physical gifts are of
thee; take thy place among the slaves of the La
will obey without a murmur. But if I am right —
me attributes that here find no market; if my repini
the instincts of nature, that, out of this decrepit
desire vent for growth in the young stir of some

[illegible]gorous social system — then give me, I pray, that advice [illegible] may clothe my idea in some practical and tangible [illegible]diments. Have I made myself understood?

"Rarely do we see a newspaper here, but occasionally one [illegible] its way from the parsonage; and I have lately rejoiced at [illegible]graph that spoke of your speedy entrance into the admi[illegible]tion as a thing certain. I write to you before you are a [illegible]ter; and you see what I seek is not in the way of official [illegible]age: A niche in an office! — oh, to me that were worse [illegible]all. Yet I did labour hard with you, but — *that* was dif[illegible]! I write to you thus frankly, knowing your warm noble [illegible]—and as if you were my father. Allow me to add my [illegible]ble but earnest congratulations on Miss Trevanion's [illegible]aching marriage with one worthy, if not of her, at least [illegible] station. I do so as becomes one whom you have allowed [illegible] retain the right to pray for the happiness of you and [illegible].

"My dear Mr. Trevanion, this is a long letter, and I dare [illegible] even read it over, lest if I do, I should not send it. Take [illegible] with all its faults, and judge of it with that kindness with [illegible] you have judged ever

"Your grateful and devoted servant,

"PISISTRATUS CAXTON."

Letter from Albert Trevanion, Esq., M.P. to Pisistratus Caxton.

"*Library of the House of Commons, Tuesday Night.*

"MY DEAR PISISTRATUS, — ***** is up! we are in for it for [illegible]wo mortal hours. I take flight to the library, and devote those [illegible]ours to you. Don't be conceited, but that picture of yourself [illegible]hich you have placed before me has struck me with all the [illegible]rce of an original. The state of mind which you describe so

vividly must be a very common one, in our era of civilisa
yet I have never before seen it made so prominent and
like. You have been in my thoughts all day. Yes,
many young men must there be like you, in this Old Wo
able, intelligent, active, and persevering enough, yet
adapted for success in any of our conventional profession
'mute, inglorious Raleighs.' Your letter, young artist, i
illustration of the philosophy of colonising. I compreh
better, after reading it, the old Greek colonisation, —
sending out not only the paupers, the refuse of an ov
populated state, but a large proportion of a better clas
fellows full of pith and sap, and exuberant vitality, like yo
self, blending in those wise *cleruchiæ* a certain portion of
aristocratic with the more democratic element; not turnir
rabble loose upon a new soil, but planting in the fore
allotments all the rudiments of a harmonious state, analog
to that in the mother country — not only getting rid of hun
craving mouths, but furnishing vent for a waste surplus of
telligence and courage, which at home is really not neec
and more often comes to ill than to good;—here only mens
our artificial embankments, but there, carried off in an aq
duct, might give life to a desert.

"For my part, in my ideal of colonisation, I should
that each exportation of human beings had, as of old,
leaders and chiefs—not so appointed from the mere qualit
rank, often, indeed, taken from the humbler classes — but
men to whom a certain degree of education should g
promptitude, quickness, *adaptability* — men in whom their
lowers can confide. The Greeks understood that. Nay
the colony makes progress—as its principal town rises into
dignity of a capital — a *polis* that needs a polity — I someti
think it might be wise to go still farther, and not only transp
to it a high standard of civilisation, but draw it more clo

nexion with the parent state, and render the passage of tellect, education, and *civility*, to and fro, more facile, ghting off thither the spare scions of royalty itself. I it many of my more 'liberal' friends would pooh-pooh on; but I am sure that the colony altogether, when o a state that would bear the importation, would thrive etter for it. And when the day shall come (as to all colonies it must come sooner or later) in which the it has grown an independent state, we may thereby the seeds of a constitution and a civilisation similar to — with self-developed forms of monarchy and aristo- ough of a simpler growth than old societies accept, ift a strange motley chaos of struggling democracy— ith livid giant, at which the Frankenstein may well – not because it is a giant, but because it is a giant leted.* Depend on it, the New World will be friendly to the Old, *not in proportion to the kinship of race, portion to the similarity of manners and institutions* — truth, to which we colonisers have been blind.

ing from these more distant speculations to this posi- nt before us, you see already, from what I have said, mpathise with your aspirations — that I construe them ould have me; — looking to your nature and to your give you my advice in a word — EMIGRATE!

dvice is, however, founded on one hypothesis — viz., are perfectly sincere — you will be contented with a , and with a moderate fortune at the end of your pro-

se pages were sent to press before the author had seen Mr. s recent work on Colonisation, wherein the views here ex- e enforced with great earnestness and conspicuous sagacity. is not the less pleased at this coincidence of opinion, because misfortune to dissent from certain other parts of Mr. Wake- orate theory.

bation. Don't dream of emigrating if you want to make a million, or the tenth part of a million. Don't dream of emigrating, unless you can *enjoy* its hardships, — to *bear* them is not enough!

"Australia is the land for you, as you seem to surmise. Australia is the land for two classes of emigrants: 1st, The man who has nothing but his wits, and plenty of them; 2dly, The man who has a small capital, and who is contented to spend ten years in trebling it. I assume that you belong to the latter class. Take out £3000, and before you are thirty years old, you may return with £10,000 or £12,000. If that satisfies you, think seriously of Australia. By coach, to-morrow, I will send you down all the best books and reports on the subject; and I will get you what detailed information I can from the Colonial Office. Having read these, and thought over them dispassionately, spend some months yet among the sheep-walks of Cumberland; learn all you can, from all the shepherds you can find — from Thyrsis to Menalcas. Do more; fit yourself in every way for a life in the Bush, where the philosophy of the division of labour is not yet arrived at. Learn to turn your hand to everything. Be something of a smith, something of a carpenter — do the best you can with the fewest tools; make yourself an excellent shot; break in all the wild horses and ponies you can borrow and beg. Even if you want to do none of these things when in your settlement, the having learned to do them will fit you for many other things not now foreseen. *De-fine-gentlemanise* yourself from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, and become the greater aristocrat for so doing; for he is more than an aristocrat, he is a king, who suffices in all things for himself — who is his own master, because he wants no *valetaille*. I think Seneca has expressed that thought before me; and I would quote the passage, but the book, I fear, is not in the library of the House of Commons.

But now — (cheers, by Jove. I suppose ***** is down! Ah! it is so; and C — is up, and that cheer followed a sharp hit at me. How I wish I were your age, and going to Australia with you!) But now — to resume my suspended period — but now to the important point — capital. You must take that, unless you go as a shepherd, and then goodbye to the idea of £10,000 in ten years. So, you see, it appears at the first blush that you must still come to your father; but, you will say, with this difference, that you borrow the capital, with every chance of repaying it, instead of frittering away the income year after year till you are eight-and-thirty or forty at least. Still, Pisistratus, you don't, in this, gain your object at a leap; and my dear old friend ought not to lose his son and his money too. You say you write to me as to your own father. You know I hate professions; and if you did not mean what you say, you have offended me mortally. As a father, then, I take a father's rights, and speak plainly. A friend of mine, Mr. Bolding, a clergyman, has a son — a wild fellow, who is likely to get into all sorts of scrapes in England, but with plenty of good in him, notwithstanding — frank, bold — not wanting in talent, but rather in prudence — easily tempted and led away into extravagance. He would make a capital colonist, (no such temptations in the Bush,) if tied to a youth like you. Now I propose, with your leave, that his father shall advance him £1500 — which shall not, however, be placed in his hands, but in yours, as head partner in the firm. You, on your side, shall advance the same sum of £1500, which you shall borrow from me, for three years without interest. At the end of that time interest shall commence, and the capital, with the interest on the said first three years, shall be repaid to me, or my executors, on your return. After you have been a year or two in the Bush, and felt your way, and learned your business, you may then safely borrow £1500 more from your father; and, in the

meanwhile, you and your partner will have had together the full sum of £3000 to commence with. You see in this proposal I make you no gift, and I run no risk, even by your death. If you die, insolvent, I will promise to come on your father, poor fellow!—for small joy and small care will he have then in what may be left of his fortune. There — I have said all; and I will never forgive you if you reject an aid that will serve you so much, and cost me so little.

"I accept your congratulations on Fanny's engagement with Lord Castleton. When you return from Australia you will still be a young man, she (though about your own years) almost a middle-aged woman, with her head full of pomps and vanities. All girls have a short period of girlhood in common; but when they enter womanhood, the woman becomes the woman of her class. As for me, and the office assigned to me by report, you know what I said when we parted, and — but here J — comes, and tells me that 'I am expected to speak, and answer N —, who is just up, brimful of malice,' — the House crowded, and hungering for personalities. So I, the man of the Old World, gird up my loins, and leave you with a sigh, to the fresh youth of the New —

" 'Ne tibi sit duros acuisse in prœlia dentes.'

"Yours affectionately,
"ALBERT TREVANION."

CHAPTER VII.

So, reader, thou art now at the secret of my heart.

Wonder not that I, a bookman's son, and, at certain periods of my life, a bookman myself, though of lowly grade in that venerable class, — wonder not that I should thus, in

that transition stage between youth and manhood, have turned impatiently from books. — Most students, at one time or other in their existence, have felt the imperious demand of that restless principle in man's nature, which calls upon each son of Adam to contribute his share to the vast treasury of human deeds. And though great scholars are not necessarily, nor usually, men of action, — yet the men of action whom History presents to our survey, have rarely been without a certain degree of scholarly nurture. For the ideas which books quicken, books cannot always satisfy. And though the royal pupil of Aristotle slept with Homer under his pillow, it was not that he might dream of composing epics, but of conquering new Ilions in the East. Many a man, how little soever resembling Alexander, may still have the conqueror's aim in an object that action only can achieve, and the book under his pillow may be the strongest antidote to his repose. And how the stern Destinies that shall govern the man weave their first delicate tissues amidst the earliest associations of the child! — Those idle tales with which the old credulous nurse had beguiled my infancy — tales of wonder, knight-errantry, and adventure, had left behind them seeds long latent — seeds that might never have sprung up above the soil — but that my boyhood was so early put under the burning-glass, and in the quick forcing-house, of the London world. There, even amidst books and study, — lively observation, and petulant ambition, broke forth from the lush foliage of romance — that fruitless leafiness of poetic youth! And there passion, which is a revolution in all the elements of individual man, had called a new state of being, turbulent and eager, out of the old habits and conventional forms it had buried, — ashes that speak where the fire has been. Far from me, as from any mind of some manliness, be the attempt to create interest by dwelling at length on the struggles against a rash

and misplaced attachment, which it was my duty to overcome; but all such love, as I have before implied, is a terrible unsettler: —

"Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow."

To re-enter boyhood, go with meek docility through its disciplined routine, — how hard had I found that return, amidst the cloistered monotony of college! My love for my father, and my submission to his wish, had indeed given some animation to objects otherwise distasteful; but, now that my return to the University must be attended with positive privation to those at home, the idea became utterly hateful and repugnant. Under pretence that I found myself, on trial, not yet sufficiently prepared to do credit to my father's name, I had easily obtained leave to lose the ensuing college term, and pursue my studies at home. This gave me time to prepare my plans, and bring round — how shall I ever bring round to my adventurous views those whom I propose to desert? Hard it is to got on in the world — very hard! But the most painful step in the way is that which starts from the threshold of a beloved home.

How — ah, how, indeed! "No, Blanche, you cannot join me to-day; I am going out for many hours. So it will be late before I can be home."

Home! — the word chokes me! Juba slinks back to his young mistress, disconsolate; Blanche gazes at me ruefully from our favourite hill-top, and the flowers she has been gathering fall unheeded from her basket. I hear my mother's voice singing low, as she sits at work by her open casement. How — ah, how, indeed!

PART XIII.

CHAPTER I.

St. Chrysostom, in his work on The Priesthood, defends deceit, if for a good purpose, by many Scriptural examples; ends his first book by asserting that it is often necessary, and that much benefit may arise from it; and begins his second book by saying that it ought not to be called *deceit*, but "*good management.*"*

Good management, then, let me call the innocent arts by which I now sought to insinuate my project into favour and assent with my unsuspecting family. And first I began with Roland. I easily induced him to read some of the books, full of the charm of Australian life, which Trevanion had sent me; and so happily did those descriptions suit his own erratic tastes, and the free, half-savage man that lay rough and large within that soldierly nature, that he himself, as it were, seemed to suggest my own ardent desire — sighed, as the careworn Trevanion had done, that "he was not my age," and blew the flame that consumed me with his own willing breath. So that when at last — wandering one day over the wild moors — I said, knowing his hatred of law and lawyers —

"Alas, uncle, that nothing should be left for me but the bar! —"

Captain Roland struck his cane into the peat, and ex-

* Hohler's Translation.

claimed, "Zounds, Sir, the bar and lying, with truth and a world fresh from God before you!"

"Your hand, uncle — we understand each other. Now help me with those two quiet hearts at home!"

"Plague on my tongue! what have I done?" said the Captain, looking aghast. Then, after musing a little time, he turned his dark eye on me and growled out, "I suspect, young Sir, you have been laying a trap for me; and I have fallen into it, like an old fool as I am."

"Oh, Sir, if you prefer the bar! —"

"Rogue!"

"Or, indeed, I might perhaps get a clerkship in a merchant's office?"

"If you do, I will scratch you out of the pedigree!"

"Huzza then for Australasia!"

"Well, well, well," said my uncle,

"With a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye;"

"the old sea king's blood will force its way — a soldier or a rover, there is no other choice for you. We shall mourn and miss you; but who can chain the young eagles to the eyrie?"

I had a harder task with my father, who at first seemed to listen to me as if I had been talking of an excursion to the moon. But I threw in a dexterous dose of the old Greek *Cleruchiæ* — cited by Trevanion — which set him off full trot on his hobby, till, after a short excursion to Eubœa and the Chersonese, he was fairly lost amidst the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor. I then gradually and artfully decoyed him into his favourite science of Ethnology; and while he was speculating on the origin of the American savages, and considering the rival claims of Cimmerians, Israelites, and Scandinavians, I said quietly, — "And you, Sir, who think that all human improvement depends on the mixture of races — you,

whose whole theory is an absolute sermon upon emigration, and the transplanting and interpolity of our species — you, Sir, should be the last man to chain your son, your elder son, to the soil, while your younger is the very missionary of rovers."

"Pisistratus," said my father, "you reason by synecdoche — ornamental, but illogical;" and therewith, resolved to hear no more, my father rose and retreated into his study.

But his observation, now quickened, began from that day to follow my moods and humours — then he himself grew silent and thoughtful, and finally he took to long conferences with Roland. The result was that, one evening in spring, as I lay listless amidst the weeds and fern that sprung up through the melancholy ruins, I felt a hand on my shoulder; and my father, seating himself beside me on a fragment of stone, said earnestly — "Pisistratus, let us talk — I had hoped better things from your study of Robert Hall."

"Nay, dear father, the medicine did me great good: I have not repined since, and I look steadfastly and cheerfully on life. But Robert Hall fulfilled his mission, and I would fulfil mine."

"Is there no mission in thy native land, O planeticose and exallotriote spirit?"* asked my father, with compassionate rebuke.

"Alas, yes! But what the impulse of genius is to the great, the instinct of vocation is to the mediocre. In every man there is a magnet; in that thing which the man can do best there is a loadstone."

"Papæ!" said my father, opening his eyes; "and are no loadstones to be found for you nearer than the Great Australasian Bight?"

* Words coined by Mr. Caxton from πλανητικός, disposed to roaming, and ἐξαλλοτρίοω, to export, to alienate.

"Ah, Sir, if you resort to irony, I can say no more!" father looked down on me tenderly, as I hung my head m and abashed.

"Son," said he, "do you think that there is any rea at my heart when the matter discussed is whether you s put wide seas and long years between us?" I pressed n to his side, and made no answer.

"But I have noted you of late," continued my father, I have observed that your old studies are grown distaste you; and I have talked with Roland, and I see that you sire is deeper than a boy's mere whim. And then I have s myself what prospect I can hold out at home to induce y be contented here, and I see none; and therefore I sl say to you, 'Go thy ways, and God shield thee,' — but, tratus, *your mother?*"

"Ah, Sir, that is indeed the question! and there in I shrink. But, after all, whatever I were — whether t at the bar, or in some public office — I should be still so from home and her. And then you, Sir — she loves y entirely, that —"

"No," interrupted my father; "you can advance no ments like these to touch a mother's heart. There is bu argument that comes home there — Is it for your go leave her? If so, there will be no need of farther words. let us not decide that question hastily; let you and together the next two months. Bring your books an with me; when you want to go out, tap me on the sho and say 'Come.' At the end of those two months, I wi to you 'Go,' or 'Stay.' And you will trust me; and if the last, you will submit?"

"Oh yes, Sir, yes."

CHAPTER II.

This compact made, my father roused himself from all his studies — devoted his whole thoughts to me — sought with all his gentle wisdom to wean me imperceptibly from my one fixed tyrannical idea, ranged through his wide pharmacy of books for such medicaments as might alter the system of my thoughts. And little thought he that his very tenderness and wisdom worked against him, for at each new instance of either my heart called aloud, "Is it not that thy tenderness may be repaid, and thy wisdom be known abroad, that I go from thee into the strange land, O my father!"

And the two months expired, and my father saw that the magnet had turned unalterably to the loadstone in the great Australasian Bight; and he said to me, "Go, and comfort your mother. I have told her your wish, and authorised it by my consent, for I believe now that it *is* for your good.

I found my mother in the little room she had appropriated to herself next my father's study. And in that room there was a pathos which I have no words to express; for my mother's meek, gentle, womanly soul, spoke there, so that it was as the Home of Home. The care with which she had transplanted from the brick house, and lovingly arranged all the humble memorials of old times, dear to her affections — the black silhouette of my father's profile cut in paper, in the full pomp of academics, cap and gown, (how had he ever consented to sit for it!) framed and glazed in the place of honour over the little hearth; and boyish sketches of mine at the Hellenic Institute, first essays in sepia and Indian ink, to animate the walls, and bring her back, when she sate there in the twilight musing alone, to sunny hours when Sisty and the young mother threw daisies at each other; — and covered

with a great glass shade, and dusted each day with her hand, the flower-pot Sisty had bought with the proc of the domino-box, on that memorable occasion on whic had learned "how bad deeds are repaired with good." Tl in one corner, stood the little cottage piano, which I ren bered all my life — old-fashioned, and with the jingling ı of approaching decrepitude, but still associated with melodies as, after childhood, we hear never more! Ar the modest hanging shelves which looked so gay with ribt and tassels, and silken cords — my mother's own lib saying more to the heart than all the cold wise poets w souls my father invoked in his grand Heraclea. The l over which, with eyes yet untaught to read, I had hur vague awe and love, as it lay open on my mother's lap, ı her sweet voice, then only serious, was made the oracle (truths. And my first lesson-books were there, all hoar And bound in blue and gold, but elaborately papered *Cowper's Poems* — a gift from my father in the days of c(ship — sacred treasure which not even I had the privile touch; and which my mother took out only in the crosses and trials of conjugal life, whenever some word kind than usual had dropped unawares from her scho absent lips. Ah! all these poor household gods, all see to look on me with mild anger; and from all came a voi(my soul, "Cruel, dost thou forsake us!" And amo them sate my mother, desolate as Rachel, and weepin lently.

"Mother! mother!" I cried, falling on her neck, " give me, it is past, I cannot leave you!"

CHAPTER III.

"No — no! it is for your good — Austin says so. Go — it is but the first shock."

Then to my mother I opened the sluices of that deep I had concealed from scholar and soldier. To her I poured all the wild, restless thoughts which wandered through the ruins of love destroyed — to her I confessed what to myself I had scarcely before avowed. And when the picture of that, the darker, side of my mind was shown, it was with a prouder face, and less broken voice, that I spoke of the manlier hopes and nobler aims that gleamed across the wrecks and the desert, and showed me my escape.

"Did you not once say, mother, that you had felt it like a remorse that my father's genius passed so noiselessly away, — half accusing the happiness you gave him for the death of his ambition in the content of his mind? Did you not feel a new object in life when the ambition revived at last, and you thought you heard the applause of the world murmuring round your scholar's cell? Did you not share in the day-dreams your brother conjured up, and exclaim, 'If *my* brother could be the means of raising *him* in the world!' and when you thought we had found the way to fame and fortune, did you not sob out from your full heart, 'And it is *my* brother who will pay back to *his* son — all — all he gave up for me?'"

"I cannot bear this, Sisty! — cease, cease!"

"No; for do you not yet understand me? Will it not be better still, if *your son* — yours — restore to your Austin all that he lost, no matter how? If through your son, mother, you do indeed make the world hear of your husband's genius — restore the spring to his mind, the glory to his pursuits —

if you rebuild even that vaunted ancestral name, which glory to our poor sonless Roland — if your son can resto the decay of generations, and reconstruct from the dust th whole house into which you have entered, its meek presidi angel? — ah, mother, if this can be done, it will be yo work; for unless you can share my ambition — unless you c dry those eyes, and smile in my face, and bid me go, with cheerful voice — all my courage melts from my heart, a again I say I cannot leave you!"

Then my mother folded her arms round me, and we bo wept, and could not speak — but we were both happy.

CHAPTER IV.

Now the worst was over, and my mother was the mo heroic of us all. So I began to prepare myself in go earnest; and I followed Trevanion's instructions with a pe severance, which I could never, at that young day, ha thrown into the dead life of books. I was in a good scho amongst our Cumberland sheepwalks, to learn those simp elements of rural art which belong to the pastoral state. M Sidney, in his admirable *Australian Hand-Book*, recommen young gentlemen who think of becoming settlers in the Bu to bivouac for three months on Salisbury Plain. That bo was not then written, or I might have taken the advice; mea while I think, with due respect to such authority, that I w through a preparatory training quite as useful in seasoning t future emigrant. I associated readily with the kindly peasa and craftsmen, who became my teachers. With what pri I presented my father with a desk and my mother with a wo box, fashioned by my own hands! I made Bolt a lock his plate-chest, and (that last was *my* magnum opus, my gr

rpiece) I repaired and absolutely set going an old turret in the tower, that had stood at two P. M. since the ory of man. I loved to think, each time the hour led, that those who heard its deep chime would re- er me. But the flocks were my main care. The sheep tended and helped to shear, and the lamb that I hooked f the great marsh, and the three venerable ewes that I d through a mysterious sort of murrain, which puzzled e neighbourhood — are they not written in thy loving icles, O House of Caxton!

ıd now, since much of the success of my experiment depend on the friendly terms I could establish with my led partner, I wrote to Trevanion, begging him to get ung gentleman who was to join me, and whose capital to administer, to come and visit us. Trevanion com- and there arrived a tall fellow somewhat more than six igh, answering to the name of Guy Bolding, in a cut- sporting-coat, with a dog-whistle tied to the button- drab shorts and gaiters, and a waistcoat with all manner nge furtive pockets. Guy Bolding had lived a year and at Oxford as a "fast man;" so "fast" had he lived that ras scarcely a tradesman at Oxford into whose books he t contrived to run.

father was compelled to withdraw him from the sity, at which he had already had the honour of being d for "the little go:" and the young gentleman, on asked for what profession he was fit, had replied with ous pride, "That he could tool a coach!" In despair, e, who owed his living to Trevanion, had asked the nan's advice, and the advice had fixed me with a partner atriation.

first feeling, in greeting the fast man, was certainly f deep disappointment and strong repugnance. But I

was determined not to be too fastidious; and, ha
knack of suiting myself pretty well to all temper
which a man had better not think of loadstones i
Australasian Bight,) I contrived before the first w
to establish so many points of connexion betwee
became the best friends in the world. Indeed, it
been my fault if we had not, for Guy Bolding,
faults, was one of those excellent creatures who a
enemies but their own. His good humour was in
Not a hardship or privation came amiss to him.
phrase "Such fun!" that always rushed laughingl
when another man would have cursed and groa
lost our way in the great trackless moors, missed
and were half-famished, Guy rubbed hands that
felled an ox, and chuckled out "Such fun!" If
a bog, if we were caught in a thunderstorm,
pitched head over heels by the wild colts we u
break in, Guy Bolding's sole elegy was "Such f
grand shibboleth of philosophy only forsook him
of an open book. I don't think that at that tim
have found "fun" even in Don Quixote. This hil
perament had no insensibility; a kinder heard ne
but, to be sure, it beat to a strange, restless, ta
of measure, which kept it in a perpetual dance. I
one of those officiously good fellows who are
themselves, and never let any one else be quiet
help it. But Guy's great fault, in this prudent
his absolute incontinence of money. If you ha
Euphrates of gold into his pockets at morning, it
been as dry as the great Sahara by twelve at noon
did with the money was a mystery as much to h
every one else. His father said in a letter to m
had seen him shying at sparrows with half-crow

such a young man could come to no good in England, seemed perfectly clear. Still, it is recorded of many great men, who did not end their days in a workhouse, that they were equally non-retentive of money. Schiller, when he had nothing else to give away, gave the clothes from his back, and Goldsmith the blankets from his bed. Tender hands found it necessary to pick Beethoven's pockets at home before he walked out. Great heroes, who have made no scruple of robbing the whole world, have been just as lavish as poor poets and musicians. Alexander, in parcelling out his spoils, left himself "hope!" And as for Julius Cæsar, he was two millions in debt when he shied his last half-crown at the sparrows in Gaul. Encouraged by these illustrious examples, I had hopes of Guy Bolding; and the more as he was so aware of his own infirmity that he was perfectly contented with the arrangement which made me treasurer of his capital, and even besought me, on no account, let him beg ever so hard, to permit his own money to come in his own way. In fact, I contrived to gain a great ascendency over his simple, generous, thoughtless nature; and by artful appeals to his affections — to all he owed to his father for many bootless sacrifices, and to the duty of providing a little dower for his infant sister, whose meditated portion had half gone to pay his college debts — I at last succeeded in fixing into his mind an object to save for.

Three other companions did I select for our Cleruchia. The first was the son of our old shepherd, who had lately married, but was not yet encumbered with children, — a good shepherd, and an intelligent, steady fellow. The second was a very different character; he had been the dread of the whole squirearchy. A more bold and dexterous poacher did not exist. Now my acquaintance with this latter person, named Will Peterson, and more popularly "Will o' the

Wisp," had commenced thus: — Bolt had managed to r
in a small copse about a mile from the house — and which
the only bit of ground in my uncle's domains that might
courtesy be called "a wood" — a young colony of pheasa
that he dignified by the title of a "preserve." This col
was audaciously despoiled and grievously depopulated,
spite of two watchers who, with Bolt, guarded for se
nights successively the slumbers of the infant settlement.
insolent was the assault that bang, bang went the feloni
gun — behind, before — within but a few yards of the s
tinels — and the gunner was off, and the prey seized, bef
they could rush to the spot. The boldness and skill of
enemy soon proclaimed him, to the experienced watchers,
be Will o' the Wisp; and so great was the dread of
fellow's strength and courage, and so complete their des
of being a match for his swiftness and cunning, that after
seventh night the watchers refused to go out any longer;
poor Bolt himself was confined to his bed by an attack of w
a doctor would have called rheumatism, and a moralist, re
My indignation and sympathy were greatly excited by
mortifying failure, and my interest romantically aroused
the anecdotes I had heard of Will o' the Wisp; accordin
armed with a thick bludgeon, I stole out at night, and t
my way to the copse. The leaves were not off the trees, s
how the poacher contrived to see his victims I know not;
five shots did he fire, and not in vain, without allowing m
catch a glimpse of him. I then retreated to the outskirt
the copse, and waited patiently by an angle, which co
manded two sides of the wood. Just as the dawn begar
peep, I saw my man emerge within twenty yards of me.
held my breath, suffered him to get a few steps from the wo
crept on so as to intercept his retreat, and then pounce
such a bound! My hand was on his shoulder — prr, pr

no eel was ever more lubricate. He shid from me like a thing immaterial, and was off over the moors with a swiftness which might well have baffled any clodhopper — a race whose calves are generally absorbed in the soles of their hobnail shoes. But the Hellenic Institute, with its classical gymnasia, had trained its pupils in all bodily exercises; and though the Will o' the Wisp was swift for a clodhopper, he was no match at running for any youth who has spent his boyhood in the discipline of cricket, prisoner's bars, and hunt-the-hare. I reached him at length, and brought him to bay.

"Stand back," said he, panting, and taking aim with his gun; "it is loaded."

"Yes," said I; "but though you 're a brave poacher, you dare not fire at your fellow man. Give up the gun this instant."

My address took him by surprise; he did not fire. I struck up the barrel, and closed on him. We grappled pretty tightly, and in the wrestle the gun went off. The man loosened his hold. "Lord ha' mercy, I have not hurt you!" he said falteringly.

"My good fellow — no," said I; "and now let us throw aside gun and bludgeon, and fight it out like Englishmen, or else let us sit down and talk it over like friends."

The Will o' the Wisp scratched its head and laughed.

"Well, you 're a queer one," quoth it. And the poacher dropped the gun and sate down.

We did talk it over, and I obtained Peterson's promise to respect the preserve henceforth, and we thereon grew so cordial that he walked home with me, and even presented me, shyly and apologetically, with the five pheasants he had shot. From that time I sought him out. He was a young fellow not four-and twenty, who had taken to poaching from the wild sport of the thing, and from some confused

notions that he had a license from Nature to poach. I soon found out that he was meant for better things than to spend six months of the twelve in prison, and finish his life on the gallows after killing a gamekeeper. That seemed to me his most probable destiny in the Old World, so I talked him into a burning desire for the New one: and a most valuable aid in the Bush he proved too.

My third selection was in a personage who could bring little physical strength to help us, but who had more mind (though with a wrong twist in it) than all the others put together.

A worthy couple in the village had a son, who being slight and puny, compared to the Cumberland breed, was shouldered out of the market of agricultural labour, and went off, yet a boy, to a manufacturing town. Now about the age of thirty, this mechanic, disabled for his work by a long illness, came home to recover; and in a short time we heard of nothing but the pestilential doctrines with which he was either shocking or infecting our primitive villagers. Corcyra itself never engendered according to report, a democrat more awful. The poor man was really very ill, and his parents very poor; but his unfortunate doctrines dried up all the streams of charity that usually flowed through our kindly hamlet. The clergyman (an excellent man, but of the old school) walked by the house as if it were tabooed. The apothecary said "Miles Square ought to have wine," but he did not send him any. The farmers held his name in execration, for he had incited all their labourers to strike for another shilling a-week. And but for the old tower, Miles Square would soon have found his way to the only republic in which he could obtain that democratic fraternisation for which he sighed — the grave being, I suspect, the sole commonwealth

which attains that dead flat of social equality, that life in its every principle so heartily abhors.

My uncle went to see Miles Square, and came back the colour of purple. Miles Square had preached him a long sermon on the unholiness of war. "Even in defence of your king and country!" had roared the Captain; and Miles Square had replied with a remark upon kings, in general, that the Captain could not have repeated without expecting to see the old tower fall about his ears; and with an observation about the country, in particular, to the effect that "the country would be much better off if it *were* conquered!" On hearing the report of these loyal and patriotic replies, my father said, "Papæ!" and, roused out of his usual philosophical indifference, went himself to visit Miles Square. My father returned as pale as my uncle had been purple. "And to think," said he mournfully, "that in the town whence this man comes, there are, he tells me, ten thousand other of God's creatures who speed the work of civilisation while execrating its laws!"

But neither father nor uncle made any opposition when, with a basket laden with wine and arrow-root, and a neat little Bible, bound in brown, my mother took her way to the excommunicated cottage. Her visit was as signal a failure as those that preceded it. Miles Square refused the basket; 'he was not going to accept alms, and eat the bread of charity;' and on my mother meekly suggesting that, 'if Mr. Miles Square would condescend to look into the Bible, he would see that even charity was no sin in giver or recipient,' Mr. Miles Square had undertaken to prove 'that, according to the Bible, he had as much a right to my mother's property as she had — that all things should be in common — and, when all things were in common, what became of charity? No; he could not eat my uncle's arrow-root, and drink his wine,

while my uncle was improperly withholding from him and his fellow-creatures so many unprofitable acres: the land belonged to the people.' It was now the turn of Pisistratus to go. He went once, and he went often. Miles Square and Pisistratus wrangled and argued — argued and wrangled — and ended by taking a fancy to each other; for this poor Miles Square was not half so bad as his doctrines. His errors arose from intense sympathy with the sufferings he had witnessed, amidst the misery which accompanies the reign of *millocratism*, and from the vague aspirations of a half-taught, impassioned, earnest nature. By degrees, I persuaded him to drink the wine and eat the arrow-root, *en attendant* that millennium which was to restore the land to the people. And then my mother came again and softened his heart, and, for the first time in his life, let into its cold crotchets the warm light of human gratitude. I lent him some books, amongst others a few volumes on Australia. A passage in one of the latter, in which it was said "that an intelligent mechanic usually made his way in the colony, even as a shepherd, better than a dull agricultural labourer," caught hold of his fancy, and seduced his aspirations into a healthful direction. Finally, as he recovered, he entreated me to let him accompany me. And as I may not have to return to Miles Square, I think it right here to state, that he did go with me to Australia, and did succeed, first as a shepherd, next as a superintendant and finally on saving money, as a landowner; and that, in spite of his opinions on the unholiness of war, he was no sooner in possession of a comfortable log homestead, than he defended it with uncommon gallantry against an attack of the aborigines, whose right to the soil was, to say the least of it, as good as his claim to my uncle's acres; that he commemorated his subsequent acquisition of a fresh allotment, with the stock on it, by a little pamphlet, published at Sydney, on

the *Sanctity of the Rights of Property;* and that, when I left the colony, having been much pestered by two refractory "helps" that he had added to his establishment, he had just distinguished himself by a very anti-levelling lecture upon the duties of servants to their employers. What would the Old World have done for this man!

CHAPTER V.

I HAD not been in haste to conclude my arrangements, for, independently of my wish to render myself acquainted with the small useful crafts that might be necessary to me in a life that makes the individual man a state in himself, I naturally desired to habituate my kindred to the idea of our separation, and to plan and provide for them all such substitutes or distractions, in compensation for my loss, as my fertile imagination could suggest. And first, for the sake of Blanche, Roland, and my mother, I talked the Captain into reluctant sanction of his sister-in-law's proposal, to unite their incomes and share alike, without considering which party brought the larger proportion into the firm. I represented to him that, unless he made that sacrifice of his pride, my mother would be wholly without those little notable uses and objects — those small household pleasures — so dear to woman; that all society in the neighbourhood would be impossible, and that my mother's time would hang so heavily on her hands that her only resource would be to muse on the absent one and fret. Nay, if he persisted in so false a pride, I told him, fairly, that I should urge my father to leave the tower. These representations succeeded; and hospitality had commenced in the old hall, and a knot of gossips had centered round my mother — groups of laughing children had relaxed the still

brow of Blanche — and the Captain himself was a more cheerful and social man. My next point was to engage my father in the completion of the Great Book. "Ah, Sir," said I, "give me an inducement to toil, a reward for my industry. Let me think, in each tempting pleasure, each costly vice — No, no; I will save for the Great Book! and the memory of the father shall still keep the son from error. Ah, look you, Sir! Mr. Trevanion offered me the loan of the £1500 necessary to commence with; but you generously and at once said — 'No; you must not begin life under the load of debt.' And I knew you were right, and yielded — yielded the more gratefully, that I could not but forfeit something of the just pride of manhood in incurring such an obligation to the father of — Miss Trevanion. Therefore I have taken that sum from you — a sum that would almost have sufficed to establish your younger and worthier child in the world for ever. To that child let me repay it, otherwise I will not take it. Let me hold it as a trust for the Great Book; and promise me that the Great Book shall be ready when your wanderer returns, and accounts for the missing talent."

And my father pished a little, and rubbed off the dew that had gathered on his spectacles. But I would not leave him in peace till he had given me his word that the Great Book should go on *à pas du géant* — nay, till I had seen him sit down to it with good heart, and the wheel went round again in the quiet mechanism of that gentle life.

Finally, and as the culminating acme of my diplomacy, I effected the purchase of the neighbouring apothecary's practice and good-will for Squills, upon terms which he willingly subscribed to; for the poor man had pined at the loss of his favourite patients, though, Heaven knows, they did not add much to his income. And as for my father, there was no man who diverted him more than Squills, though he accused

him of being a materialist, and set his whole spiritual pack of sages to worry and bark at him, from Plato and Zeno to Reid and Abraham Tucker.

Thus, although I have very loosely intimated the flight of time, more than a whole year elapsed from the date of our settlement at the tower and that affixed for my departure.

In the meanwhile, despite the rarity amongst us of that phenomenon a newspaper, we were not so utterly cut off from the sounds of the far-booming world beyond, but what the intelligence of a change in the administration, and the appointment of Mr. Trevanion to one of the great offices of state, reached our ears. I had kept up no correspodence with Trevanion subsequent to the letter that occasioned Guy Bolding's visit; I wrote now to congratulate him: his reply was short and hurried.

An intelligence that startled me more, and more deeply moved my heart, was conveyed to me some three months or so before my departure, by Trevanion's steward. The ill health of Lord Castleton had deferred his marriage, intended originally to be celebrated as soon as he arrived of age. He left the university with the honours of "a double-first class;" and his constitution appeared to rally from the effects of studies more severe to him, than they might have been to a man of quicker and more brilliant capacities — when a feverish cold, caught at a county meeting, in which his first public appearance was so creditable as fully to justify the warmest hopes of his party, produced inflammation of the lungs, and ended fatally. The startling contrast forced on my mind — here sudden death, and cold clay — there youth in its first flower, princely rank, boundless wealth, the sanguine expectation of an illustrious career, and the prospect of that happiness which smiled from the eyes of Fanny — that contrast impressed me with a strange awe: death seems so near to us when it strikes those whom life

most flatters and caresses. Whence is that curious sympa
that we all have with the possessors of worldly greatn
when the hour-glass is shaken and the scythe descends?
the famous meeting between Diogenes and Alexander A
taken place not before but after the achievements which ga
to Alexander the name of Great — the cynic would not p
haps have envied the hero his pleasures nor his splendours;
neither the charms of Statira nor the tiara of the Mede; b
if, the day after, a cry had gone forth, "Alexander the Gr
is dead!" verily I believe that Diogenes would have coil
himself up in his tub, and felt that, with the shadow of t
stately hero, something of glory and of warmth had gone fr
that sun, which it should darken never more. In the nature
man, the humblest or the hardest, there is a something th
lives in all of the Beautiful or the Fortunate, which hope a
desire have appropriated, even in the vanities of a child
dream.

CHAPTER VI.

"Why are you here all alone, cousin? How cold and s
it is amongst the graves!"

"Sit down beside me, Blanche; it is not colder in t
churchyard than on the village green."

And Blanche sate down beside me, nestled close to m
and leant her head upon my shoulder. We were both lo
silent. It was an evening in the early spring, clear and sere
— the roseate streaks were fading gradually from the da
gray of long, narrow, fantastic clouds. Tall, leafless popla
that stood in orderly level line, on the lowland between t
churchyard and the hill, with its crown of ruins, left th
sharp summits distinct against the sky. But the shado

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ailed dull and heavy round the evergreens that skirted the churchyard, so that their outline was vague and confused; and there was a depth in their gloomy stillness, broken only when the thrush flew out from the lower bushes, and the thick laurel leaves stirred reluctantly, and again were rigid in repose. There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring which is among those influences of nature the most universally recognised, the most difficult to explain. The silent stir of reviving life, which does not yet betray signs in the bud and blossom — only in a softer clearness in the air, a more lingering pause in the slowly lengthening day; a more delicate freshness and balm in the twilight atmosphere; a more lively yet still unquiet note from the birds, settling down into their coverts; — the vague sense under all that hush, which still outwardly wears the bleak sterility of winter—of the busy change, hourly, momently, at work—renewing the youth of the world, reclothing with vigorous bloom the skeletons of things — all these messages from the heart of nature to the heart of man may well affect and move us. But why with melancholy? No thought on our part connects and construes the low, gentle voices. It is not *thought* that replies and reasons: it is *feeling* that hears and dreams, Examine not, O child of man! — examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds — the Dead and the Living — give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows that steal, in the season of change, from the dim Border Land.

BLANCHE — (*in a whisper.*) — What are you thinking of? — speak, pray!"

PISISTRATUS.—I was not thinking, Blanche; or, if I were, the thought is gone at the mere effort to seize or detain it."

BLANCHE—(*after a pause.*)—I know what you mean the same with me often—so often, when I am sitting by quite still. It is just like the story Primmins was telling other evening, "how there was a woman in her village t things and people in a piece of crystal, not bigger t hand:* they passed along as large as life, but they we pictures in the crystal." Since I heard the story, wh asks me what I am thinking of, I long to say, "I'm not thi I am seeing pictures in the crystal!"

PISISTRATUS. — Tell my father *that;* it will plea There is more philosophy in it than you are aware of, B There are wise men who have thought the whole worl pride, pomp, and circumstance," only a phantom ima picture in the crystal.

BLANCHE. — And I shall see you — see us both, as sitting here — and that star which has just risen yonde it all in my crystal — when you are gone! — gone, c And Blanche's head drooped.

There was something so quiet and deep in the ten of this poor motherless child, that it did not affect one ficially, like a child's loud momentary affection, in w know that the first toy will replace us. I kissed my lit sin's pale face, and said, "And I too, Blanche, h crystal; and when I consult it, I shall be very angry you sad and fretting, or seated alone. For you mus Blanche, that that is all selfishness. God made us, n dulge only in crystal pictures, weave idle fancies, pin

* In primitive villages, in the west of England, the belief absent may be seen in a piece of crystal is, or was not many ye by no means an uncommon superstition. I have seen more tha these magic mirrors, which Spenser, by the way, has beauti scribed. They are about the size and shape of a swan's egg. every one, however, who can be a crystal-seer; like second-sig a special gift.

and mourn over what we cannot help — but to be alert and active — givers of happiness. Now, Blanche, see what a trust I am going to bequeath you. You are to supply my place to all whom I leave. You are to bring sunshine wherever you glide with that shy, soft step — whether to your father, when you see his brows knit and his arms crossed, (that, indeed, you always do,) or to mine, when the volume drops from his hand — when he walks to and fro the room, restless, and murmuring to himself — then you are to steal up to him, put your hand in his, lead him back to his books, and whisper, 'What will Sisty say if his younger brother, the Great Book, is not grown up when he comes back?' — And my poor mother, Blanche! — ah, how can I counsel you there — how tell you where to find comfort for her? Only, Blanche, steal into her heart and be her daughter. And, to fulfill this threefold trust, you must not content yourself with seeing pictures in the crystal — do you understand me?"

"Oh yes," said Blanche, raising her eyes, while the tears rolled from them, and folding her arms resolutely on her breast.

"And so," said I, "as we two, sitting in this quiet burial-ground, take new heart for the duties and cares of life, so see, Blanche, how the stars come out, one by one, to smile upon us, for they too, glorious orbs as they are, perform their appointed tasks. Things seem to approximate to God in proportion to their vitality and movement. Of all things, least inert and sullen should be the soul of man. How the grass grows up over the very graves — quickly it grows and greenly — but neither so quick and so green, my Blanche, as hope and comfort from human sorrows."

PART XIV.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante, (whic has not perhaps attracted the attention it deserves,) wherei the stern Florentine defends Fortune from the popular accu sations against her. According to him, she is an angelic powe appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the cours of human splendours; she obeys the will of God; she is blessec and, hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and alo amongst the other angelic powers, revolves her spheral course and rejoices in her beatitude.*

This is a conception very different from the popular notio which Aristophanes, in his true instinct of things popular, ex presses by the sullen lips of his Plutus. That deity account for his blindness by saying, that "when a boy he had indis creetly promised to visit only the good," and Jupiter was s envious of the good that he blinded the poor money god Whereon Chremylus asks him, whether, "if he recovered hi sight, he would frequent the company of the good?" "Cer tainly," quoth Plutus, "for I have not seen them ever s long." "Nor I either," rejoins Chremylus pithily, "for all can see out of both eyes."

* Dante here evidently associates Fortune with the planetary in fluences of judicial astrology. It is doubtful whether Schiller ever rea Dante, but in one of his most thoughtful poems, he undertakes the sam defence of Fortune, making the Fortunate a part of the Beautiful.

But that misanthropical answer of Chremylus is neither here nor there, and only diverts us from the real question, and that is, "Whether Fortune be a heavenly, Christian angel, or a blind, blundering, old heathen deity?" For my part, I hold with Dante — for which, if I were so pleased, or if, at this period of my memoirs, I had half a dozen pages to spare, I could give many good reasons. One thing, however, is quite clear — that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing her — one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life; if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits; if not — *itur ad astra!* And therewith I am reminded of an incident quaintly narrated by Mariana in his "History of Spain," how the army of the Spanish kings got out of a sad hobble among the mountains at the pass of Losa, by the help of a shepherd, who showed them the way. "But," saith Mariana, parenthetically, "some do say the shepherd was an angel; for after he had shown the way, he was never seen more." That is, the angelic nature of the guide was proved by being only once seen, and after having got the army out of the hobble, leaving it to fight or run away, as it had most mind to. Now I look upon that shepherd, or angel, as a very good type of my fortune at least. The apparition showed me my way in the rocks to the great "Battle of Life;" after that, — hold fast and strike hard!

Behold me in London with Uncle Roland. My poor parents naturally wished to accompany me, and take the last glimpse of the adventurer on board ship; but I, knowing that the parting would seem less dreadful to them by the hearthstone, and while they could say, "He is with Roland — he is not yet gone from the land" — insisted on their staying behind; and so the farewell was spoken. But Roland, the old soldier, had

so many practical instructions to give — could so help me in the choice of the outfit, and the preparations for the voyage, that I could not refuse his companionship to the last. Guy Bolding, who had gone to take leave of his father, was to join me in town, as well as my humbler Cumberland colleagues.

As my uncle and I were both of one mind upon the question of economy, we took up our quarters at a lodging-house in the City; and there it was that I first made acquaintance with a part of London, of which few of my politer readers even pretend to be 'cognisant. I do not mean any sneer at the City itself, my dear alderman; that jest is worn out. I am not alluding to streets, courts, and lanes; what I mean may be seen at the west end, not so well as at the east, but still seen very fairly; I mean — THE HOUSE-TOPS!

CHAPTER II.

Being a chapter on House-tops.

THE HOUSE-TOPS! what a soberising effect that prospect produces on the mind. But a great many requisites go towards the selection of the right point of survey. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must be unequivocally a back attic; secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours; thirdly, the window must not lie slant on the roof, as is common with attics — in which case you only catch a peep of that leaden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky — but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapets of that fosse called the gutter; and, lastly, the sight must be so humoured that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole

charm of that world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open your window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate the extraordinary scene which spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below. What astonishing stillness! Eliot Warburton (seductive enchanter) recommends you to sail down the Nile if you want to lull the vexed spirit. It is easier and cheaper to hire an attic in Holborn! You don't have the crocodiles, but you have animals no less hallowed in Egypt — the cats! And how harmoniously the tranquil creatures blend with the prospect — how noiselessly they glide along at the distance, pause, peer about, and disappear. It is only from the attic that you can appreciate the picturesque which belongs to our domesticated tiger kin! The goat should be seen on the Alps, and the cat on the house-top.

By degrees the curious eye takes the scenery in detail: and first, what fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others, again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Reason answers that it is but a homely expedient to give freer vent to the smoke; wherewith Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting, and fuming, and worry, and care, which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, endured, before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours. You see the distress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down, "like a wolf on the fold," full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamations of the mistress, (perhaps a bride, — house newly furnished,) when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a

joyous dance of those monads, called vulgarly *smuts*. Y
feel manly indignation at the brute of a bridegroom, w
rushes out from the door, with the smuts dancing after hi
and swears, "Smoked out again — By the Arch-smoker hi
self, I 'll go and dine at the club!" All this might well ha
been, till the chimney-pot was raised a few feet nearer heave
and now perhaps that long-suffering family owns the happi
home in the Row. Such contrivances to get rid of the smok
It is not every one who merely heightens his chimney; othe
clap on the hollow tormentor all sorts of odd headgear a
cowls. Here patent contrivances act the purpose of weathe
cocks, swaying to and fro with the wind; there others stand
fixed as if by a "*sic jubeo*" they had settled the business. B
of all those houses that, in the street, one passes by, unsus
cious of what 's the matter within, there is not one in a hundr
but what there has been the devil to do, to cure the chimne
of smoking! At that reflection, Philosophy dismisses t
subject; and decides that, whether one lives in a hut o
palace, the first thing to do is to look to the hearth — and g
rid of the vapours.

New beauties demand us. What endless undulations
the various declivities and ascents: here a slant, there a zi
zag! With what majestic disdain yon roof rises up to the le
— Doubtless, a palace of Genii or Gin, (which last is t
proper Arabic word for those builders of halls out of nothi
employed by Aladdin.) Seeing only the roof of that pala
boldly breaking the skyline — how serene your contempl
tions! Perhaps a star twinkles over it, and you muse
soft eyes far away; while below, at the threshold — No, pha
toms, we see you not from our attic! Note, yonder, t
precipitous fall — how ragged and jagged the roof-sce
descends in a gorge. He who would travel on foot throu
the pass of that defile, of which we see but the picturesq

nits, stops his nose, averts his eyes, guards his pockets, hurries along through the squalor of the grim London aroni. But seen *above*, what a noble break in the skyline! rould be sacrilege to exchange that fine gorge for a dead , of dull roof-tops. Look here — how delightful! — that solate house with no roof at all — gutted and skinned by the st London fire! You can see the poor green and white iper still clinging to the walls, and the chasm that once was cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture hat once was a hearth! Seen below, how quickly you would cross over the way! That great crack forbodes an avalanche; you would hold your breath, not to bring it down on your head. But seen *above*, what a compassionate inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot — repeopling the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good-night of that destined Pompeii — creeping on tiptoe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence; then the red, crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss. Now, spire after spire he winds and he coils; now he soars up erect — crest superb, and forked tongue — the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle; the cry from the window, and the knock at the door, and the spring of those on high towards the stair that leads to safety below, and the smoke rushing up like the surge of a hell! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a bark on the sea. Hark! the grating wheels thundering low; near and near comes the engine. Fix the ladders! — there! there! at the window, where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out, the fire: foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the

ladder, the ladder! — there at the window! All else are saved: the clerk and his books; the lawyer, with that tin box of title-deeds; the landlord, with his policy of insurance; the miser, with his bank notes and gold: all are saved — all, but the babe and the mother. What a crowd in the streets! how the light crimsons over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds! All those faces seem as one face, with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there — gallant fellow! God inspires — God shall speed thee! How plainly I see him! — his eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon him, and the reek of the breath wraps him round. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over them all. Ha! what dim forms are those on the ladder? Near and nearer — crash come the roof-tiles. Alas, and alas! — no; a cry of joy — a "Thank heaven!" and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and the mother. All is gone, save that skeleton ruin. But the ruin is seen from *above*. O Art, study life from the roof-tops!

CHAPTER III.

I WAS again foiled in seeing Trevanion. It was the Easter recess, and he was at the house of one of his brother ministers, somewhere in the north of England. But Lady Ellinor was in London, and I was ushered into her presence. Nothing could be more cordial than her manner, though she was evidently much depressed in spirits, and looked wan and careworn.

After the kindest inquiries relative to my parents, and the Captain, she entered with much sympathy into my schemes and plans, which she said that Trevanion had confided to

her. The sterling kindness that belonged to my old patron (despite his affected anger at my not accepting his proffered loan) had not only saved me and my fellow-adventurer all trouble as to allotment orders, but procured advice, as to choice of site and soil, from the best practical experience, which we found afterwards exceedingly useful. And as Lady Ellinor gave me the little packet of papers with Trevanion's shrewd notes on the margin, she said with a half sigh, "Albert bids me say, that he wishes he were as sanguine of his success in the cabinet as of yours in the Bush." She then turned to her husband's rise and prospects, and her face began to change. Her eyes sparkled, the colour came to her cheeks — "But you are one of the few who know him," she said, interrupting herself suddenly; "you know how he sacrifices all things — joy, leisure, health — to his country. There is not one selfish thought in his nature. And yet such envy — such obstacles still! and" (her eyes dropped on her dress, and I perceived that she was in mourning, though the mourning was not deep,) "and," she added, "it has pleased heaven to withdraw from his side one who would have been worthy his alliance."

I felt for the proud woman, though her emotion seemed more that of pride than sorrow. And perhaps Lord Castleton's highest merit in her eyes had been that of ministering to her husband's power and her own ambition. I bowed my head in silence, and thought of Fanny. Did she, too, pine for the lost rank, or rather mourn the lost lover?

After a time, I said hesitatingly, "I scarcely presume to condole with you, Lady Ellinor; yet, believe me, few things ever shocked me like the death you allude to. I trust Miss Trevanion's health has not much suffered. Shall I not see her before I leave England?"

Lady Ellinor fixed her keen bright eyes searchingly on my

countenance, and perhaps the gaze satisfied her, for she h
out her hand to me with a frankness almost tender, and
— "Had I had a son, the dearest wish of my heart had b
to see you wedded to my daughter."

I started up — the blood rushed to my cheeks, and t
left me pale as death. I looked reproachfully at Lady Elli
and the word "cruel" faltered on my lips.

"Yes," continued Lady Ellinor, mournfully, "that
my real thought, my impulse of regret, when I first saw
But, as it is, do not think me too hard and worldly,
quote the lofty old French proverb, *Noblesse oblige.* Li
to me, my young friend, — we may never meet again, a
would not have your father's son think unkindly of me
all my faults. From my first childhood I was ambitious —
as women usually are, of mere wealth and rank — but ar
tious as noble men are, of power and fame. A woman
only indulge such ambition by investing it in another. It
not wealth, it was not rank, that attracted me to Albert
vanion; it was the nature that dispenses with the wealth,
commands the rank. Nay," continued Lady Ellinor,
voice that slightly trembled, "I may have seen in my yo
before I knew Trevanion, one (she paused a moment,
went on hurriedly) — one who wanted but ambition to
realised my ideal. Perhaps, even when I married — ar
was said for love — I loved less with my whole heart than
my whole mind. I may say this now, for *now* every bea
this pulse is wholly and only true to him with whom I
schemed, and toiled, and aspired; with whom I have gr
as one; with whom I have shared the struggle, and now
take the triumph — realising the visions of my youth."

Again the light broke from the dark eyes of this g
daughter of the world, who was so superb a type of that m
contradiction — *an ambitious woman.*

annot tell you," resumed Lady Ellinor, softening, leased I was when you came to live with us. Your ıas perhaps spoken to you of me, and of our first tance?" —

r Ellinor paused abruptly, and surveyed me as she I was silent.

rhaps, too, he has blamed me?" she resumed, with a ned colour.

: never blamed you, Lady Ellinor!"

: had a right to do so — though I doubt if he would ımed me on the true ground. Yet, no; he never could ne me the wrong that your uncle did, when, long years r. de Caxton in a letter — the very bitterness of which :d all anger — accused me of having trifled with Austin with himself! And *he*, at least, had *no* right to reproach ontinued Lady Ellinor warmly, and with a curve of her y lip, "for if I felt interest in his wild thirst for some ic glory, it was but in the hope that, what made the one so restless, might at least wake the other to the ɔn that would have become his intellect, and aroused ɛrgies. But these are old tales of follies and delusions ɔ more: only this will I say, that I have ever felt in ıg of your father, and even of your sterner uncle, as if ıscience reminded me of a debt which I longed to dis- — if not to them, to their children. So when we knew ɛlieve me that your interests, your career, instantly e to me an object. But mistaking you — when I saw ɛdent industry bent on serious objects, and accompanied ıind so fresh and buoyant; and, absorbed as I was in ɛs or projects far beyond a woman's ordinary province rth and home — I never dreamed, while you were our — never dreamed of danger to you or Fanny. I wound ɔardon me; but I must vindicate myself. I repeat that,

if we had a son to inherit our name, to bear the burthen which the world lays upon those who are born to influence the world's destinies, there is no one to whom Trevanion and myself would sooner have intrusted the happiness of a daughter. But my daughter is the sole representative of the mother's line, of the father's name: it is not her happiness alone that I have to consult, it is her duty — duty to her birthright, to the career of the noblest of England's patriots — duty, I may say, without exaggeration, to the country for the sake of which that career is run!"

"Say no more, Lady Ellinor; say no more. I understand you. I have no hope — I never had hope — it was a madness — it is over. It is but as a friend that I ask again, if I may see Miss Trevanion in your presence, before — before I go alone into this long exile, to leave, perhaps, my dust in a stranger's soil! Ay, look in my face — you cannot fear my resolution, my honour, my truth. But once, Lady Ellinor, but once more! Do I ask in vain?"

Lady Ellinor was evidently much moved. I bent down almost in the attitude of kneeling; and, brushing away her tears with one hand, she laid the other on my head tenderly, and said in a very low voice —

"I entreat you not to ask me; I entreat you not to see my daughter. You have shown that you are not selfish — conquer yourself still. What if such an interview, however guarded you might be, were but to agitate, unnerve my child, unsettle her peace, prey upon" —

"Oh, do not speak thus — she did not share my feelings!"

"Could her mother own it if she did? Come, come, remember how young you both are. When you return, all these dreams will be forgotten; then we can meet as before — then I will be your second mother, and again your career shall be my care; for do not think that we shall leave you so long

in this exile as you seem to forbode. No, no; it is but an absence — an excursion — not a search after fortune. Your fortune — leave that to us when you return!"

"And I am to see her no more?" I murmured, as I rose, and went silently towards the window to conceal my face. The great struggles in life are limited to moments. In the drooping of the head upon the bosom — in the pressure of the hand upon the brow — we may scarcely consume a second in our threescore years and ten; but what revolutions of our whole being may pass within us, while that single sand drops noiseless down to the bottom of the hour-glass.

I came back with firm step to Lady Ellinor, and said calmly, "My reason tells me that you are right, and I submit. Forgive me! and do not think me ungrateful, and over proud, if I add, that you must leave me still the object in life that consoles and encourages me through all."

"What object is that?" asked Lady Ellinor, hesitatingly.

"Independence for myself, and ease to those for whom life is still sweet. This is my twofold object; and the means to effect it must be my own heart and my own hands. And now convey all my thanks to your noble husband, and accept my warm prayers for yourself and *her* — whom I will not name. Farewell, Lady Ellinor."

"No, do not leave me so hastily; I have many things to discuss with you — at least to ask of you. Tell me how your father bears his reverse? — tell me, at least, if there be aught he will suffer us to do for him? There are many appointments in Trevanion's range of influence that would suit even the wilful indolence of a man of letters. Come, be frank with one!"

I could not resist so much kindness, so I sat down, and, as collectedly as I could, replied to Lady Ellinor's questions, and sought to convince her that my father only felt his losses

so far as they affected me, and that nothing in Trevanion's power was likely to tempt him from his retreat, or calculated to compensate for a change in his habits. Turning at last from my parents, Lady Ellinor inquired for Roland, and, on learning that he was with me in town, expressed a strong desire to see him. I told her I would communicate her wish, and she then said thoughtfully —

"He has a son, I think, and I have heard that there is some unhappy dissension between them."

"Who could have told you that?" I asked in surprise, knowing how closely Roland had kept the secret of his family afflictions.

"Oh, I heard so from some one who knew Captain Roland — I forget when and where I heard it — but is it not the fact?"

"My uncle Roland has no son."

"How!"

"His son is dead."

"How such a loss must grieve him!"

I did not speak.

"But is he sure that his son is dead! What joy if he were mistaken — if the son yet lived!"

"Nay, my uncle has a brave heart, and he is resigned; — but, pardon me, have you heard anything of that son?"

"I! — what should I hear? I would fain learn, however, from your uncle himself, what he might like to tell me of his sorrows — or if, indeed, there be any chance that —"

"That — what?"

"That — that his son still survives."

"I think not," said I; "and I doubt whether you will learn much from my uncle. Still there is something in your words that belies their apparent meaning, and makes me suspect that you know more than you will say."

omatist!" said Lady Ellinor, half smiling; but then, settling into a seriousness almost severe, she added, ible to think that a father should hate his son!"

e! — Roland *hate* his son! What calumny is this?"

does not do so, then! Assure me of that; I shall be know that I have been misinformed."

n tell you this, and no more — for no more do I that if ever the soul of a father were wrapt up in a ar, hope, gladness, sorrow, all reflected back on a heart from the shadows on a son's life — Roland was r while the son lived still."

not disbelieve you," exclaimed Lady Ellinor, though of surprise. "Well, do let me see your uncle."

ll do my best to induce him to visit you, and learn all evidently conceal from me."

Ellinor evasively replied to this insinuation, and fterwards I left that house in which I had known the s that brings the folly, and the grief that bequeathes om.

CHAPTER IV.

always felt a warm and almost filial affection for inor, independently of her relationship to Fanny, and ratitude with which her kindness inspired me: for n affection very peculiar in its nature, and very high gree, which results from the blending of two senti- ot often allied, — viz., pity and admiration. It was le not to admire the rare gifts and great qualities of inor, and not to feel pity for the cares, anxieties, and which tormented one who, with all the sensitiveness n, went forth into the rough world of man.

My father's confession had somewhat impaired my esteem for Lady Ellinor, and had left on my mind the uneasy impression that she *had* trifled with his deep, and Roland's impetuous, heart. The conversation that had just passed allowed me to judge her with more justice — allowed me to see that she had really shared the affection she had inspired in the student, but that ambition had been stronger than love — an ambition, it might be, irregular and not strictly feminine, but still of no vulgar nor sordid kind. I gathered, too, from her hints and allusions, her true excuse for Roland's misconception of her apparent interest in himself: she had but seen, in the wild energies of the elder brother, some agency by which to arouse the serener faculties of the younger. She had but sought, in the strange comet that flashed before her, to fix a lever that might move the star. Nor could I withhold my reverence from the woman who, not being married precisely from love, had no sooner linked her nature to one worthy of it, than her whole life became as fondly devoted to her husband's as if he had been the object of her first romance and her earliest affections. If even her child was so secondary to her husband — if the fate of that child was but regarded by her as one to be rendered subservient to the grand destinies of Trevanion — still it was impossible to recognise the error of that conjugal devotion without admiring the wife, though one might condemn the mother. Turning from these meditations, I felt a lover's thrill of selfish joy, amidst all the mournful sorrow comprised in the thought that I should see Fanny no more. Was it true as Lady Ellinor implied, though delicately, that Fanny still cherished a remembrance of me — which a brief interview, a last farewell, might re-awaken too dangerously of her peace? Well, that was a thought that it become me not to indulge.

What could Lady Ellinor have heard of Roland and his

son? Was it possible that the lost lived still? Asking myself these questions, I arrived at our lodgings, and saw the Captain himself before me, busied with the inspection of sundry specimens of the rude necessaries an Australian adventurer requires. There stood the old soldier, by the window, examining narrowly into the temper of hand-saw and tenon-saw, broad axe and drawing-knife; and as I came up to him, he looked at me from under his black brows, with gruff compassion, and said peevishly —

"Fine weapons these for the son of a gentleman! — one bit of steel in the shape of a sword were worth them all."

"Any weapon that conquers fate is noble in the hands of a brave man, uncle!"

"The boy has an answer for everything," quoth the Captain, smiling, as he took out his purse and paid the shopman.

When we were alone, I said to him — "Uncle, you must go and see Lady Ellinor; she desires me to tell you so."

"Pshaw!"

"You will not?"

"No!"

"Uncle, I think that she has something to say to you with regard to — to — pardon me! — to my cousin."

"To Blanche?"

"No, no — the cousin I never saw."

Roland turned pale, and, sinking down on a chair, faltered out — "To him — to my son!"

"Yes; but I do not think it is news that will afflict you. Uncle, are you sure that my cousin is dead?"

"What! — how dare you! — who doubts it? Dead — dead to me for ever! Boy, would you have him live to dishonour these gray hairs!"

"Sir, Sir, forgive me — uncle, forgive me: but, pray,

go to see Lady Ellinor; for whatever she has to say, I repeat that I am sure it will be nothing to wound you."

"Nothing to wound me — yet relate to *him!*"

It is impossible to convey to the reader the despair that was in those words.

"Perhaps," said I, after a long pause, and in a low voice — for I was awestricken — "perhaps — if he be dead — he may have repented of all offence to you before he died."

"Repented! — ha, ha!"

"Or, if he be not dead —"

"Hush, boy — hush!"

"While there is life, there is hope of repentance."

"Look you, nephew," said the Captain, rising and folding his arms resolutely on his breast — "look you, I desired that that name might never be breathed. I have not cursed my son yet; could he come to life — the curse might fall! You do not know what torture your words have given me, just when I had opened my heart to another son, and found that son in you! With respect to the lost, I have now but one prayer, and you know it — the heartbroken prayer — that his name never more may come to my ears!"

As he closed these words, to which I ventured no reply, the Captain took long disordered strides across the room; and suddenly, as if the space imprisoned, or the air stifled him, he seized his hat, and hastened into the streets. Recovering my surprise and dismay, I ran after him; but he commanded me to leave him to his own thoughts, in a voice so stern, yet so sad, that I had no choice but to obey. I knew, by my own experience, how necessary is solitude in the moments when grief is strongest and thought most troubled.

CHAPTER V.

Hours elapsed, and the Captain had not returned home. I began to feel uneasy, and went forth in search of him, though I knew not whither to direct my steps. I thought it, however, at least probable, that he had not been able to resist visiting Lady Ellinor, so I went first to St. James's Square. My suspicions were correct; the Captain had been there two hours before. Lady Ellinor herself had gone out shortly after the Captain left. While the porter was giving me this information, a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman, stepping up, gave the porter a note and a small parcel, seemingly of books, saying simply, "From the Marquis of Castleton." At the sound of that name I turned hastily, and recognised Sir Sedley Beaudesert seated in the carriage, and looking out of the window with a dejected, moody expression of countenance, very different from his ordinary aspect, except when the rare sight of a gray hair, or a twinge of the toothache, reminded him that he was no longer twenty-five. Indeed, the change was so great that I exclaimed, dubiously — "Is that Sir Sedley Beaudesert?" The footman looked at me, and touching his hat said, with a condescending smile, — "Yes, Sir — now the Marquis of Castleton."

Then, for the first time since the young lord's death, I remembered Sir Sedley's expressions of gratitude to Lady Castleton, and the waters of Ems, for having saved him from "that horrible marquisate." Meanwhile, my old friend had perceived me, exclaiming, —

"What, Mr. Caxton! I am delighted to see you. Open the door, Thomas. Pray come in, come in."

I obeyed; and the new Lord Castleton made room for me by his side.

"Are you in a hurry?" said he; "if so, shall I take you anywhere? — if not, give me half an hour of your time, while I drive to the city."

As I knew not now in what direction, more than another, to prosecute my search for the Captain, and as I thought I might as well call at our lodgings to inquire if he had not returned, I answered that I should be very happy to accompany his lordship; "though the city," said I, smiling, "sounds to me strange upon the lips of Sir Sedley — I beg pardon, I should say of Lord —"

"Don't say any such thing; let me once more hear the grateful sound of Sedley Beaudesert. Shut the door, Thomas; to Gracechurch Street — Messrs. Fudge and Fidget."

The carriage drove on.

"A sad affliction has befallen me," said the marquis, "and none sympathise with me!"

"Yet all, even unacquainted with the late lord, must have felt shocked at the death of one so young, and so full of promise."

"So fitted in every way to bear the burthen of the great Castleton name and property, and yet you see it killed him! Ah! if he had been but a simple gentleman, or if he had had a less conscientious desire to do his duties, he would have lived to a good old age. I know what it is already. Oh, if you saw the piles of letters on my table! I positively dread the post. Such colossal improvements on the property which the poor boy had begun, for me to finish. What do you think takes me to Fudge and Fidget's? Sir, they are the agents for an infernal coal mine which my cousin had reopened in Durham, to plague my life out with another thirty thousand pounds a-year! How am I to spend the money? — how am I to spend it! There 's a cold-blooded head steward, who says that

charity is the greatest crime a man in high station can commit; it demoralises the poor. Then, because some half-a-dozen farmers sent me a round robin, to the effect that their rents were too high, and I wrote them word that the rents should be lowered, there was such a hullabaloo — you would have thought heaven and earth were coming together. 'If a man in the position of the Marquis of Castleton set the example of letting land below its value, how could the poorer squires in the county exist? — or, if they did exist, what injustice to expose them to the charge that they were grasping landlords, vampires, and bloodsuckers. Clearly, if Lord Castleton lowered his rents, (they were too low already,) he struck a mortal blow at the property of his neighbours, if they followed his example; or at their character, if they did not.' No man can tell how hard it is to do good, unless fortune gives him a hundred thousand pounds a-year, and says, — 'Now, do good with it!' Sedley Beaudesert might follow his whims, and all that would be said against him was 'good-natured, simple fellow!' But if Lord Castleton follow his whims, you would think he was a second Catiline — unsettling the peace, and undermining the prosperity, of the entire nation!" Here the wretched man paused, and sighed heavily; then, as his thoughts wandered into a new channel of woe, he resumed, — "Ah, if you could but see the forlorn great house I am expected to inhabit, cooped up between dead walls, instead of my pretty rooms, with the windows full on the park; and the balls I am expected to give, and the parliamentary interest I am to keep up; and the villanous proposal made to me to become a lord steward, or lord chamberlain, because it suits my rank to be a sort of a servant. Oh, Pisistratus! you lucky dog — not twenty-one, and with, I dare say, not two hundred pounds a-year in the world!"

Thus bemoaning and bewailing his sad fortunes, the poor

marquis ran on, till at last he exclaimed, in a tone of yet deeper despair, —

"And every body says I must marry, too! — that the Castleton line must not be extinct! The Beaudeserts are a good old family eno' — as old, for what I know, as the Castletons; but the British empire would suffer no loss if they sunk into the tomb of the Capulets. But that the Castleton peerage should expire, is a thought of crime and woe, at which all the mothers of England rise in a phalanx! And so, instead of visiting the sins of the fathers on the sons, it is the father that is to be sacrificed for the benefit of the third and fourth generation!"

Despite my causes for seriousness, I could not help laughing; my companion turned on me a look of reproach.

"At least," said I, composing my countenance, "Lord Castleton has one comfort in his afflictions — if he must marry, he may choose as he pleases."

"That is precisely what Sedley Beaudesert could, and Lord Castleton cannot do," said the marquis gravely. "The rank of Sir Sedley Beaudesert, was a quiet and comfortable rank — he might marry a curate's daughter, or a duke's — and please his eye or grieve his heart as the caprice took him. But Lord Castleton must marry, not for a wife, but for a marchioness, — marry some one who *will wear his rank* for him, — take the trouble of splendour off his hands, and allow him to retire into a corner, and dream that he is Sedley Beaudesert once more! Yes, it must be so — the crowning sacrifice must be completed at the altar. But a truce to my complaints. Trevanion informs me you are going to Australia, — can that be true?"

"Perfectly true."

"They say there is a sad want of ladies there."

"So much the better, — I shall be all the more steady.'

"Well, there 's something in that. Have you seen Lady Ellinor?"

"Yes — this morning."

"Poor woman! — a great blow to her — we have tried to console each other. Fanny, you know, is staying at Oxton, in Surrey, with Lady Castleton, — the poor lady is so fond of her — and no one has comforted her like Fanny."

"I was not aware that Miss Trevanion was out of town."

"Only for a few days, and then she and Lady Ellinor join Trevanion in the north — you know he is with Lord N—, settling measures on which — but alas, they consult me now on those matters — force their secrets on me. I have, Heaven knows how many votes! Poor me! Upon my word, if Lady Ellinor was a widow, I should certainly make up to her: very clever woman — nothing bores her." (The marquis yawned — Sir Sedley Beaudesert never yawned.) "Trevanion has provided for his Scotch secretary, and is about to get a place in the Foreign Office for that young fellow Gower, whom, between you and me, I don't like. But he has bewitched Trevanion!"

"What sort of a person is this Mr. Gower? — I remember you said that he was clever, and good-looking."

"He is both, but it is not the cleverness of youth; he is as hard and sarcastic as if he had been cheated fifty times, and jilted a hundred! Neither are his good looks that letter of recommendation which a handsome face is said to be. He has an expression of countenance very much like that of Lord Hertford's pet bloodhound, when a stranger comes into the room. Very sleek, handsome dog, the bloodhound is certainly — well-mannered, and I dare say exceedingly tame; but still you have but to look at the corner of the eye, to know that it is only the habit of the drawing-room that suppresses the creature's constitutional tendency to seize you by the

throat, instead of giving you a paw. Still this Mr. Gower has a very striking head — something about it Moorish or Spanish, like a picture by Murillo: I half suspect that he is less a Gower than a gipsy!"

"What!" — I cried, as I listened with rapt and breathless attention to this description. "He is then very dark, with high narrow forehead, features slightly aquiline, but very delicate, and teeth so dazzling that the whole face seems to sparkle when he smiles — though it is only the lip that smiles, not the eye."

"Exactly as you say; you have seen him, then?"

"Why, I am not sure, since you say his name is Gower."

"*He* says his name is Gower," returned Lord Castleton, drily, as he inhaled the Beaudesert mixture.

"And where is he now? — with Mr. Trevanion?"

"Yes, I believe so. Ah! here we are — Fudge and Fidget! But perhaps," added Lord Castleton, with a gleam of hope in his blue eye, — "perhaps they are not at home!"

Alas, that was an illusive "imagining," as the poets of the nineteenth century unaffectedly express themselves. Messrs. Fudge and Fidget were never out to such clients as the Marquis of Castleton: with a deep sigh, and an altered expression of face, the Victim of Fortune slowly descended the steps of the carriage.

"I can't ask you to wait for me," said he; "Heaven only knows how long I shall be kept! Take the carriage where you will, and send it back to me."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Lord, I would rather walk — but you will let me call on you before I leave town."

"Let you! — I insist on it. I am still at the old quarters, under pretence," said the marquis, with a sly twinkle of the eyelid, "that Castleton House wants painting!"

"At twelve to-morrow, then?"

"Twelve to-morrow. Alas! that 's just the hour at which Mr. Screw, the agent for the London property, (two squares, seven streets, and a lane!) is to call."

"Perhaps two o'clock will suit you better?"

"Two! — just the hour at which Mr. Plausible, one of the Castleton members, insists upon telling me why his conscience will not let him vote with Trevanion!"

"Three o'clock?"

"Three! — just the hour at which I am to see the Secretary of the Treasury, who has promised to relieve Mr. Plausible's conscience! But come and dine with me — you will meet the executors to the will!"

"Nay, Sir Sedley — that is, my dear lord — I will take my chance, and look in, after dinner."

"Do so; my guests are not lively! What a firm step the rogue has! Only twenty, I think — twenty! and not an acre of property to plague him!" So saying, the marquis dolorously shook his head, and vanished through the noiseless mahogany doors, behind which Messrs. Fudge and Fidget awaited the unhappy man, — with the accounts of the great Castleton coal mine.

CHAPTER VI.

On my way towards our lodgings, I resolved to look in at a humble tavern, in the coffee-room of which the Captain and myself habitually dined. It was now about the usual hour in which we took that meal, and he might be there waiting for me. I had just gained the steps of this tavern, when a stage coach came rattling along the pavement, and drew up at an inn of more pretensions than that which we favoured, situated within a few doors of the latter. As the coach stopped, my

eye was caught by the Trevanion livery, which was very peculiar. Thinking I must be deceived, I drew near to the wearer of the livery, who had just descended from the roof, and, while he paid the coachman, gave his orders to a waiter who emerged from the inn — "Half-and-half, cold without!" The tone of the voice struck me as familiar, and, the man now looking up, I beheld the features of Mr. Peacock. Yes, unquestionably it was he. The whiskers were shaved — there were traces of powder in the hair or the wig — the livery of the Trevanions (ay, the very livery — crest-button, and all) upon that portly figure, which I had last seen in the more august robes of a beadle. But Mr. Peacock it was — Peacock travestied, but Peacock still. Before I had recovered my amaze, a woman got out of a cabriolet, that seemed to have been in waiting for the arrival of the coach, and, hurrying up to Mr. Peacock, said in the loud impatient tone common to the fairest of the fair sex, when in haste — "How late you are — I was just going. I must get back to Oxton to-night."

Oxton — Miss Trevanion was staying at Oxton! I was now close behind the pair — I listened with my heart in my ear.

"So you shall, my dear — so you shall; just come in, will you."

"No, no; I have only ten minutes to catch the coach. Have you any letter for me from Mr. Gower? How can I be sure, if I don't see it under his own hand, that —"

"Hush!" said Peacock, sinking his voice so low that I could only catch the words, "no names, letter, pooh, I'll tell you." He then drew her apart, and whispered to her for some moments. I watched the woman's face, which was bent towards her companion's, and it seemed to show quick intelligence. She nodded her head more than once, as if in

impatient assent to what was said; and, after a shaking of hands, hurried off to the cab; then, as if a thought struck her, she ran back, and said —

"But in case my lady should not go — if there 's any change of plan."

"There 'll be no change, you may be sure — positively to-morrow — not too early; you understand?"

"Yes, yes; good-by" — and the woman, who was dressed with a quiet neatness, that seemed to stamp her profession as that of an abigail, (black cloak, with long cape — of that peculiar silk which seems spun on purpose for ladies'-maids — bonnet to match, with red and black ribbons,) hastened once more away, and in another moment the cab drove off furiously.

What could all this mean? By this time the waiter brought Mr. Peacock the half-and-half. He despatched it hastily, and then strode on towards a neighbouring stand of cabriolets. I followed him; and just as, after beckoning one of the vehicles from the stand, he had ensconced himself therein, I sprung up the steps and placed myself by his side. "Now, Mr. Peacock," said I, "you will tell me at once how you come to wear that livery, or I shall order the cabman to drive to Lady Ellinor Trevanion's, and ask her that question myself."

"And who the devil! — Ah, you 're the young gentleman that came to me behind the scenes — I remember."

"Where to, Sir?" asked the cabman.

"To — to London Bridge," said Mr. Peacock.

The man mounted the box, and drove on.

"Well, Mr. Peacock, I wait your answer. I guess by your face that you are about to tell me a lie; I advise you to speak the truth."

"I don't know what business you have to
said Mr. Peacock sullenly; and, raising his g
own clenched fists, he suffered it to wander
with so vindictive a significance that I interru
by saying, "Will you encounter the house?
interrogatively puts it — "shall I order the cab
St. James's Square?"

"Oh, you know my weak point, Sir; any
quote Will — sweet Will — has me on the hip,
Peacock, smoothing his countenance, and
palms on his knees. "But if a man does fal
and, after keeping servants of his own, is obl
self a servant,

— 'I will not shame
To tell you what I am.'"

"The Swan says, 'To tell you what I *was*,
But enough of this trifling: who placed you
vanion?"

Mr. Peacock looked down for a moment, a
his eyes on me, said — "Well, I 'll tell you:
when we met last, about a young gentlemar
Vivian."

PISISTRATUS. — Proceed.

PEACOCK. — I know you don't want to harn
"He hath a prosperous art," and one day or
my words, or rather my friend Will's —

"He will bestride this narrow world
Like a Colossus."

Upon my life he will — like a Colossus,

"And we petty men."

PISISTRATUS — (*savagely.*) — Go on with

PEACOCK — (*snappishly.*) — I am going on with it! You put me out; where was I — oh — ah yes. I had just been sold up — not a penny in my pocket; and if you could have seen my coat — yet that was better than the small-clothes! Well, it was in Oxford Street — no, it was in the Strand, near the Lowther —

"The sun was in the heavens; and the proud day
Attended, with the pleasures of the world."

PISISTRATUS — (*lowering the glass.*) — To St. James's Square —

PEACOCK. — No, no; to London Bridge.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."

I will go on — honour bright. So I met Mr. Vivian, and as he had known me in better days, and has a good heart of his own, he says —

"Horatio, — or I do forget myself."

Pisistratus puts his hand on the check-string.

PEACOCK — (*correcting himself.*) — I mean, "Why, Johnson, my good fellow."

PISISTRATUS. — Johnson! — oh that 's your name — not Peacock.

PEACOCK. — Johnson and Peacock both, (*with dignity.*) When you know the world as I do, Sir, you will find that it is ill travelling this "naughty world" without a change of names in your portmanteau.

"Johnson," says he, "my good fellow," and he pulled out his purse. "Sir," said I, "if, 'exempt from public haunt,' I could get something to do when this dross is gone. In London there are sermons in stones, certainly, but not 'good in everything,' — an observation I should take the liberty of making to

the Swan, if he were not now, alas! 'the baseless fabr vision.'"

PISISTRATUS. — Take care!

PEACOCK — (*hurriedly.*) — Then says Mr. Vivian, " don't mind wearing a livery, till I can provide for you suitably, my old friend, there 's a vacancy in the establis of Mr. Trevanion." Sir, I accepted the proposal, and why I wear this livery.

PISISTRATUS. — And, pray, what business had you that young woman, whom I take to be Miss Treva maid? — and why should she come from Oxton t you?

I had expected that these questions would confoun Peacock, but if there really were anything in them to embarrassment, the *ci-devant* actor was too practised in hi fession to exhibit it. He merely smiled, and smoothing ja a very tumbled shirt-front, he said, "Oh Sir, fie!

'Of this matter,
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made.'

If you must know my love affairs, that young woman is, vulgar say, my sweetheart."

"Your sweetheart!" I exclaimed, greatly relieved, a knowledging at once the probability of the statement. " I added suspiciously — "yet, if so, why should she expe Gower to write to her."

"You 're quick of hearing, Sir; but though

'All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, and patience, and impatience,'

The young woman won't marry a livery servant — creature, very proud! — and Mr. Gower, you see, kn how it was, felt for me, and told her, if I may take such l with the Swan, that she should

— 'Never lie by Johnson's side
With an unquiet soul,'

for that he would get me a place in the Stamps! The silly girl said she would have it in black and white — as if Mr. Gower would write to her!

"And now, Sir," continued Mr. Peacock, with a simpler gravity, "you are at liberty, of course, to say what you please to my lady, but I hope you 'll not try to take the bread out of my mouth because I wear a livery, and am fool enough to be in love with a waiting-woman — I, Sir, who could have married ladies who have played the first parts in life — on the metropolitan stage."

I had nothing to say to these representations — they seemed plausible; and though at first I had suspected that the man had only resorted to the buffoonery of his quotations in order to gain time for invention, or to divert my notice from any flaw in his narrative, yet at the close, as the narrative seemed probable, so I was willing to believe the buffoonery was merely characteristic. I contented myself therefore with asking —

"Where do you come from now?"

"From Mr. Trevanion, in the country, with letters to Lady Ellinor?"

"Oh, and so the young woman knew you were coming to town?"

"Yes, Sir; Mr. Trevanion told me, some days ago, the day I should have to start."

"And what do you and the young woman propose doing to-morrow, if there is no change of plan?"

Here I certainly thought there was a slight, scarce perceptible, alteration in Mr. Peacock's countenance, but he answered readily, "To-morrow, a little assignation, if we can both get out; —

Woo me, now I am in a holiday humour,
And like enough to consent.'

Swan again, Sir."

"Humph! — so then Mr. Gower and Mr. Vivian are same person."

Peacock hesitated. "That 's not *my* secret, Sir; 'I am cc bined by a sacred vow'. You are too much the gentlemar peep through the blanket of the dark, and to ask me, who w the whips and stripes — I mean the plush small-clothes ; shoulder-knots — the secrets of another gent, to whom ' services are bound.' "

How a man past thirty foils a man scarcely twenty! — w superiority the mere fact of living-on gives to the dullest d I bit my lip, and was silent.

"And," pursued Mr. Peacock, "if you knew how the I Vivian you inquired after loves you! When I told him in dentally, how a young gentleman had come behind the sce to inquire after him, he made me describe you, and then sa quite mournfully, 'If ever I am what I hope to become, h happy I shall be to shake that kind hand once more,'— v words, Sir! — honour bright!

'I think there 's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his hate or love than he.'

And if Mr. Vivian has some reason to keep himself concea still — if his fortune or ruin depend on your not divulging secret for awhile — I can't think you are the man he need fe 'Pon my life,

'I wish I was as sure of a good dinner,'

as the Swan touchingly exclaims. I dare swear that wa wish often on the Swan's lips in the privacy of his dome life!' "

My heart was softened, not by the pathos of the much profaned and desecrated Swan, but by Mr. Peacock's unadorned repetition of Vivian's words; I turned my face from the sharp eyes of my companion — the cab now stopped at the foot of London Bridge.

I had no more to ask, yet still there was some uneasy curiosity in my mind, which I could hardly define to myself, — was it not jealousy? Vivian so handsome and so daring — *he* at least might see the great heiress; Lady Ellinor perhaps thought of no danger there. But—I—I was a lover still, and—nay, such thoughts were folly indeed!

"My man," said I to the ex-comedian, "I neither wish to harm Mr. Vivian (if I am so to call him,) nor you who imitate him in the variety of your names. But I tell you, fairly, that I do not like your being in Mr. Trevanion's employment, and I advise you to get out of it as soon as possible. I say nothing more as yet, for I shall take time to consider well what you have told me."

With that I hastened away, and Mr. Peacock continued his solitary journey over London Bridge.

CHAPTER VII.

Amidst all that lacerated my heart, or tormented my thoughts, that eventful day, I felt at least one joyous emotion, when, on entering our little drawing-room, I found my uncle seated there.

The Captain had placed before him on the table a large Bible, borrowed from the landlady. He never travelled, to be sure, without his own Bible, but the print of that was small, and the Captain's eyes began to fail him at night. So this was a Bible with large type; and a candle was placed on either side

of it; and the Captain leant his elbows on the table, an his hands were tightly clasped upon his forehead — tigh if to shut out the tempter, and *force* his whole soul up page.

He sate, the image of iron courage; in every line rigid form there was resolution. "I will *not* listen to my I *will* read the Book, and learn to suffer as becomes a tian man."

There was such a pathos in the stern sufferer's at that it spoke those words as plainly as if his lips ha them.

Old soldier! thou hast done a soldier's part in a bloody field; but if I could make visible to the world thy soldier's soul, I would paint thee as I saw thee then! on this tyro's hand!

At the movement I made, the Captain looked up, a strife he had gone through was written upon his face.

"It has done me good," said he simply, und he clo book.

I drew my chair near to him, and hung my arm o shoulder.

"No cheering news then?" asked I in a whisper.

Roland shook his head, and gently laid his finger lips.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was impossible for me to intrude upon R thoughts, whatever their nature, with a detail of tho cumstances which had roused in me a keen and anxi terest in things apart from his sorrow.

Yet, as "restless I roll'd around my weary bed, revolved the renewal of Vivian's connexion with a

cter so equivocal as Peacock, the establishment of an
ınd unscrupulous tool of his own in the service of Tre-
n, the care with which he had concealed from me his
;e of name, and his intimacy at the very house to which
frankly offered to present him; the familiarity which his
ıre had contrived to effect with Miss Trevanion's maid,
ords that had passed between them — plausibly ac-
ed for, it is true, yet still suspicious — and, above all,
ıinful recollections of Vivian's reckless ambition, and
ıcipled sentiments — nay, the effect that a few random
: upon Fanny's fortune, and the luck of winning an
s, had sufficed to produce upon his heated fancy and
ious temper: when all these thoughts came upon me,
; and vivid, in the darkness of night, I longed for some
.ant, more experienced in the world than myself, to
: me as to the course I ought to pursue. Should I warn
Ellinor? But of what? — the character of a servant,
: designs of the fictitious Gower? Against the first I
say, if nothing very positive, still enough to make it
nt to dismiss him. But of Gower or Vivian, what could
without not indeed betraying his confidence — for that
d never given me — but without belying the professions
ɛndship that I myself had lavishly made to him. Per-
after all, he might have disclosed whatever were his
ecrets to Trevanion; and, if not, I might indeed ruin
ospects by revealing the aliases he assumed. But where-
eveal, and wherefore warn? Because of suspicions that
ld not myself analyse — suspicions founded on circum-
ɛs most of which had already been seemingly explained

Still, when morning came, I was irresolute what to
.nd after watching Roland's countenance, and seeing on
·ow so great a weight of care, that I had no option but to
one the confidence I pined to place in his strong under-

standing and unerring sense of honour, I wandered
hoping that in the fresh air I might re-collect my thou
and solve the problem that perplexed me. I had enou
do in sundry small orders for my voyage, and commis
for Bolding, to occupy me some hours. And, this bus
done, I found myself moving westward; mechanically,
were, I had come to a kind of half-and-half resolution t
upon Lady Ellinor, and question her, carelessly and
dentally, both about Gower and the new servant admitt
the household.

Thus I found myself in Regent Street, when a carr
borne by post-horses, whirled rapidly over the paveme
scattering to the right and left all humbler equipages —
hurried, as if on an errand of life and death, up the b
thoroughfare leading into Portland Place. But, rapid
the wheels dashed by, I had seen distinctly the face of F
Trevanion in the carriage, and that face wore a strange
pression, which seemed to me to speak of anxiety and g
and, by her side — was not that the woman I had seen
Peacock? I did not see the face of the woman, but I tho
I recognised the cloak, the bonnet, and peculiar turn o
head. If I could be mistaken there, I was not mistak
least as to the servant on the seat behind. Looking back
butcher's boy, who had just escaped being run over, and
revenging himself by all the imprecations the Diræ of Lo
slang could suggest, the face of Mr. Peacock was expos
full to my gaze.

My first impulse, on recovering my surprise, wa
spring after the carriage; in the haste of that impulse, I c
"Stop!" But the carriage was out of sight in a mom
and my word was lost in air. After pausing for a mom
full of presentiments of some evil — I knew not what — I
altered my course, and stopped not till I found myself, p

ing and out of breath, in St. James's Square — at the door of Trevanion's house — in the hall. The porter had a newspaper in his hand as he admitted me.

"Where is Lady Ellinor? I must see her instantly."

"No worse news of master, I hope, Sir?"

"Worse news of what? — of whom? — of Mr. Trevanion?"

"Did you not know he was suddenly taken ill, Sir; that a servant came express to say so last night? Lady Ellinor went off at ten o'clock to join him."

"At ten o'clock last night?"

"Yes, Sir; the servant's account alarmed her ladyship so much."

"The new servant, who had been recommended by Mr. Gower?"

"Yes, Sir — Henry," answered the porter staring at me. "Please, Sir, here is an account of master's attack in the paper. I suppose Henry took it to the office before he came here, which was very wrong in him; but I am afraid he 's a very foolish fellow."

"Never mind that, Miss Trevanion — I saw her just now — *she* did not go with her mother; Where was she going, then?"

"Why, Sir — but pray step into the parlour."

"No, no — speak."

"Why, Sir, before Lady Ellinor set out, she was afraid that there *might* be something in the papers to alarm Miss Fanny, and so she sent Henry down to Lady Castleton's, to beg her ladyship to make as light of it as she could; but it seems that Henry blabbed the worst to Mrs. Mole."

"Who is Mrs. Mole?"

"Miss Trevanion's maid, Sir — a new maid; and Mrs. Mole blabbed to my young lady, and so she took fright, and

insisted on coming to town. And Lady Castleton, who
ill herself in bed, could not keep her, I suppose — especiall
as Henry said, though he ought to have known better, 'th
she would be in time to arrive before my lady set off.' Poo
Miss Trevanion was so disappointed when she found h
mamma gone. And then she would order fresh horses, an
would go on, though Mrs. Bates (the housekeeper, you kno
Sir) was very angry with Mrs. Mole, who encouraged Mis
and —"

"Good heavens! Why did not Mrs. Bates go with her?"

"Why, Sir, you know how old Mrs. Bates is, and n
young lady is always so kind that she would not hear of
as she is going to travel night and day; and Mrs. Mole sa
she had gone all over the world with her last lady, ar
that —"

"I see it all. Where is Mr. Gower?"

"Mr. Gower, Sir!"

"Yes! Can't you answer?"

"Why, with Mr. Trevanion, I believe, Sir."

"In the north — what is the address?"

"Lord N—, C— Hall, near W—"

I heard no more.

The conviction of some villanous snare struck me as wi
the swiftness and force of lightning. Why, if Trevani
were really ill, had the false servant concealed it from m
Why suffered me to waste his time, instead of hastening
Lady Ellinor? How, if Mr. Trevanion's *sudden* illness h
brought the man to London — how had he known so lo
beforehand (as he himself told me, and his appointment wi
the waiting woman proved) the day he should arrive? W
now, if there were no design of which Miss Trevanion w
the object — why so frustrate the provident foresight of h
ther, and take advantage of the natural yearning of

fection, the quick impulse of youth, to hurry off a girl whose very station forbade her to take such a journey without suitable protection — against what must be the wish, and what dearly were the instructions, of Lady Ellinor? Alone, alone! Fanny Trevanion was then in the hands of two servants, who were the instruments and confidants of an adventurer like Vivian; and that conference between those servants — those broken references to the morrow, coupled with the name Vivian had assumed: needed the unerring instincts of love more cause for terror — terror the darker, because the exact shape it should assume was obscure and indistinct?

I sprang from the house.

I hastened into the Haymarket, summoned a cabriolet, drove home as fast as I could (for I had no money about me for the journey I meditated;) sent the servant of the lodging to engage a chaise-and-four, rushed into the room, where Rowland fortunately still was, and exclaimed — "Uncle, come with me! — take money, plenty of money! — Some villany I know, though I cannot explain it, has been practised on the Trevanions. We may defeat it yet. I will tell you all by the way — come, come!"

"Certainly. But villany! — and to people of such a station — pooh — collect yourself. Who is the villain?"

"Oh, the man I have loved as a friend — the man whom I myself helped to make known to Trevanion — Vivian — Vivian!"

"Vivian! — ah, the youth I have heard you speak of. But how? — villany to whom — to Trevanion?"

"You torture me with your questions. Listen — this Vivian (I know him) — he has introduced into the house, as a servant, an agent capable of any trick and fraud; that servant has aided him to win over her maid — Fanny's — Miss Trevanion's. Miss Trevanion is an heiress, Vivian an adventurer.

My head swims round, I cannot explain now. Ha! I will write a line to Lord Castleton — tell him my fears and suspicions — he will follow us, I know, or do what is best."

I drew ink and paper towards me, and wrote hastily. My uncle came round and looked over my shoulder.

Suddenly he exclaimed, seizing my arm, "Gower, Gower. What name is this? You said 'Vivian.'"

"Vivian or Gower — the same person."

My uncle hurried out of the room. It was natural that he should leave me to make our joint and brief preparations for departure.

I finished my letter, sealed it, and when, five minutes afterwards, the chaise came to the door, I gave it to the ostler who accompanied the horses, with injunctions to deliver it forthwith to Lord Castleton himself.

My uncle now descended, and stepped from the threshold with a firm stride. "Comfort yourself," he said, as he entered the chaise, into which I had already thrown myself. "We may be mistaken yet."

"Mistaken! You do not know this young man. He has every quality that could entangle a girl like Fanny, and not, I fear, one sentiment of honour, that would stand in the way of his ambition. I judge him now as by a revelation — too late — oh Heavens, if it be too late!"

A groan broke from Roland's lips. I heard in it a proof of his sympathy with my emotion, and grasped his hand; it was as cold as the hand of the dead.

PART XV.

CHAPTER I.

THERE would have been nothing in what had chanced to justify the suspicions that tortured me, but for my impressions as to the character of Vivian.

Reader, hast thou not, in the easy, careless sociability of youth, formed acquaintance with some one, in whose more engaging or brilliant qualities thou hast — not lost that dislike to defects or vices which is natural to an age when, even while we err, we adore what is good, and glow with enthusiasm for the ennobling sentiment and the virtuous deed — no, happily, not lost dislike to what is bad, nor thy quick sense of it, — but conceived a keen interest in the struggle between the bad that revolted, and the good that attracted thee, in thy companion? Then, perhaps, thou hast lost sight of him for a time — suddenly thou hearest that he has done something out of the way of ordinary good or common-place evil: And, in either — the good or the evil — thy mind runs rapidly back over its old reminiscences, and of either thou sayest, "How natural! — only so and so could have done this thing!"

Thus I felt respecting Vivian. The most remarkable qualities in his character were his keen power of calculation, and his unhesitating audacity — qualities that lead to fame or to infamy, according to the cultivation of the moral sense and the direction of the passions. Had I recognised those qualities in some agency apparently of good — and it seemed yet doubtful if Vivian were the agent — I should have cried, "It is he! and the better angel has triumphed!" With the same (alas! with a

yet more impulsive) quickness, when the agency was of evil, and the agent equally dubious, I felt that the qualities revealed the man, and that the demon had prevailed.

Mile after mile, stage after stage, were passed, on the dreary, interminable, high north road. I narrated to my companion, more intelligibly than I had yet done, my causes for apprehension. The Captain at first listened eagerly, then checked me on the sudden. "There may be nothing in all this!" he cried. "Sir, we must be men here — have our heads cool, our reason clear; stop!" And, leaning back in the chaise, Roland refused farther conversation, and, as the night advanced, seemed to sleep. I took pity on his fatigue, and devoured my heart in silence. At each stage we heard of the party of which we were in pursuit. At the first stage or two we were less than an hour behind; gradually, as we advanced, we lost ground, despite the most lavish liberality to the postboys. I supposed, at length, that the mere circumstance of changing, at each relay, the chaise as well as the horses, was the cause of our comparative slowness; and, on saying this to Roland, as we were changing horses, somewhere about midnight, he at once called up the master of the inn, and gave him his own price for permission to retain the chaise till the journey's end. This was so unlike Roland's ordinary thrift, whether dealing with my money or his own — so unjustified by the fortune of either — that I could not help muttering something in apology.

"Can you guess why I was a miser?" said Roland, calmly.

"A miser! — anything but that! Only prudent — military men often are so."

"I was a miser," repeated the Captain, with emphasis. "I began the habit first when my son was but a child. I thought him high-spirited, and with a taste for extravagance. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'I will save for him; boys will be

boys.' Then, afterwards, when he was no more a child, (at last he began to have the vices of a man!) I said to myself, Patience, he may reform still; if not, I will save money that I may have power over his self-interest, since I have none over his heart. I will bribe him into honour!' And then — and then — God saw that I was very proud, and I was punished. Tell them to drive faster — faster — why, this is a snail's pace!"

All that night, all the next day, till towards the evening, we pursued our journey, without pause, or other food than a crust of bread and a glass of wine. But we now picked up the ground we had lost, and gained upon the carriage. The night had closed in when we arrived at the stage at which the route to Lord N—'s branched from the direct north road. And here, making our usual inquiry, my worst suspicions were confirmed. The carriage we pursued had changed horses an hour before, but had not taken the way to Lord N—'s; — continuing the direct road into Scotland. The people of the inn had not seen the lady in the carriage, for it was already dark, but the man-servant, (whose livery they described) had ordered the horses.

The last hope that, in spite of appearances, no treachery had been designed, here vanished. The Captain, at first, seemed more dismayed than myself, but he recovered more quickly. "We will continue the journey on horseback," he said; and hurried to the stables. All objections vanished at the sight of his gold. In five minutes we were in the saddle, with a postilion, also mounted, to accompany us. We did the next stage in little more than two-thirds of the time which we should have occupied in our former mode of travel — indeed, I found it hard to keep pace with Roland. We remounted; we were only twenty-five minutes behind the carriage. We felt confident that we should overtake it before it could reach the next town — the moon was up — we could see far before us

—we rode at full speed. Milestone after milestone glided by the carriage was not visible. We arrived at the post-town, or rather village; it contained but one posting-house. We were long in knocking up the ostlers — no carriage had arrived just before us; no carriage had passed the place since noon.

What mystery was this?

"Back, back, boy!" said Roland, with a soldier's quick wit, and spurring his jaded horse from the yard. "They will have taken a cross-road or by-lane. We shall track them by the hoofs of the horses or the print of the wheels."

Our postilion grumbled, and pointed to the panting sides of our horses. For answer, Roland opened his hand — full of gold. Away we went back through the dull sleeping village back into the broad moonlit thoroughfare. We came to a cross-road to the right, but the track we pursued still led us straight on. We had measured back nearly half the way to the post-town at which we had last changed, when, lo! there emerged from a by-lane two postilions and their horses.

At that sight our companion, shouting loud, pushed on before us and hailed his fellows. A few words gave us the information we sought. A wheel had come off the carriage just by the turn of the road, and the young lady and her servants had taken refuge in a small inn not many yards down the lane. The man servant had dismissed the post-boys after they had baited their horses, saying they were to come again in the morning, and bring a blacksmith to repair the wheel.

"How came the wheel off?" asked Roland sternly.

"Why, Sir, the linch-pin was all rotted away I suppose, and came out."

"Did the servant get off the dickey after you set out, and before the accident happened?"

"Why, yes. He said the wheels were catching fire, that

ey had not the patent axles, and he had forgot to have them led."

"And he looked at the wheels, and shortly afterwards the inch-pin came out? — Eh?"

"Anon, Sir!" said the postboy, staring; "why, and indeed so it was!"

"Come on, Pisistratus, we are in time; but pray God — pray God — that —" the Captain dashed his spur into the horse's sides, and the rest of his words was lost to me.

A few yards back from the cause-way, a broad patch of green before it, stood the inn — a sullen, old-fashioned building of cold gray stone, looking livid in the moonlight, with black firs at one side, throwing over half of it a dismal shadow. So solitary! not a house, not a hut near it. If they who kept the inn were such that villany might reckon on their connivance, and innocence despair of their aid — there was no neighbourhood to alarm — no refuge at hand. The spot was well chosen.

The doors of the inn were closed; there was a light in the room below; but the outside shutters were drawn over the windows on the first floor. My uncle paused a moment, and said to the postilion —

"Do you know the back way to the premises?"

"No, Sir; I doesn't often come by this way, and they be new folks that have taken the house — and I hear it don't prosper over much."

"Knock at the door — we will stand a little aside while you do so. If any one ask what you want — merely say you would speak to the servant — that you have found a purse; — here, hold up mine."

Roland and I had dismounted, and my uncle drew me close to the wall by the door. Observing that my impatience ill submitted to what seemed to me idle preliminaries.

"Hist!" whispered he; "if there be anything to conceal within, they will not answer the door till some one has reconnoitered: were they to see us, they would refuse to open. But seeing only the postboy, whom they will suppose at first to be one of those who brought the carriage — they will have no suspicion. Be ready to rush in the moment the door is unbarred."

My uncle's veteran experience did not deceive him. There was a long silence before any reply was made to the postboy's summons; the light passed to and fro rapidly across the window, as if persons were moving within. Roland made sign to the postboy to knock again; he did so twice — thrice — and at last, from an attic-window in the roof, a head obtruded, and a voice cried, "Who are you? — what do you want?"

"I 'm the postboy at the Red Lion; I want to see the servant with the brown carriage; I have found this purse!"

"Oh, that 's all — wait a bit."

The head disappeared; we crept along under the projecting eaves of the house; we heard the bar lifted from the door; the door itself cautiously opened; one spring and I stood within, and set my back to the door to admit Roland.

"Ho, help! — thieves! — help!" cried a loud voice, and I felt a hand gripe at my throat. I struck at random in the dark, and with effect, for my blow was followed by a groan and a curse.

Roland, meanwhile, had detected a ray through the chinks of a door in the hall, and, guided by it, found his way into the room at the window of which we had seen the light pass and go, while without. As he threw the door open, I bounded after him; and saw in a kind of parlour, two females — the one a stranger, no doubt the hostess, the other the treacherous abigail. Their faces evinced their terror.

"Woman," I said, seizing the last, "where is Miss Trevanion?" Instead of replying, the woman set up a loud shriek. Another light now gleamed from the staircase, which immediately faced the door, and I heard a voice that I recognised as Peacock's, cry out, "Who's there? — what's the matter?"

I made a rush at the stairs. A burley form (that of the landlord, who had recovered from my blow) obstructed my way for a moment, to measure its length on the floor at the next. I was at the top of the stairs, Peacock recognised me; recoiled, and extinguished the light. Oaths, cries, and shrieks, now resounded through the dark. Amidst them all, I suddenly heard a voice exclaim, "Here, here! — help!" It was the voice of Fanny. I made my way to the right, whence the voice came, and received a violent blow. Fortunately, it fell on the arm which I extended, as men do who feel their way through the dark. It was not the right arm, and I seized and closed on my assailant. Roland now came up, a candle in his hand; and at that sight my antagonist, who was no other than Peacock, slipped from me, and made a rush at the stairs. But the Captain caught him with his grasp of iron. Fearing nothing for Roland in a contest with any single foe, and all my thoughts bent on the rescue of her whose voice again broke on my ear, I had already (before the light of the candle which Roland held, went out in the struggle between himself and Peacock) caught sight of a door at the end of the passage, and thrown myself against it: it was locked, but it shook and groaned to my pressure.

"Hold back, whoever you are!" cried a voice from the room within, far different from that wail of distress which had guided my steps. "Hold back, at the peril of your life!"

The voice, the threat, redoubled my strength; the door flew from its fastenings. I stood in the room. I saw Fanny at my feet, clasping my hands; then, raising herself, she

hung on my shoulder and murmured, "Saved!" Opposite to me, his face deformed by passion, his eyes literally blazing with savage fire, his nostrils distended, his lips apart, stood the man I have called Francis Vivian.

"Fanny — Miss Trevanion — what outrage — what villany is this? You have not met this man at your free choice, — oh speak!" Vivian sprang forward.

"Question no one but me. Unhand that lady, — she is my betrothed — shall be my wife."

"No, no, no, — don't believe him," cried Fanny; "I have been betrayed by my own servants — brought here, I know not how! I heard my father was ill; I was on my way to him: that man met me here, and dared to —"

"Miss Trevanion — yes, I dared to say I loved you."

"Protect me from him! — you will protect me from him!"

"No, Madam!" said a voice behind me, in a deep tone, "it is I who claim the right to protect you from that man; it is I who now draw around you the arm of one sacred, even to him; it is I who, from this spot, launch upon his head — a father's curse. Violator of the hearth! Baffled ravisher! — go thy way to the doom which thou hast chosen for thyself. God will be merciful to me yet, and give me a grave before thy course find its close in the hulks — or at the gallows!"

A sickness came over me — a terror froze my veins — I reeled back, and leant for support against the wall. Roland had passed his arm round Fanny, and she, frail and trembling, clung to his broad heart, looking fearfully up to his face. And never in that face, ploughed by deep emotions, and dark with unutterable sorrows, had I seen an expression so grand in its wrath, so sublime in its despair. Following the direction of his eye, stern and fixed as the look of one who prophesies a destiny, and denounces a doom, I shivered as I gazed upon the son. His whole frame seemed collapsed and shrinking,

as if already withered by the curse: a ghastly whiteness overspread the cheek, usually glowing with the dark bloom of oriental youth; the knees knocked together; and, at last, with a faint exclamation of pain, like the cry of one who receives a death-blow, he bowed his face over his clasped hands, and so remained — still, but cowering.

Instinctively I advanced and placed myself between the father and the son, murmuring, "Spare him; see, his own heart crushes him down." Then stealing towards the son, I whispered, "Go, go; the crime was not committed, the curse can be recalled." But my words touched a wrong chord in that dark and rebellious nature. The young man withdrew his hands hastily from his face, and reared his front in passionate defiance.

Waving me aside, he cried, "Away! I acknowledge no authority over my actions and my fate; I allow no mediator between this lady and myself. Sir," he continued, gazing gloomily on his father — "Sir, you forget our compact. Our ties were severed, your power over me annulled; I resigned the name you bear; to you I was, and am still, as the dead. I deny your right to step between me and the object dearer to me than life."

"Oh!" (and here he stretched forth his hands towards Fanny) — "oh Miss Trevanion, do not refuse me one prayer, however you condemn me. Let me see you alone but for one moment; let me but prove to you that, guilty as I may have been, it was not from the base motives you will hear imputed to me — that it was not the heiress I sought to decoy, it was the woman I sought to win; oh hear me" —

"No, no," murmured Fanny, clinging closer to Roland, "do not leave me. If, as it seems, he is your son, I forgive him; but let him go — I shudder at his very voice!"

"Would you have me, indeed, annihilate the very memory of the bond between us?" said Roland, in a hollow voice; "would you have me see in you only the vile thief, the lawless felon, — deliver you up to justice, or strike you to my feet. Let the memory still save you, and begone!"

Again I caught hold of the guilty son, and again he broke from my grasp.

"It is," he said, folding his arms deliberately on his breast, "it is for me to command in this house: all who are within it must submit to my orders. You, Sir, who hold reputation, name, and honour at so high a price, how can you fail to see that you would rob them from the lady whom you would protect from the insult of my affection? How would the world receive the tale of your rescue of Miss Trevanion? how believe that — Oh pardon me, Madam, — Miss Trevanion — Fanny — pardon me — I am mad; only hear me — alone — alone — and then if you too say 'Begone,' I submit without a murmur; I allow no arbiter but you."

But Fanny still clung closer, and closer still, to Roland. At that moment I heard voices and the trampling of feet below, and supposing that the accomplices in this villany were mustering courage, perhaps, to mount to the assistance of their employer, I lost all the compassion that had hitherto softened my horror of the young man's crime, and all the awe with which that confession had been attended. I therefore, this time, seized the false Vivian with a gripe that he could no longer shake off, and said sternly —

"Beware how you aggravate your offence. If strife ensues, it will not be between father and son, and —"

Fanny sprang forward. "Do not provoke this bad, dangerous man. I fear him not. Sir, I *will* hear you, and alone."

"Never!" cried I and Roland simultaneously.

Vivian turned his look fiercely to me, and with a sullen bitterness to his father, and then, as if resigning his former prayer, he said — "Well then, be it so; even in the presence of those who judge me so severely I will speak at least." He paused, and, throwing into his voice a passion that, had the repugnance at his guilt been less, would not have been without pathos, he continued to address Fanny: "I own that, when I first saw you, I might have thought of love, as the poor and ambitious think of the way to wealth and power. Those thoughts vanished, and nothing remained in my heart but love and madness. I was as a man in a delirium when I planned this snare. I knew but one object — saw but one heavenly vision. Oh mine — mine at least in that vision — are you indeed lost to me for ever!"

There was that in this man's tone and manner which, whether arising from accomplished hypocrisy or actual if perverted feeling, would, I thought, find its way at once to the heart of a woman who, however wronged, had once loved him; and, with a cold misgiving, I fixed my eyes on Miss Trevanion. Her look, as she turned with a visible tremor, suddenly met mine, and I believe that she discerned my doubt; for after suffering her eyes to rest on my own, with something of mournful reproach, her lips curved as with the pride of her mother, and for the first time in my life I saw anger on her brow.

"It is well, Sir, that you have thus spoken to me in the presence of others, for in their presence I call upon you to say, by that honour which the son of this gentleman may for a while forget, but cannot wholly forfeit, — I call upon you to say, whether by deed, word, or sign, I, Frances Trevanion, ever gave you cause to believe that I returned the feeling you say you entertained for me, or encouraged you to dare this attempt to place me in your power."

"No!" cried Vivian readily, but with
"no; but where I loved so deeply, periled
one fair and free occasion to tell you so al
think that such love could meet only loatl
What! — has nature shaped me so unkin
love no love can reply? What! — has the
shut me out from the right to woo and ma
born? For the last, at least, that gentlema
tell you, since it has been his care to instill tl
in me, that my lineage is one that befits
warrants fearless ambition. My hopes, my
were you! Oh, Miss Trevanion, it is true
I would have braved the world's laws, defie
him who now rises before me. Yet, believe
had I won what I dared to aspire to, you wo
disgraced by your choice; and the name,
not my father, should not have been despis
who pardoned my presumption, — nor by t
tramples on my anguish, and curses me in m

Not by a word had Roland sought to in
nay, by a feverish excitement, which my
in its secret sympathy, he had seemed eage
syllable that could extenuate the darkness
even imply some less sordid motive for th
means. But as the son now closed with th
reproach, and the accents of fierce despai
fence that showed in its false pride, and i
quence, so utter a blindness to every princi
which had been the father's idol, Roland
before the eyes that he had previously, as if
on the hardened offender, and once mor
towards him, said —

"His breath pollutes the air that innoc

should breath. He says 'All in this house are at his command,' — why do we stay? — let us go." He turned towards the door, and Fanny with him.

Meanwhile the louder sounds below had been silenced for some moments, but I heard a step in the hall. Vivian started, and placed himself before us.

"No, no, you cannot leave me thus, Miss Trevanion. I resign you — be it so; I do not even ask for pardon. But to leave this house thus, without carriage, without attendants, without explanation! — the blame falls on me — it shall do so. But at least vouchsafe me the right to repair what I yet can repair of the wrong, to protect all that is left to me — your name."

As he spoke, he did not perceive (for he was facing us, and with his back to the door,) that a new actor had noiselessly entered on the scene, and, pausing by the threshold, heard his last words.

"The name of Miss Trevanion, Sir — and from what?" asked the new comer, as he advanced and surveyed Vivian with a look that, but for its quiet, would have seemed disdain.

"Lord Castleton!" exclaimed Fanny, lifting up the face she had buried in her hands.

Vivian recoiled in dismay, and gnashed his teeth.

"Sir," said the marquis, "I await your reply; for not even you, in my presence, shall imply that one reproach can be attached to the name of that lady."

"Oh, moderate your tone to me, my Lord Castleton!" cried Vivian: "in you at least there is one man I am not forbidden to brave and defy. It was to save that lady from the cold ambition of her parents — it was to prevent the sacrifice of her youth and beauty, to one whose sole merits are his wealth and his titles — it was this that impelled me to the

crime I have committed, this that hurried me on to risk all fo one hour, when you'll at least could plead its cause to youth and this gives me now the power to say that it does rest wit me to protect the name of the lady, whom your very servilit to that world which you have made your idol forbids you t claim from the heartless ambition that would sacrifice th daughter to the vanity of the parents. Ha! the future Mar chioness of Castleton on her way to Scotland with a pennyles adventurer! Ha! if my lips are sealed, who but I can see the lips of those below in my secret? The secret shall b kept, but on this condition — you shall not triumph where have failed; I may lose what I adored, but I do not resign to another. Ha! have I foiled you, my Lord Castleton? — ha, ha!"

"No, Sir; and I almost forgive you the villany you hav *not* effected, for informing me, for the first time, that, had presumed to address Miss Trevanion, her parents at lea would have pardoned the presumption. Trouble not yourse as to what your accomplices may say. They have alread confessed their infamy and your own. Out of my patl Sir!"

Then, with the benign look of a father, and the loft grace of a prince, Lord Castleton advanced to Fanny Looking round with a shudder, she hastily placed her han in his, and, by so doing, perhaps prevented some violenc on the part of Vivian, whose heaving breast, and eye bloo shot, and still unquailing, showed how little even shame ha subdued his fiercer passions. But he made no offer to detai them, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his lips. Now, a Fanny moved to the door, she passed Roland, who stoo motionless and with vacant looks, like an image of stone; an with a beautiful tenderness, for which, (even at this distan date, recalling it,) I say, "God requite thee, Fanny," sh

laid her other hand on Roland's arm, and said, "Come too; *your* arm still!"

But Roland's limbs trembled, and refused to stir; his head, relaxing, drooped on his breast, his eyes closed. Even Lord Castleton was so struck (though unable to guess the true and terrible cause of his dejection) that he forgot his desire to hasten from the spot, and cried with all his kindliness of heart, "You are ill — you faint; give him your arm, Pisistratus."

"It is nothing," said Roland feebly, as he leant heavily on my arm, while I turned back my head with all the bitterness of that reproach which filled my heart, speaking in the eyes that sought *him* whose place should have been where mine now was. And, oh! — thank heaven, thank heaven! — the look was not in vain. In the same moment the son was at the father's knees.

"Oh, pardon — pardon! Wretch, lost wretch though I be, I bow my head to the curse. Let it fall — but on me, and on me only — not on your own heart too."

Fanny burst into tears, sobbing out, "Forgive him, as I do."

Roland did not heed her.

"He thinks that the heart was not shattered before the curse could come," he said, in a voice so weak as to be scarcely audible. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, his lips moved as if he prayed inly. Pausing, he stretched his hands over his son's head, and averting his face, said, "I revoke the curse. Pray to thy God for pardon."

Perhaps not daring to trust himself farther, he then made a violent effort, and hurried from the room.

We followed silently. When we gained the end of the passage, the door of the room we had left, closed with a sullen jar.

As the sound smote on my ear, with it came so terrible a

sense of the solitude upon which that door had closed — so keen and quick an apprehension of some fearful impulse, suggested by passions so fierce, to a condition so forlorn — that instinctively I stopped, and then hurried back to the chamber. The lock of the door having been previously forced, there was no barrier to oppose my entrance. I advanced, and beheld a spectacle of such agony, as can only be conceived by those who have looked on the grief which takes no fortitude from reason, no consolation from conscience — the grief which tells us what would be the earth were man abandoned to his passions, and the CHANCE of the atheist reigned alone in the merciless heavens. Pride humbled to the dust; ambition shivered into fragments; love, (or the passion mistaken for it,) blasted into ashes; life, at the first onset, bereaved of its holiest ties, forsaken by its truest guide; shame that writhed for revenge, and remorse that knew not prayer — all, all blended, yet distinct, were in that awful spectacle of the guilty son.

And I had told but twenty years, and my heart had been mellowed in the tender sunshine of a happy home, and I had loved this boy as a stranger, and, lo — he was Roland's son! I forgot all else, looking upon that anguish; and I threw myself on the ground by the form that writhed there, and, folding my arms round the breast which in vain repelled me, I whispered, "Comfort — comfort — life is long. You shall redeem the past, you shall efface the stain, and your father shall bless you yet!"

CHAPTER II.

I COULD not stay long with my unhappy cousin, but still I staid long enough to make me think it probable that Lord Castleton's carriage would have left the inn: and when, as I passed the hall, I saw it standing before the open door, I was seized with fear for Roland; his emotions might have ended in some physical attack. Nor were those fears without foundation. I found Fanny kneeling beside the old soldier in the parlour where we had seen the two women, and bathing his temples, while Lord Castleton was binding his arm; and the marquis's favourite valet, who, amongst his other gifts, was something of a surgeon, was wiping the blade of the penknife that had served instead of a lancet. Lord Castleton nodded to me, "Don't be uneasy — a little fainting fit — we have bled him. He is safe now — see, he is recovering."

Roland's eyes, as they opened, turned to me with an anxious, inquiring look. I smiled upon him as I kissed his forehead, and could, with a safe conscience, whisper words which neither father nor Christian could refuse to receive as comfort.

In a few minutes more we had left the house. As Lord Castleton's carriage only held two, the marquis, having assisted Miss Trevanion and Roland to enter, quietly mounted the seat behind, and made a sign to me to come by his side, for there was room for both. (His servant had taken one of the horses that had brought thither Roland and myself, and already gone on before.) No conversation took place between us then. Lord Castleton seemed profoundly affected, and I had no words at my command.

When we reached the inn at which Lord Castleton had changed horses, about six miles distant, the marquis insisted

on Fanny's taking some rest for a few hours, for in
was thoroughly worn out.

I attended my uncle to his room, but he only ansv
assurances of his son's repentance with a pressure of t
and then, gliding from me, went into the farthest :
the room, and there knelt down. When he rose,
passive and tractable as a child. He suffered me to s
to undress; and when he had lain down on the bed, I
his face quietly from the light, and, after a few hea
sleep seemed mercifully to steal upon him. I listen
breathing till it grew low and regular, and then desc
the sitting-room in which I had left Lord Castleton, f
asked me in a whisper to seek him there.

I found the marquis seated by the fire, in a thoug
dejected attitude.

"I am glad you are come," said he, making roo
on the hearth, "for I assure you I have not felt so mo
many years; we have much to explain to each other.
begin: they say the sound of the bell dissipates the
cloud. And there is nothing like the voice of a frank
nature to dispel all the clouds that come upon us
think of our own faults and the villany of others.
you a thousand pardons — that young man, your rel
your brave uncle's son! Is it possible!"

My explanations to Lord Castleton were necessa
and imperfect. The separation between Roland an
my ignorance of its cause, my belief in the death of t
my chance acquaintance with the supposed Vivian; th
I took in him; the relief it was to the fears for his
which he inspired me, to think he had returned to th
ascribed to him; and the circumstances which had inc
suspicions, justified by the result — all this was soo
over.

"But, I beg your pardon," said the marquis, interrupting me, "did you, in your friendship for one so unlike you, even by your own partial account, never suspect that you had stumbled upon your lost cousin?"

"Such an idea never could have crossed me?"

And here I must observe, that though the reader, at the first introduction of Vivian, would divine the secret, — the penetration of a reader is wholly different from that of the actor in events. That I had chanced on one of those curious coincidences in the romance of real life, which a reader looks out for and expects in following the course of narrative, was a supposition forbidden to me by a variety of causes. There was not the least family resemblance between Vivian or any of his relations; and, somehow or other, in Roland's son I had pictured to myself a form and a character wholly different from Vivian's. To me it would have seemed impossible that my cousin could have been so little curious to hear any of our joint family affairs; been so unheedful, or even weary, if I spoke of Roland — never, by a word or tone, have betrayed a sympathy with his kindred. And my other conjecture was so probable! — son of the Colonel Vivian whose name he bore. And that letter, with the post-mark of 'Godalming!' and my belief, too, in my cousin's death; even now I am not surprised that the idea never occurred to me.

I paused from enumerating these excuses for my dulness, angry with myself, for I noticed that Lord Castleton's fair brow darkened; — and he exclaimed, "What deceit he must have gone through before he could become such a master in the art!"

"That is true, and I cannot deny it," said I. "But his punishment now is awful; let us hope that repentance may follow the chastisement. And, though certainly it must have been his own fault that drove him from his father's home and

guidance, yet, so driven, let us make some allowance for the influence of evil companionship on one so young; for the suspicions that the knowledge of evil produces, and turns into a kind of false knowledge of the world. And in this last and worst of all his actions —"

"Ah, how justify that!"

"Justify it! — good heavens! justify it! — no. I only say this, strange as it may seem, that I believe his affection for Miss Trevanion was for herself: so he says, from the depth of an anguish in which the most insincere of men would cease to feign. But no more of this, — she is saved, thank Heaven!"

"And you believe," said Lord Castleton musingly, "that he spoke the truth, when he thought that I —" The marquis stopped, coloured slightly, and then went on. "But no; Lady Ellinor and Trevanion, whatever might have been in their thoughts, would never have so forgot their dignity as to take him, a youth — almost a stranger — nay, take any one into their confidence on such a subject."

"It was but by broken gasps, incoherent, disconnected words, that Vivian, — I mean my cousin, — gave me any explanation of this. But Lady N—, at whose house he was staying, appears to have entertained such a notion, or at least led my cousin to think so."

"Ah! that is possible," said Lord Castleton, with a look of relief. "Lady N— and I were boy and girl together; we correspond; she has written to me suggesting that — Ah! I see, — an indiscreet woman. Hum! this comes of lady correspondents!"

Lord Castleton had recourse to the Beaudesert mixture; and then, as if eager to change the subject, began his own explanation. On receiving my letter, he saw even more cause to suspect a snare than I had done, for he had that morning

received a letter from Trevanion, not mentioning a word about his illness; and on turning to the newspaper, and seeing a paragraph headed, "Sudden and alarming illness of Mr. Trevanion," the marquis had suspected some party manœuvre or unfeeling hoax, since the mail that had brought the letter would have travelled as quickly as any messenger who had given the information to the newspaper. He had, however, immediately sent down to the office of the journal to inquire on what authority the paragraph had been inserted, while he despatched another messenger to St. James's Square. The reply from the office was, that the message had been brought by a servant in Mr. Trevanion's livery, but was not admitted as news until it had been ascertained by inquiries at the minister's house that Lady Ellinor had received the same intelligence, and actually left town in consequence.

"I was extremely sorry for poor Lady Ellinor's uneasiness," said Lord Castleton, "and extremely puzzled, but I still thought there could be no real ground for alarm when your letter reached me. And when you there stated your conviction that Mr. Gower was mixed up in this fable, and that it concealed some snare upon Fanny, I saw the thing at a glance. The road to Lord N—'s, till within the last stage or two, would be the road to Scotland. And a hardy and unscrupulous adventurer, with the assistance of Miss Trevanion's servants, might thus entrap her to Scotland itself, and there work on her fears; or, if he had hope in her affections, to her consent to a Scotch marriage. You may be sure, therefore, that I was on the road as soon as possible. But as your messenger came all the way from the city, and not so quick perhaps as he might have come; and then as there was the carriage to see to, and the horses to send for, I found myself more than an hour and a half behind you. Fortunately, however, I made good ground, and should probably have over-

taken you half-way, but that, on passing between a ditch and waggon, the carriage was upset, and that somewhat delayed me. On arriving at the town where the road branched off to Lord N—'s, I was rejoiced to learn you had taken what I was sure would prove the right direction, and finally I gained the clue to that villanous inn by the report of the postboys who had taken Miss Trevanion's carriage there, and met you on the road. On reaching the inn, I found two fellows conferring outside the door. They sprang in as we drove up, but not before my servant Summers — a quick fellow, you know, who has travelled with me from Norway to Nubia — had quitted his seat, and got into the house; into which I followed him with a step, you dog, as active as your own! Egad! I was twenty-one then! Two fellows had already knocked down poor Summers, and showed plenty of fight. Do you know," said the marquis, interrupting himself with an air of serio-comic humiliation — "do you know that I actually — no, you never will believe it — mind 't is a secret — actually broke my cane over one fellow's shoulders? — look!" (and the marquis held up the fragment of the lamented weapon.) And I half suspect, but I can't say positively, that I had even the necessity to demean myself by a blow with the naked hand — clenched too! — quite Eton again — upon my honour it was. Ha, ha!"

And the marquis, whose magnificent proportions, in the full vigour of man's strongest, if not his most combative, age, would have made him a formidable antagonist, even to a couple of prize-fighters, supposing he had retained a little of Eton skill in such encounters — laughed with the glee of a school-boy, whether at the thought of his prowess, or his sense of the contrast between so rude a recourse to primitive warfare, and his own indolent habits, and almost feminine good temper. Composing himself, however, with the quick

lection how little I could share his hilarity, he resumed
ly, "It took us some time — I don't say to defeat our
but to bind them, which I thought a necessary precau-
— one fellow, Trevanion's servant, all the while stunning
rith quotations from Shakespeare. I then gently laid
of a gown, the bearer of which had been long trying to
ch me; but being luckily a small woman, had not suc-
ed in reaching to my eyes. But the gown escaped, and
:red off to the kitchen. I followed, and there I found
Trevanion's Jezebel of a maid. She was terribly frighten-
and affected to be extremely penitent. I own to you
I don't care what a man says in the way of slander, but a
an's tongue against another woman — especially if that
ue be in the mouth of a lady's lady — I think it always
h silencing; I therefore consented to pardon this woman
:ondition she would find her way here before morning.
:andal shall come from her. Thus you see some minutes
sed before I joined you; but I minded that the less, as I
'd you and the Captain were already in the room with Miss
vanion, and not, alas! dreaming of your connexion with
culprit, I was wondering what could have delayed you so
;, — afraid, I own it, to find that Miss Trevanion's heart
ht have been seduced by that — hem — hem! — handsome
oung — hem — hem! — There 's no fear of that?" added
d Castleton, anxiously, as he bent his bright eyes upon
e.

I felt myself colour as I answered firmly, "It is just to Miss
vanion to add that the unhappy man owned, in her pre-
:e and in mine, that he had never had the slightest en-
ragement for his attempt— never one cause to believe that
approved the affection, which I try to think blinded and
ldened himself."

"I believe you; for I think" — Lord Castleton paused

uneasily, again looked at me, rose, and walked about the room with evident agitation; then, as if he had come to some resolution, he returned to the hearth and stood facing me.

"My dear young friend," said he, with his irresistible kindly frankness, "this is an occasion that excuses all things between us, even my impertinence. Your conduct from first to last has been such, that I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that I had a daughter to offer you, and that you felt for her as I believe you feel for Miss Trevanion. These are not mere words; do not look down as if ashamed. All the marquisates in the world would never give me the pride I should feel, if I could see in my life one steady self-sacrifice to duty and honour, equal to that which I have witnessed in you."

"Oh, my lord! my lord!"

"Hear me out. That you love Fanny Trevanion I know; that she may have innocently, timidly, half unconsciously, returned that affection, I think probable. But —"

"I know what you would say; spare me — I know it all."

"No! it is a thing impossible; and, if Lady Ellinor could consent, there would be such a life-long regret on her part, such a weight of obligation on yours, that — no, I repeat, it is impossible! But let us both think of this poor girl. I know her better than you can — have known her from a child; know all her virtues — they are charming; all her faults — they expose her to danger. These parents of hers — with their genius, and ambition — may do very well to rule England, and influence the world; but to guide the fate of that child — no!" Lord Castleton stopped, for he was affected. I felt my old jealousy return, but it was no longer bitter.

"I say nothing," continued the marquis, "of this position, in which, without fault of hers, Miss Trevanion is placed: Lady Ellinor's knowledge of the world, and woman's wit, will see how all that can be best put right. Still it is awkward,

nd demands much consideration. But, putting this aside ltogether, if you do firmly believe that Miss Trevanion is lost o you, can you bear to think that she is to be flung as a mere ipher into the account of the worldly greatness of an aspiring olitician — married to some minister, too busy to watch over ier; or some duke, who looks to pay off his mortgages with ier fortune — minister or duke only regarded as a prop to Trevanion's power against a counter cabal, or as giving his ection a preponderance in the Cabinet? Be assured such is ier most likely destiny, or rather the beginning of a destiny et more mournful. Now, I tell you this, that he who marries Fanny Trevanion should have little other object, for the first ew years of marriage, than to correct her failings and develop ier virtues. Believe one who, alas! has too dearly bought is knowledge of women — hers is a character to be formed. Well, then, if this prize be lost to you, would it be an irre- parable grief to your generous affection to think that it has fallen to the lot of one who at least knows his responsibilities, and who will redeem his own life, hitherto wasted, by the steadfast endeavour to fulfil them? Can you take this hand still, and press it, even though it be a rival's?"

"My lord! This from you to me, is an honour that —"

"You will not take my hand? Then believe me, it is not I that will give that grief to your heart."

Touched, penetrated, melted by this generosity in a man of such lofty claims, to one of my age and fortunes, I pressed that noble hand, half raising it to my lips — an action of respect that would have misbecome neither; but he gently withdrew the hand, in the instinct of his natural modesty. I had then no heart to speak further on such a subject, but, faltering out that I would go and see my uncle, I took up the light, and ascended the stairs. I crept noiselessly into Roland's room, and shading the light, saw that, though he slept,

his face was very troubled. And then I thought, "Wha my young griefs to his?" and — sitting beside the bed, muned with my own heart and was still!

CHAPTER III.

At sunrise, I went down into the sitting-room, havi solved to write to my father to join us; for I felt how Roland needed his comfort and his counsel, and it w great distance from the old Tower. I was surprised t Lord Castleton still seated by the fire; he had evidentl gone to bed.

"That 's right," said he; "we must encourage each to recruit nature," and he pointed to the breakfast thir the table.

I had scarcely tasted food for many hours, but I wa aware of my own hunger by a sensation of faintness. unconsciously, and was almost ashamed to feel how mu food restored me.

"I suppose," said I, "that you will soon set off to N.'s?"

"Nay, did I not tell you, that I have sent Summe press, with a note to Lady Ellinor, begging her to come I did not see, on reflection, how I could decorously a pany Miss Trevanion alone, without even a female serva a house full of gossiping guests. And even had your been well enough to go with us, his presence would bu created an additional cause for wonder; so as soon arrived, and while you went up with the Captain, I my letter and despatched my man. I expect Lady Ellin be here before nine o' clock. Meanwhile, I have al seen that infamous waiting-woman, and taken care to p

my danger from her garrulity. And you will be pleased to hear that I have hit upon a mode of satisfying the curiosity of our friend Mrs. Grundy — that is, 'The World' — without injury to any one. We must suppose that that footman of Trevanion's was out of his mind — it is but a charitable, and your good father would say, a philosophical supposition. All great knavery is madness! The world could not get on if truth and goodness were not the natural tendencies of sane minds. Do you understand?"

"Not quite."

"Why, the footman, being out of his mind, invented this mad story of Trevanion's illness, frightened Lady Ellinor and Miss Trevanion out of their wits with his own chimera, and hurried them both off, one after the other. I having heard from Trevanion, and knowing he could not have been ill when the servant left him, set off, as was natural in so old a friend of the family, saved her from the freaks of a maniac, who, getting more and more flighty, was beginning to play the Jack o' Lantern, and leading her, Heaven knows where! over the country; — and then wrote to Lady Ellinor to come to her. It is but a hearty laugh at our expense, and Mrs. Grundy is content. If you don't want her to pity, or backbite, let her laugh. She is a she Cerberus — she wants to eat you: well — stop her mouth with a cake."

"Yes," continued this better sort of Aristippus, so wise under all his seeming levities; "the cue thus given, everything favours it. If that rogue of a lackey quoted Shakespeare as much in the servant's hall as he did while I was binding him neck and heels in the kitchen, that 's enough for all the household to declare he was moon-stricken; and if we find it necessary to do anything more, why, we must get him to go into Bedlam for a month or two. The disappearance of the waiting-woman is natural; either I or Lady Ellinor send her

about her business for her folly in being so
lunatic. If that 's unjust, why, injustice to s
mon enough — public and private. Neither
lackey can be forgiven, if he help us into a scra
vent one's passion on something. Witness n
though, indeed, a better illustration would be
Louis XIV. broke on a footman, because his n
of humour with a prince whose shoulders were
royal indignation.

"So you see," concluded Lord Castleton
voice, "that your uncle, amongst all his other
row, may think at least that his name is spare
And the young man himself may find reform eas
from that despair of the possibility of redemptic
Grundy inflicts upon those who — Courage,
long!"

"My very words!" I cried; "and so rep
Lord Castleton, they seem prophetic."

"Take my advice, and don't lose sight o
while his pride is yet humbled, and his heart per
I don't say this only for his sake. No, it is yo
think of: noble old fellow. And now, I think
Lady Ellinor the respect of repairing, as wel
havoc three sleepless nights have made on the
gentleman who is on the shady side of remorsele

Lord Castleton here left me, and I wrote
begging him to meet us at the next stage, (whicl
est point from the high road to the Tower,) an
letter by a messenger on horseback. That tasl
my head upon my hand, and a profound sadne
me, despite all my efforts to face the future, an
the duties of life — not its sorrows.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE nine o'clock, Lady Ellinor arrived, and went straight into Miss Trevanion's room. I took refuge in my uncle's. Roland was awake and calm, but so feeble that he made no effort to rise; and it was his calm, indeed, that alarmed me the most — it was like the calm of nature thoroughly exhausted. He obeyed me mechanically, as a patient takes from your hand the draught, of which he is almost unconscious, when I pressed him to take food. He smiled on me faintly when I spoke to him; but made me a sign that seemed to implore silence. Then he turned his face from me, and buried it in the pillow; and I thought that he slept again, when, raising himself a little, and feeling for my hand, he said in a scarcely audible voice, —

"Where is he?"

"Would you see him, Sir?"

"No, no; that would kill me — and then — what would become of him?"

"He has promised me an interview, and in that interview I feel assured he will obey your wishes, whatever they are."

Roland made no answer.

"Lord Castleton has arranged all, so that his name and madness (thus let us call it) will never be known."

"Pride, pride! pride still!" — murmured the old soldier. "The name, the name — well, that is much; but the living soul! — I wish Austin were here."

"I have sent for him, Sir."

Roland pressed my hand, and was again silent. Then he began to mutter, as I thought, incoherently, about "the Peninsula and obeying orders; and how some officer woke Lord

Wellesley at night, and said that something or other (I
not catch what — the phrase was technical and military)
impossible; and how Lord Wellesley asked 'Where'
order-book?' and looking into the order-book, said, 'N
all impossible, for it is in the order-book;' and so
Wellesley turned round and went to sleep again." '
suddenly Roland half rose, and said in a voice clear and
"But Lord Wellesley, though a great captain, was a fa
man, Sir, and the order-book was his own mortal handiv
— Get me the Bible!"

Oh Roland, Roland! and I had feared that thy minc
wandering!

So I went down and borrowed a Bible in large charac
and placed it on the bed before him, opening the shutters
letting in God's day upon God's word.

I had just done this, when there was a slight knock a
door. I opened it, and Lord Castleton stood without.
asked me, in a whisper, if he might see my uncle. I drew
in gently, and pointed to the soldier of life, "learning
was not impossible," from the unerring Order-Book.

Lord Castleton gazed with a changing countenance,
without disturbing my uncle, stole back. I followed him
gently closed the door.

"You must save his son," he said in a faltering voi
"you must; and tell me how to help you. That sight! -
sermon ever touched me more. Now come down, and re
Lady Ellinor's thanks. We are going. She wants me t
my own tale to my old friend, Mrs. Grundy: so I go with t
Come."

On entering the sitting-room, Lady Ellinor came up
fairly embraced me. I need not repeat her thanks, stil
the praises, which fell cold and hollow on my ear. My
rested on Fanny where she stood apart — her eyes, h

with fresh tears, bent on the ground. And the sense of all her charms — the memory of the tender, exquisite kindness she had shown to the stricken father; the generous pardon she had extended to the criminal son; the looks she had bent upon me on that memorable night — looks that had spoken such trust in my presence — the moment in which she had clung to me for protection, and her breath been warm upon my cheek, — all these rushed over me; and I felt that the struggle of months was undone — that I had never loved her as I loved her then — when I saw her but to lose her evermore! And then there came for the first, and, I now rejoice to think, for the only time, a bitter, ungrateful accusation against the cruelty of fortune and the disparities of life. What was it that set our two hearts eternally apart, and made hope impossible? Not nature, but the fortune that gives a second nature to the world. Ah, could I then think that it is in that second nature that the soul is ordained to seek its trials, and that the elements of human virtue find their harmonious place! What I answered I know not. Neither know I how long I stood there listening to sounds which seemed to have no meaning, till there came other sounds which indeed woke my sense, and made my blood run cold to hear, — the tramp of the horses, the grating of the wheels, the voice at the door that said "All was ready."

Then Fanny lifted hes eyes, and they met mine; and then involuntarily and hastily she moved a few steps towards me, and I clasped my right hand to my heart, as if to still its beating and remained still. Lord Castleton had watched us both. I felt that watch was upon us, though I had till then shunned his looks: now, as I turned my eyes from Eanny's, that look came full upon me — soft, compassionate, benignant. Suddenly, and with an unutterable expression of nobleness, the marquis turned to Lady Ellinor, and said — "Pardon me for telling you an old story. A friend of mine — a man of my own years —

had the temerity to hope that he might one day or other win the affections of a lady young enough to be his daughter, and whom circumstances and his own heart led him to prefer from all her sex. My friend had many rivals; and you will not wonder — for you have seen the lady. Among them was a young gentleman, who for months had been an inmate of the same house — (Hush, Lady Ellinor! you will hear me out; the interest of my story is to come) — who respected the sanctity of the house he had entered, and left it when he felt he loved — for he was poor, and the lady rich. Some time after, this gentleman saved the lady from a great danger, and was then on the eve of leaving England — (Hush! again — hush!) My friend was present when these two young persons met, before the probable absence of many years, and so was the mother of the lady to whose hand he still hoped one day to aspire. He saw that his young rival wished to say, 'Farewell!' and without a witness: that farewell was all that his honour and his reason could suffer him to say. My friend saw that the lady felt the natural gratitude for a great service, and the natural pity for a generous and unfortunate affection; for so, Lady Ellinor, he only interpreted the sob that reached his ear! What think you my friend did? Your high mind at once conjectures. He said to himself — 'If I am ever to be blest with the heart which, in spite of disparity of years, I yet hope to win, let me show how entire is the trust that I place in its integrity and innocence: let the romance of first youth be closed — the farewell of pure hearts be spoken — unimbittered by the idle jealousies of one mean suspicion,' With that thought, which *you*, Lady Ellinor, will never stoop to blame, he placed his hand on that of the noble mother, drew her gently towards the door, and, calmly confident of the result, left these two young natures to the unwitnessed impulse of maiden honour and manly duty."

All this was said and done with a grace and earnestness that thrilled the listeners: word and action suited each to each with so inimitable a harmony, that the spell was not broken till the voice ceased and the door closed.

That mournful bliss for which I had so pined was vouchsafed: I was alone with her to whom, indeed, houour and reason forbade me to say more than the last farewell.

It was some time before we recovered — before we *felt* that we were alone.

O, ye moments, that I can now recall with so little sadness in the mellow and sweet remembrance, rest ever holy and undisclosed in the solemn recesses of the heart. Yes! — whatever confession of weakness was interchanged, we were not unworthy of the trust that permitted the mournful consolation of the parting. No trite love-tale — with vows not to be fulfilled, and hopes that the future must belie — mocked the realities of the life that lay before us. Yet on the confines of the dream we saw the day rising cold upon the world: and if — children as we well-nigh were — we shrunk somewhat from the light, we did not blaspheme the sun, and cry "There is darkness in the dawn!"

All that we attempted was to comfort and strengthen each other for that which must be: not seeking to conceal the grief we felt, but promising, with simple faith, to struggle against the grief. If vow were pledged between us — *that* was the vow — each for the other's sake would strive to enjoy the blessings Heaven left us still. Well may I say that we were children! I know not, in the broken words that passed between us, in the sorrowful hearts which those words revealed — I know not if there were that which they who own, in human passion, but the storm and the whirlwind, would call the love of maturer years — the love that gives fire to the song, and tragedy to the stage; but I know that there was

neither a word nor a thought which made the sorrow of the children a rebellion to the heavenly Father.

And again the door unclosed, and Fanny walked with a firm step to her mother's side, and, pausing there, extended her hand to me, and said, as I bent over it, "Heaven WILL be with you!"

A word from Lady Ellinor; a frank smile from him — the rival; one last, last glance from the soft eyes of Fanny, and then Solitude rushed upon me — rushed, as something visible, palpable, overpowering. I felt it in the glare of the sunbeam — I heard it in the breath of the air: like a ghost it rose there — where *she* had filled the space with her presence but a moment before? A something seemed gone from the universe for ever; a change like that of death passed through my being; and when I woke to feel that my being lived again, I knew that it was my youth and its poet-land that were no more, and that I had passed with an unconscious step, which never could retrace its way, into the hard world of laborious man!

PART XVI.

CHAPTER I.

"PLEASE, Sir, be this note for you?" asked the waiter.

"For me — yes; it is my name."

I did not recognise the handwriting, and yet the note was from one whose writing I had often seen. But formerly the writing was cramped, stiff, perpendicular, (a feigned hand, though I guessed not it was feigned;) now it was hasty, irregular, impatient — scarce a letter formed, scarce a word that seemed finished — and yet strangely legible withal, as the handwriting of a bold man almost always is. I opened the note listlessly, and read —

"I have watched for you all the morning. I saw her go. Well! — I did not throw myself under the hoofs of the horses. I write this in a public-house, not far. Will you follow the bearer, and see once again the outcast whom all the rest of the world will shun?"

Though I did not recognise the hand, there could be no doubt who was the writer.

"The boy wants to know if there 's an answer," said the waiter.

I nodded, took up my hat, and left the room. A ragged boy was standing in the yard, and scarcely six words passed between us, before I was following him through a narrow lane that faced the inn, and terminated in a turnstile. Here the boy paused, and, making me a sign to go on, went back his way whistling. I passed the turnstile, and found myself in a

green field, with a row of stunted willows hanging over narrow rill. I looked round, and saw Vivian (as I intend st to call him) half kneeling, and seemingly intent upon sor object in the grass.

My eye followed his mechanically. A young unfledg bird, that had left the nest too soon, stood, all still and alor on the bare short sward — its beak open as for food, its ga fixed on us with a wistful stare. Methought there was son thing in the forlorn bird that softened me more to the f lorner youth, of whom it seemed a type.

"Now," said Vivian, speaking half to himself, half me, "did the bird fall from the nest, or leave the nest at own wild whim? The parent does not protect it. Mir I say not it is the parent's fault — perhaps the fault is all w the wanderer. But, look you, though the parent is not he the foe is! — yonder, see!"

And the young man pointed to a large brindled cat, th kept back from its prey by our unwelcome neighbourho still remained watchful, a few paces off, stirring its tail ge backwards and forwards, and with that stealthy look i round eyes, dulled by the sun — half fierce, half fright — which belongs to its tribe, when man comes betwee devourer and the victim.

"I do see," said I, "but a passing footstep has sav bird!"

"Stop!" said Vivian, laying my hand on his own with his old bitter smile on his lip — "stop! do you t mercy to save the bird? What from? and what for? a natural enemy — from a short pang and a quick Fie! — is not that better than slow starvation? or take more heed of it, than the prison-bars of a cag cannot restore the nest, you cannot recall the par wiser in your mercy: leave the bird to its gentlest fa

I looked hard on Vivian; the lip had lost the bitter smile. He rose and turned away. I sought to take up the poor bird, but it did not know its friends, and ran from me, chirping piteously — ran towards the very jaws of the grim enemy. I was only just in time to scare away the beast, which sprang up a tree, and glared down through the hanging boughs. Then I followed the bird, and, as I followed, I heard, not knowing at first whence the sound came, a short, quick, tremulous note. Was it near? was it far? — from the earth? in the sky? — Poor parent-bird! like parent-love, it seemed now far and now near; now on earth, now in sky!

And at last, quick and sudden, as if born of the space, lo! the little wings hovered over me!

The young bird halted, and I also. "Come," said I, "ye have found each other at last, settle it between you!"

I went back to the outcast.

CHAPTER II.

PISISTRATUS. — How came you to know we had stayed in the town?

VIVIAN. — Do you think I could remain where you left me? I wandered out — wandered hither. Passing at dawn through yon streets, I saw the ostlers loitering by the gates of the yard, overheard them talk, and so knew you were all at the inn — all! (*He sighed heavily.*)

PISISTRATUS. — Your poor father is very ill! O cousin, how could you fling from you so much love!

VIVIAN. — Love! — his! — my father's!

PISISTRATUS. — Do you really not believe, then, that your father loved you?

VIVIAN. — If I had believed it, I had never left him! All

the gold of the Indies had never bribed me to leave mother!

PISISTRATUS. — This is indeed a strange misconceptic yours. If we can remove it, all may be well yet. Need t now be any secrets between us? (*persuasively.*) Sit d and tell me all, cousin.

After some hesitation, Vivian complied; and by the cl ing of his brow, and the very tone of his voice, I felt sure he was no longer seeking to disguise the truth. But, afterwards learned the father's tale as well as now the s so, instead of repeating Vivian's words, which — no design, but by the twist of a mind habitually wrong — torted the facts, I will state what appears to me the real as between the parties so unhappily opposed. Reader, don me if the recital be tedious. And if thou thinkest I bear not hard enough on the erring hero of the story, member that he who recites judges as Austin's son must ju of Roland's.

CHAPTER III.

VIVIAN.

At the entrance of life sits — the mother.

IT was during the war in Spain that a severe wound, the fever which ensued, detained Roland at the house Spanish widow. His hostess had once been rich; but fortune had been ruined in the general calamities of country. She had an only daughter, who assisted to n and tend the wounded Englishman; and when the time proached for Roland's departure, the frank grief of young Ramouna betrayed the impression that the guest

on her affections. Much of gratitude, and something, be, of an exquisite sense of honour, aided, in Roreast, the charm naturally produced by the beauty of g nurse, and the knightly compassion he felt for her ɔrtunes and desolate condition.

ne of those hasty impulses common to a generous – and which too often fatally vindicate the rank of ɔe amidst the tutelary Powers of Life — Roland comhe error of marriage with a girl of whose connexions v nothing, and of whose nature little more than its ɔontaneous susceptibility. In a few days subsequent rash nuptials, Roland rejoined the march of the army; ı he able to return to Spain till after the crowning of Waterloo.

ned by the loss of a limb, and with the scars of many wound still fresh, Roland then hastened to a home the of which had soothed the bed of pain, and now rethe earlier visions of renown. During his absence a been born to him — a son whom he might rear to take ɔe he had left in his country's service; to renew, in ture fields, a career that had failed the romance of his tique and chivalrous ambition. As soon as that news ıched him, his care had been to provide an English or the infant — so that, with the first sounds of the 's endearments, the child might yet hear a voice from her's land. A female relation of Bolt's had settled n, and was induced to undertake this duty. Natural ıppointment was to a man so devotedly English, it dis- his wild and passionate Ramouna. She had that moealousy, strongest in minds uneducated; she had also culiar pride which belongs to her country-people, of rank and condition; the jealousy and the pride were

both wounded by the sight of the English nurse at the child cradle.

That Roland, on regaining his Spanish hearth, should l disappointed in his expectations of the happiness awaitin him there, was the inevitable condition of such a marriag since, not the less for his military bluntness, Roland had th refinement of feeling, perhaps over-fastidious, which belong to all natures essentially poetic: and as the first illusions love died away, there could have been little indeed congeni to his stately temper in one divided from him by an utt absence of education, and by the strong but nameless di tinctions of national views and manners. The disappoin ment probably, however, went deeper than that which usuall attends an ill-assorted union; for, instead of bringing h wife to his old tower, (an expatriation which she would doub less have resisted to the utmost,) he accepted, maimed as h was, not very long after his return to Spain, the offer of military post under Ferdinand. The Cavalier doctrines an intense loyalty of Roland attached him, without reflectio to the service of a throne which the English arms had con tributed to establish; while the extreme unpopularity of th Constitutional Party in Spain, and the stigma of irreligio fixed to it by the priests, aided to foster Roland's belief tha he was supporting a beloved king against the professors c those revolutionary and Jacobinical doctrines, which to hi were the very atheism of politics. The experience of a fe years in the service of a bigot so contemptible as Ferdinand whose highest object of patriotism was the restoration of th Inquisition, added another disappointment to those whic had already embittered the life of a man who had seen in th grand hero of Cervantes no follies to satirise, but high virtue to imitate. Poor Quixote himself — he came mournfull back to his La Mancha, with no other reward for his knight

errantry than a decoration which he disdained to place beside his simple Waterloo medal, and a grade for which he would have blushed to resign his more modest, but more honourable English dignity.

But, still weaving hopes, the sanguine man returned to his Penates. His child now had grown from infancy into boyhood — the child would pass naturally into his care. Delightful occupation! — At the thought, Home smiled again.

Now, behold the most pernicious circumstance in this ill-omened connexion.

The father of Ramouna had been one of that strange and mysterious race which presents in Spain so many features distinct from the characteristics of its kindred tribes in more civilised lands. The Gitáno, or gipsy of Spain, is not the mere vagrant we see on our commons and roadsides. Retaining, indeed, much of his lawless principles and predatory inclinations, he lives often in towns, exercises various callings, and not unfrequently becomes rich. A wealthy Gitáno had married a Spanish woman;* Roland's wife had been the offspring of this marriage. The Gitáno had died while Ramouna was yet extremely young, and her childhood had been free from the influences of her paternal kindred. But, though her mother, retaining her own religion, had brought up Ramouna in the same faith, pure from the godless creed of the Gitáno — and, at her husband's death, had separated herself wholly from his tribe — still she had lost caste with her own kin and people. And while struggling to regain it, the fortune, which made her sole chance of success in that attempt, was swept away, so that she had remained apart and solitary, and could bring no friends to cheer the solitude of

* A Spaniard very rarely indeed marries a Gitána or female gipsy. But occasionally (observes Mr. Borrow) a wealthy Gitáno marries a Spanish female.

Ramouna during Roland's absence. But, while my uncle was still in the service of Ferdinand, the widow died; and then the only relatives who came round Ramouna were her father's kindred. They had not ventured to claim affinity while her mother lived; and they did so now, by attentions and caresses to her son. This opened to them at once Ramouna's heart and doors. Meanwhile, the English nurse — who, in spite of all that could render her abode odious to her, had, from strong love to her charge, stoutly maintained her post — died, a few weeks after Ramouna's mother, and no healthful influence remained to counteract those baneful ones to which the heir of the honest old Caxtons was subjected. But Roland returned home in a humour to be pleased with all things. Joyously he clasped his wife to his breast, and thought, with self-reproach, that he had forborne too little, and exacted too much — he would be wiser now. Delightedly he acknowledged the beauty, the intelligence, and manly bearing of the boy, who played with his sword-knot, and ran off with his pistols as a prize.

The news of the Englishman's arrival at first kept the lawless kinsfolk from the house; but they were fond of the boy, and the boy of them, and interviews between him and these wild comrades, if stolen, were not less frequent. Gradually Roland's eyes became opened. As, in habitual intercourse, the boy abandoned the reserve which awe and cunning at first imposed, Roland was inexpressibly shocked at the bold principles his son affected, and at his utter incapacity even to comprehend that plain honesty and that frank honour which, to the English soldier, seemed ideas innate and heaven-planted. Soon afterwards, Roland found that a system of plunder was carried on in his household, and tracked it to the connivance of the wife and the agency of the son, for the benefit of lazy bravos and dissolute vagrants. A more patient

man than Roland might well have been exasperated — a more wary man confounded, by this discovery. He took the natural step — perhaps insisting on it too summarily — perhaps not allowing enough for the uncultured mind and lively passions of his wife — he ordered her instantly to prepare to accompany him from the place, and to give up all communication with her kindred.

A vehement refusal ensued; but Roland was not a man to give up such a point, and at length a false submission, and a feigned repentance soothed his resentment and obtained his pardon. They moved several miles from the place; but where they moved, there, some at least, and those the worst, of the baleful brood, stealthily followed. Whatever Ramouna's earlier love for Roland had been, it had evidently long ceased in the thorough want of sympathy between them, and in that absence which, if it renews a strong affection, destroys an affection already weakened. But the mother and son adored each other with all the strength of their strong, wild natures. Even under ordinary circumstances, the father's influence over a boy yet in childhood is exerted in vain, if the mother lend herself to baffle it. And in this miserable position what chance had the blunt, stern, honest Roland (separated from his son during the most ductile years of infancy) against the ascendency of a mother who humoured all the faults, and gratified all the wishes, of her darling?

In his despair, Roland let fall the threat that, if thus thwarted, it would become his duty to withdraw his son from the mother. This threat instantly hardened both hearts against him. The wife represented Roland to the boy as a tyrant, as an enemy — as one who had destroyed all the happiness they had before enjoyed in each other — as one whose severity showed that he hated his own child; and the boy believed her. In his own house a firm union was formed

against Roland, and protected by the cunning which is the force of the weak against the strong.

In spite of all, Roland could never forget the tenderness with which the young nurse had watched over the wounded man, nor the love — genuine for the hour, though not drawn from the feelings which withstand the wear and tear of life — that lips so beautiful had pledged him in the bygone days. These thoughts must have come perpetually between his feelings and his judgment, to embitter still more his position — to harass still more his heart. And if, by the strength of that sense of duty which made the force of his character, he could have strung himself to the fulfilment of the threat, humanity, at all events, compelled him to delay it — his wife promised to be again a mother. Blanche was born. How could he take the infant from the mother's breast, or abandon the daughter to the fatal influences from which only, by so violent an effort, he could free the son?

No wonder, poor Roland, that those deep furrows contracted thy bold front, and thy hair grew gray before its time!

Fortunately, perhaps, for all parties, Roland's wife died while Blanche was still an infant. She was taken ill of a fever — she died delirious, clasping her boy to her breast, and praying the saints to protect him from his cruel father. How often that death-bed haunted the son, and justified his belief that there was no parent's love in the heart which was now his sole shelter from the world, and the "pelting of its pitiless rain." Again I say, poor Roland! for I know that, in that harsh, unloving disrupture of such solemn ties, thy large generous heart forgot its wrongs; again didst thou see tender eyes bending over the wounded stranger — again hear low murmurs breathe the warm weakness which the women of the south deem it no shame to own. And now did it all end in those ravings of hate, and in that glazing gaze of terror!

CHAPTER IV.

The preceptor.

ROLAND removed to France, and fixed his abode in the environs of Paris. He placed Blanche at a convent in the immediate neighbourhood, going to see her daily, and gave himself up to the education of his son. The boy was apt to learn; but to unlearn was here the arduous task — and for that task it would have needed either the passionless experience, the exquisite forbearance of a practised teacher, or the love, and confidence, and yielding heart of a believing pupil. Roland felt that he was not the man to be the teacher, and that his son's heart remained obstinately closed to him. He looked round, and found at the other side of Paris what seemed a suitable preceptor — a young Frenchman of some distinction in letters, more especially in science, with all a Frenchman's eloquence of talk, full of high-sounding sentiments, that pleased the romantic enthusiasm of the Captain; so Roland, with sanguine hopes, confided his son to this man's care. The boy's natural quickness mastered readily all that pleased his taste; he learned to speak and write French with rare felicity and precision. His tenacious memory, and those flexile organs in which the talent for languages is placed, served, with the help of an English master, to revive his earlier knowledge of his father's tongue, and to enable him to speak it with fluent correctness — though there was always in his accent something which had struck me as strange; but, not suspecting it to be foreign, I had thought it a theatrical affectation. He did not go far into science — little farther, perhaps, than a smattering of French mathematics; but he acquired a remarkable facility and promptitude in calculation. He devoured eagerly the light

reading thrown in his way, and picked up thence that kind of knowledge which novels and plays afford, for good or evil, according as the novel or the play elevates the understanding and ennobles the passions, or merely corrupts the fancy, and lowers the standard of human nature. But of all that Roland desired him to be taught, the son remained as ignorant as before. Among the other misfortunes of this ominous marriage Roland's wife had possessed all the superstitions of a Roman Catholic Spaniard, and with these the boy had unconsciously intermingled doctrines far more dreary, imbibed from the dark paganism of the Gitános.

Roland had sought a Protestant for his son's tutor. The preceptor was nominally a Protestant — a biting derider of all superstitions indeed! He was such a Protestant as some defender of Voltaire's religion says the Great Wit would have been had he lived in a Protestant country. The Frenchman laughed the boy out of his superstitions, to leave behind them the sneering scepticism of the *Encyclopédie*, without those redeeming ethics on which all sects of philosophy are agreed but which, unhappily, it requires a philosopher to comprehend.

This preceptor was doubtless not aware of the mischief he was doing; and for the rest, he taught his pupil after his own system — a mild and plausible one, very much like the system we at home are recommended to adopt — "Teach the understanding, all else will follow;" "Learn to read *something*, and it will all come right;" "Follow the bias of the pupil's mind thus you develop genius, not thwart it." Mind, Understanding Genius — fine things! But, to educate the whole man, you must educate something more than these. Not for want of mind understanding, genius, have Borgias and Neros left their names as monuments of horror to mankind. Where, in all this

teaching, was one lesson to warm the heart and guide the soul?

O mother mine, that the boy had stood by thy knee, and heard from thy lips, why life was given us, in what life shall end, and how heaven stands open to us night and day! O father mine, that thou hadst been his preceptor, not in book-learning, but the heart's simple wisdom! Oh that he had learned from thee in parables closed with practice, the happiness of self-sacrifice, and how "good deeds should repair the bad!"

It was the misfortune of this boy, with his daring and his beauty, that there was in his exterior and his manner that which attracted indulgent interest, and a sort of compassionate admiration. The Frenchman liked him — believed his story — thought him ill-treated by that hard-visaged English soldier. All English people were so disagreeable, particularly English soldiers; and the Captain once mortally offended the Frenchman, by calling Vilainton *un grand homme*, and denying, with brutal indignation, that the English had poisoned Napoleon! So, instead of teaching the son to love and revere his father, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders when the boy broke into some unfilial complaint, and at most said, "*Mais, cher enfant, ton père est Anglais, — c'est tout dire.*" Meanwhile, as the child sprang rapidly into precocious youth, he was permitted a liberty in his hours of leisure, of which he availed himself with all the zest of his early habits and adventurous temper. He formed acquaintances among the loose young haunters of cafés, and spendthrifts of that capital — the wits! He became an excellent swordsman and pistol-shot — adroit in all games in which skill helps fortune. He learned betimes to furnish himself with money, by the cards and the billiard balls.

But, delighted with the easy home he had obtained, he took

care to school his features, and smooth his manner, in his father's visits — to make the most of what he had learned of less ignoble knowledge, and, with his characteristic imitativeness, to cite the finest sentiments he had found in his plays and novels. What father is not credulous? Roland believed, and wept tears of joy. And now he thought the time was come to take back the boy — to return with a worthy heir to the old Tower. He thanked and blest the tutor — he took the son. But, under pretence that he had yet some things to master, whether in book knowledge or manly accomplishments, the youth begged his father, at all events, not yet to return to England — to let him attend his tutor daily for some months. Roland consented, moved from his old quarters, and took a lodging for both in the same suburb as that in which the teacher resided. But soon, when they were under one roof, the boy's habitual tastes, and his repugnance to all paternal authority, were betrayed. To do my unhappy cousin justice, (such as that justice is,) though he had the cunning for a short disguise, he had not the hypocrisy to maintain systematic deceit. He could play a part for a while, from an exulting joy in his own address; but he could not wear a mask with the patience of cold-blooded dissimulation. Why enter into painful details, so easily divined by the intelligent reader? The faults of the son were precisely those to which Roland would be least indulgent. To the ordinary scrapes of high-spirited boyhood, no father, I am sure, would have been more lenient; but to anything that seemed low, petty — that grated on him as gentleman and soldier — there, not for worlds would I have braved the darkness of his frown, and the woe that spoke like scorn in his voice. And when, after all warning and prohibition were in vain, Roland found his son, in the middle of the night, in a resort of gamblers and sharpers, carrying all before him with his cue, in the full flush of triumph, and a great heap of

-franc pieces before him, — you may conceive with what th the proud, hasty, passionate man, drove out, cane in d, the obscene associates, flinging after them the son's ill- ;en gains; and with what resentful humiliation the son was ıpelled to follow the father home. Then Roland took the to England, but not to the old Tower; that hearth of his estors was still too sacred for the footsteps of the vagrant ·!

CHAPTER V.

The hearth without trust, and the world without a guide.

And then, vainly grasping at every argument his blunt se could suggest — then talked Roland much and grandly the duties men owed — even if they threw of all love to ir father — still to their father's name; and then his pride, ays so lively, grew irritable and harsh, and seemed, no ıbt, to the perverted ears of the son, unlovely and un- ing. And that pride, without serving one purpose of ›d, did yet more mischief; for the youth caught the disease, in a wrong way. And he said to himself, —

'Ho! then my father is a great man, with all these an- tors and big words! And he has lands and a castle — and how miserably we live, and how he stints me! But if he cause for pride in all these dead men, why, so have I. d are these lodgings, these appurtenances, fit for the ıntleman' he says I am?"

Even in England, the gipsy blood broke out as before; l the youth found vagrant associates, heaven knows how where; and strange-looking forms, gaudily shabby, and reputably smart, were seen lurking in the corner of the eet, or peering in at the window, slinking off if they saw

Roland — and Roland could not stoop to be a spy. And the son's heart grew harder and harder against his father, and his father's face now never smiled on him. Then bills came in, and duns knocked at the door. Bills and duns to a man who shrunk from the thought of a debt, as an ermine from a spot on its hide! And the son's short answer to remonstrance was, — "Am I not a gentleman? — these are the things gentlemen require." Then perhaps Roland remembered the experiment of his French friend, and left his bureau unlocked, and said, "Ruin me if you will, but no debts. There is money in those drawers — they are unlocked." That trust would for ever have cured of extravagance a youth with a high and delicate sense of honour: the pupil of the Gitános did not understand the trust; he thought it conveyed a natural though ungracious permission to take out what he wanted — and he took! To Roland this seemed a theft, and a theft of the coarsest kind: but when he so said, the son started indignant, and saw in that which had been so touching an appeal to his honour, but a trap to decoy him into disgrace. In short, neither could understand the other. Roland forbade his son to stir from the house; and the young man the same night left himself out, and stole forth into the wide world, to enjoy or defy it in his own wild way.

It would be tedious to follow him through his various adventures and experiments on fortune, (even if I knew them all, which I do not.) And now, putting altogether aside his right name, which he had voluntarily abandoned, and not embarrassing the reader with the earlier aliases assumed, I shall give to my unfortunate kinsman the name by which I first knew him, and continue to do so, until — heaven grant the time may come — having first redeemed, he may reclaim, his own. It was in joining a set of strolling players that Vivian became acquainted with Peacock; and that worthy, who had

many strings to his bow, soon grew aware of Vivian's extraordinary skill with the cue, and saw therein a better mode of making their joint fortunes than the boards of an itinerant Thespis furnished to either. Vivian listened to him, and it was while their intimacy was most fresh that I met them on the highroad. That chance meeting produced (if I may be allowed to believe his assurance) a strong, and, for the moment, a salutary effect upon Vivian. The comparative innocence and freshness of a boy's mind were new to him; the elastic healthful spirits with which those gifts were accompanied startled him, by the contrast to his own forced gaiety and secret gloom. And this boy was his own cousin!

Coming afterwards to London, he adventured inquiry at the hotel in the Strand at which I had given my address; learned where we were; and, passing one night into the street, saw my uncle at the window — to recognise and to fly from him. Having then some money at his disposal, he broke off abruptly from the set in which he had been thrown. He resolved to return to France — he would try for a more respectable mode of existence. He had not found happiness in that liberty he had won, nor room for the ambition that began to gnaw him, in those pursuits from which his father had vainly warned him. His most reputable friend was his old tutor; he would go to him. He went; but the tutor was now married, and was himself a father, and that made a wonderful alteration in his practical ethics. It was no longer moral to aid the son in rebellion to his father. Vivian evinced his usual sarcastic haughtiness at the reception he met, and was requested civilly to leave the house. Then again he flung himself on his wits at Paris. But there were plenty of wits there sharper than his own. He got into some quarrel with the police — not indeed for any dishonest practices of his own, but from an unwary acquaintance with others less scrupulous,

and deemed it prudent to quit France. Thus had I m again, forlorn and ragged, in the streets of London.

Meanwhile Roland, after the first vain search, had y to the indignation and disgust that had long rankled him. His son had thrown off his authority, because i served him from dishonour. His ideas of discipline stern, and patience had been well-nigh crushed out heart. He thought he could bear to resign his son to h — to disown him, and to say, "I have no more a son was in this mood that he had first visited our house. But on that memorable night in which he had narrated to his ing listeners the dark tale of a fellow-sufferer's woe and — betraying in the tale, to my father's quick sympath own sorrow and passion — it did not need much of his g brother's subtle art to learn or guess the whole, nor m Austin's mild persuasion to convince Roland that he h yet exhausted all efforts to track the wanderer and recla erring child. Then he had gone to London — then l sought every spot which the outcast would probably ha then had he saved and pinched from his own necessiti have wherewithal to enter theatres and gaming-house fee the agencies of police; then had he seen the for which he had watched and pined, in the street belc window, and cried in a joyous delusion, "He repents!' day a letter reached my uncle, through his banker's, the French tutor, (who knew of no other means of t Roland but through the house by which his salary had paid,) informing him of his son's visit. Roland start stantly for Paris. Arriving there, he could only learn son through the police, and from them only learn that l been seen in the company of accomplished swindlers were already in the hands of justice; but that the youtl self, whom there was nothing to criminate, had been su

to quit Paris, and had taken, it was supposed, the road to England. Then at last the poor Captain's stout heart gave way. His son the companion of swindlers! — could he be sure that he was not their accomplice? If not yet, how small the step between companionship and participation! He took the child left him still from the convent, returned to England, and arrived there to be seized with fever and delirium — apparently on the same day (or a day before that on which) the son had dropped shelterless and penniless on the stones of London.

CHAPTER VI.

The attempt to build a temple to fortune out of the ruins of home.

"But," said Vivian, pursuing his tale, "but when you came to my aid, not knowing me — when you relieved me — when from your own lips, for the first time, I heard words that praised me, and for qualities that implied I might yet be 'worth much.' — Ah! (he added mournfully,) I remember the very words — a new light broke upon me — struggling and dim, but light still. The ambition with which I had sought the truckling Frenchman revived, and took worthier and more definite form. I would lift myself above the mire, make a name, rise in life!"

Vivian's head drooped, but he raised it quickly, and laughed — his low mocking laugh. What follows of his tale may be told succinctly. Retaining his bitter feelings towards his father, he resolved to continue his incognito — he gave himself a name likely to mislead conjecture, if I conversed of him to my family, since he knew that Roland was aware that a Colonel Vivian had been afflicted by a runaway son — and, indeed, the talk upon that subject had first put the notion

flight into his own head. He caught at the idea of becoming known to Trevanion; but he saw reasons to forbid his being indebted to me for the introduction — to forbid my knowing where he was: sooner or later, that knowledge could scarcely fail to end in the discovery of his real name. Fortunately, as he deemed, for the plans he began to meditate, we were all leaving London — he should have the stage to himself. And then boldly he resolved upon what he regarded as the master scheme of life — viz., to obtain a small pecuniary independence, and to emancipate himself formally and entirely from his father's control. Aware of poor Roland's chivalrous reverence for his name, firmly persuaded that Roland had no love for the son, but only the dread that the son might disgrace him, he determined to avail himself of his father's prejudices in order to effect his purpose.

He wrote a short letter to Roland, (that letter which had given the poor man so sanguine a joy — that letter after reading which he had said to Blanche, "Pray for me,") stating simply, that he wished to see his father; and naming a tavern in the city for the meeting.

The interview took place. And when Roland, love and forgiveness in his heart — but (who shall blame him?) dignity on his brow, and rebuke in his eye — approached, ready at a word to fling himself on the boy's breast, Vivian, seeing only the outer signs, and interpreting them by his own sentiments — recoiled; folded his arms on his bosom, and said coldly, "Spare me reproach, Sir — it is unavailing. I seek you only to propose that you shall save your name, and resign your son."

Then, intent perhaps but to gain his object, the unhappy youth declared his fixed determination never to live with his father, never to acquiesce in his authority, resolutely to pursue his own career, whatever that career might be, ex-

plaining none of the circumstances that appeared most in his disfavour — rather, perhaps, thinking that, the worse his father judged of him, the more chance he had to achieve his purpose. "All I ask of you," he said, "is this: Give me the least you can afford to preserve me from the temptation to rob, or the necessity to starve; and I, in my turn, promise never to molest you in life — never to degrade you in my death; whatever my misdeeds, they will never reflect on yourself, for you shall never recognise the misdoer! The name you prize so highly shall be spared." Sickened and revolted, Roland attempted no argument — there was that in the son's cold manner which shut out hope, and against which his pride rose indignant. A meeker man might have remonstrated, implored, and wept — that was not in Roland's nature. He had but the choice of three evils, to say to his son: "Fool, I command thee to follow me;" or say, "Wretch, since thou wouldst cast me off as a stranger, as a stranger I say to thee — Go, starve or rob, as thou wilt!" or lastly, to bow his proud head, stunned by the blow, and say, "Thou refusest me the obedience of the son, thou demandest to be as the dead to me. I can control thee not from vice, I can guide thee not to virtue. Thou wouldst sell me the name I have inherited stainless, and have as stainless borne. Be it so! — Name thy price!"

And something like this last was the father's choice.

He listened, and was long silent; and then he said slowly, "Pause before you decide."

"I have paused long — my decision is made! this is the last time we meet. I see before me now the way to fortune, fairly, honourably; you can aid me in it only in the way I have said. Reject me now, and the option may never come again to either!"

And then Roland said to himself, "I hav saved for this son; what care I for aught else to live without debt, creep into a corner, and aw And the more I can give, why the better ch will abjure the vile associate and the desperate c so, out of his small income, Roland surrendere child more than the half.

Vivian was not aware of his father's fortune suppose the sum of two hundred pounds a-year ance so disproportioned to Roland's means — ye named, even he was struck by the generosity of he himseif had given the right to say, "I take word; 'just enough not to starve!' "

But then that hateful cynicism which, caug men and evil books, he called "knowledge of made him think "it is not for me, it is only for his he said aloud, "I accept these terms, Sir; here i of a solicitor with whom yours can settle them. ever."

At those last words Roland started, and stre arms vaguely like a blind man. But Vivian thrown open the window, (the room was on the g and sprang upon the sill. "Farewell," he rep the world I am dead."

He leapt into the street, and the father dre stretched arms, smote his heart, and said — ' my task in the world of man is over! I will ba ruin — the wrecks to the wreck — and the sigh have at least rescued from dishonour shall cor all! "

CHAPTER VII.

The results — perverted ambition — selfish passion — the intellect distorted by the crookedness of the heart.

VIVIAN'S schemes thus prospered. He had an income that permitted him the outward appearances of a gentleman — an independence modest indeed, but independence still. We were all gone from London. One letter to me, with the post-mark of the town near which Colonel Vivian lived, sufficed to confirm my belief in his parentage, and in his return to his friends. He then presented himself to Trevanion as the young man whose pen I had employed in the member's service; and knowing that I had never mentioned his name to Trevanion — for without Vivian's permission I should not, considering his apparent trust in me, have deemed myself authorised to do so — he took that of Gower, which he selected haphazard from an old Court Guide, as having the advantage in common with most names borne by the higher nobility of England — viz., of not being confined, as the ancient names of untitled gentlemen usually are, to the members of a single family. And when, with his usual adaptability and suppleness, he had contrived to lay aside, or smooth over, whatever in his manners would be calculated to displease Trevanion, and had succeeded in exciting the interest which that generous statesman always conceived for ability, he owned candidly, one day, in the presence of Lady Ellinor — for his experience had taught him the comparative ease with which the sympathy of woman is enlisted in anything that appeals to the imagination, or seems out of the ordinary beat of life — that he had reasons for concealing his connexions for the present — that he had cause to believe I

suspected what they were, and, from mistaken r
welfare, might acquaint his relations with his whe
therefore begged Trevanion, if the latter had
write to me, not to mention him. This promis
gave, though reluctantly; for the confidence vc
him seemed to exact the promise; but as he dete
of all kinds, the avowal might have been fatal to a
quaintance; and under auspices so doubtful, ther
been no chance of his obtaining that intimacy in
house which he desired to establish, but for an ac
at once opened that house to him almost as a hom

Vivian had always treasured a lock of his moth
off on her death-bed; and when he was at his Fi
his first pocket-money had been devoted to the p
locket, on which he had caused to be inscribed l
and his mother's. Through all his wanderings
this relic; and in the direst pangs of want, no hun
keen enough to induce him to part with it. Now,
the ribbon that suspended the locket gave way,
resting on the names inscribed on the gold, he th
own vague sense of right, imperfect as it was, t
pact with his father obliged him to have the name
took it to a jeweller in Piccadilly for that purpo
the requisite order, not taking notice of a lady i
part of the shop. The locket was still on the
Vivian had left, when the lady coming forward
and saw the names on the surface. She had been
peculiar tone of the voice, which she had heard
that very day Mr. Gower received a note from
Trevanion, requesting to see him. Much wonderi
Presenting him with the locket, she said smiling
only one gentleman in the world who calls himsel
unless it be his son. Ah, I see now why you wishe

yourself from my friend Pisistratus. But how is this? can you have any difference with your father? Confide in me, or it is my duty to write to him."

Even Vivian's powers of dissimulation abandoned him, thus taken by surprise. He saw no alternative but to trust Lady Ellinor with his secret, and implore her to respect it. And then he spoke bitterly of his father's dislike to him, and his own resolution to prove the injustice of that dislike by the position he would himself establish in the world. At present, his father believed him dead, and perhaps was not ill pleased to think so. He would not dispel that belief till he could redeem any boyish errors, and force his family to be proud to acknowledge him.

Though Lady Ellinor was slow to believe that Roland could dislike his son, she could yet readily believe that he was harsh and coleric, with a soldier's high notions of discipline; the young man's story moved her, his determination pleased her own high spirit — always with a touch of romance in her, and always sympathising with each desire of ambition — she entered into Vivian's aspirations with an alacrity that surprised himself. She was charmed with the idea of ministering to the son's fortunes, and ultimately reconciling him to the father, — through her own agency; — it would atone for any fault of which Roland could accuse herself in the old time.

She undertook to impart the secret to Trevanion, for she would have no secrets from him, and to secure his acquiescence in its concealment from all others.

And here I must a little digress from the chronological course of my explanatory narrative, to inform the reader that, when Lady Ellinor had her interview with Roland, she had been repelled by the sternness of his manner from divulging Vivian's secret. But on her first attempt to sound or conciliate him, she had begun with some eulogies on Trevanion's new

friend and assistant, Mr. Gower, and had awakened Roland' suspicions of that person's identity with his son — suspicion which had given him a terrible interest in our joint deliveranc of Miss Trevanion. But so heroically had the poor soldie sought to resist his own fears, that on the way he shrank t put to me the questions that might paralyse the energies whicl whatever the answer, were then so much needed. "For," sai he to my father, "I felt the blood surging to my temples; an if I had said to Pisistratus, 'Describe this man,' and by hi description I had recognised my son, and dreaded lest I migh be too late to arrest him from so treacherous a crime, my brai would have given way; — and so I did not dare!"

I return to the thread of my story. From the time tha Vivian confided in Lady Ellinor, the way was cleared to hi most ambitious hopes; and though his acquisitions were nc sufficiently scholastic and various to permit Trevanion to se lect him as a secretary, yet, short of sleeping at the house, h was little less intimate there than I had been.

Among Vivian's schemes of advancement, that of winnin the hand and heart of the great heiress had not been one of th least sanguine. This hope was annulled when, not long afte his intimacy at her father's house, she became engaged t young Lord Castleton. But he could not see Miss Trevanio with impunity — (alas! who, with a heart yet free, could b insensible to attractions so winning?) He permitted the love– such love as his wild, half-educated, half-savage nature ac knowledged — to creep into his soul — to master it; but he fel no hope, cherished no scheme while the young lord lived With the death of her betrothed, Fanny was free; *then* h began to hope — not yet to scheme. Accidentally he encoun tered Peacock — partly from the levity that accompanied false good nature was constitutional with him, partly from vague idea that the man might be useful, Vivian establishe

his quondam associate in the service of Trevanion. Peacock soon gained the secret of Vivian's love for Fanny, and, dazzled by the advantages that a marriage with Miss Trevanion would confer on his patron, and might reflect on himself, and delighted at an occasion to exercise his dramatic accomplishments on the stage of real life, he soon practised the lesson that the theatres had taught him — viz: to make a sub intrigue between maid and valet, serve the schemes and insure the success of the lover. If Vivian had some opportunities to imply his admiration, Miss Trevanion gave him none to plead his cause. But the softness of her nature, and that graceful kindness which surrounded her like an atmosphere, emanating unconsciously from a girl's harmless desire to please, tended to deceive him. His own personal gifts were so rare, and, in his wandering life, the effect they had produced had so increased his reliance on them, that he thought he wanted but the fair opportunity to woo in order to win. In this state of mental intoxication, Trevanion, having provided for his Scotch secretary, took him to Lord N—'s. His hostess was one of those middle-aged ladies of fashion, who like to patronise and bring forward young men, accepting gratitude for condescension, as a homage to beauty. She was struck by Vivian's exterior, and that 'picturesque' in look and in manner which belonged to him. Naturally garrulous and indiscreet, she was unreserved to a pupil whom she conceived the whim to make '*au fait* to society.' Thus she talked to him, among other topics in fashion, of Miss Trevanion, and expressed her belief that the present Lord Castleton had always admired her; but it was only on his accession to the marquisate that he had made up his mind to marry, or, from his knowledge of Lady Ellinor's ambition, thought that the Marquis of Castleton might achieve the prize which would have been refused to Sir Sedley Beaudesert. Then, to corroborate the predictions

she hazarded, she repeated, perhaps with exaggeration, son passages from Lord Castleton's replies to her own suggestio on the subject. Vivian's alarm became fatally excited; u regulated passions easily obscured a reason so long perverte and a conscience so habitually dulled. There is an instinct all intense affection, (whether it be corrupt or pure,) th usually makes its jealousy prophetic. Thus, from the firs out of all the brilliant idlers round Fanny Trevanion, my je lousy had pre-eminently fastened on Sir Sedley Beaudese though, to all seeming, without a cause. From the sam instinct, Vivian had conceived the same vague jealousy — jealousy, in his instance, coupled with a deep dislike to h supposed rival, who had wounded his self-love. For th marquis, though to be haughty or ill bred was impossible t the blandness of his nature, had never shown to Vivian th genial courtesies he had lavished upon me, and kept polite aloof from his acquaintance — while Vivian's personal vani had been wounded by that drawing-room effect, which th proverbial winner of all hearts produced without an effort - an effect that threw into the shade the youth, and the beau (more striking, but infinitely less prepossessing) of the a venturous rival. Thus animosity to Lord Castleton conspire with Vivian's passion for Fanny, to rouse all that was worst b nature and by rearing, in this audacious and turbulent spiri

His confidant, Peacock, suggested from his stage exp rience, the outlines of a plot, to which Vivian's astuter i tellect instantly gave tangibility and colouring. Peacock ha already found Miss Trevanion's waiting-woman ripe for an measure that might secure himself as her husband, and a pr vision for life as a reward. Two or three letters between the settled the preliminary engagements. A friend of the e comedian's had lately taken an inn on the North road, an might be relied upon. At that inn it was settled that Vivia

should meet Miss Trevanion, whom Peacock, by the aid of the abigail, engaged to lure there. The sole difficulty that then remained would, to most men, have seemed the greatest — viz., the consent of Miss Trevanion to a Scotch marriage. But Vivian hoped all things from his own eloquence, art, and passion; and by an inconsistency, however strange, still not unnatural in the twists of so crooked an intellect, he thought that, by insisting on the intention of her parents to sacrifice her youth to the very man of whose attractions he was most jealous — by the picture of disparity of years, by the caricature of his rival's foibles and frivolities, by the commonplaces of "beauty bartered for ambition," &c., he might enlist her fears of the alternative on the side of the choice urged upon her. The plan proceeded, the time came: Peacock pretended the excuse of a sick relation to leave Trevanion; and Vivian, a day before, on pretence of visiting the picturesque scenes in the neighbourhood, obtained leave of absence. Thus the plot went on to its catastrophe.

"And I need not ask," said I, trying in vain to conceal my indignation, "how Miss Trevanion received your monstrous proposition!"

Vivian's pale cheek grew paler, but he made no reply.

"And if we had not arrived, what would you have done? Oh, dare you look into the gulf of infamy you have escaped!"

"I cannot, and I will not bear this!" exclaimed Vivian, starting up. "I have laid my heart bare before you, and it is ungenerous and unmanly thus to press upon its wounds. You can moralize, you can speak coldly — but I — I loved!"

"And do you think," I burst forth — "do you think that I did not love too! — love longer than you have done; better than you have done; gone through sharper struggles, darker days, more sleepless nights than you, — and yet —"

Vivian caught hold of me.

"Hush!" he cried; "is this indeed true! I thought you might have had some faint and fleeting fancy for Miss Trevanion, but that you curbed and conquered it at once. Oh no; it was impossible to have loved really, and to have surrendered all chance as you did! — have left the house, have fled from her presence! No — no, that was not love!"

"It *was* love! and I pray Heaven to grant that, one day, you may know how little your affection sprang from those feelings which make true love sublime as honour, and meek as is religion! Oh cousin, cousin — with those rare gifts, what you might have been! what, if you will pass through repentance, and cling to atonement — what, I dare hope, you may yet be! Talk not now of your love; I talk not of mine! Love is a thing gone from the lives of both. Go back to earlier thoughts, to heavier wrongs! — your father! — that noble heart which you have so wantonly lacerated, that much-enduring love which you have so little comprehended!"

Then with all the warmth of emotion I hurried on — showed him the true nature of honour and of Roland (for the names were one!) — showed him the watch, the hope, the manly anguish I had witnessed, and wept — I not his son — to see; showed him the poverty and privation to which the father, even at the last, had condemned himself, so that the son might have no excuse for the sins that Want whispers to the weak. This, and much more, and I suppose with the pathos that belongs to all earnestness, I enforced, sentence after sentence — yielding to no interruption, over-mastering all dissent; driving in the truth, nail after nail, as it were, into the obdurate heart, that I constrained and grappled to. And at last, the dark, bitter, cynical nature gave way, and the young man fell sobbing at my feet, and cried aloud, "Spare me, spare me! — I see it all now! Wretch that I *have been!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

On leaving Vivian, I did not presume to promise him Roland's immediate pardon. I did not urge him to attempt to see his father. I felt the time was not come for either pardon or interview. I contended myself with the victory I had already gained. I judged it right that thought, solitude, and suffering should imprint more deeply the lesson, and prepare the way to the steadfast resolution of reform. I left him seated by the stream, and with the promise to inform him at the small hostelry, where he took up his lodging, how Roland struggled through his illness.

On returning to the inn, I was uneasy to see how long a time had elapsed since I had left my uncle. But on coming into his room, to my surprise and relief I found him up and dressed, and with a serene though fatigued expression of countenance. He asked me no questions where I had been — perhaps from sympathy with my feelings in parting with Miss Trevanion — perhaps from conjecture that the indulgence of those feelings had not wholly engrossed my time.

But he said simply, "I think I understood from you that you had sent for Austin — is it so?"

"Yes, Sir; but I named *****, as the nearest point to the Tower, for the place of meeting."

"Then let us go hence forthwith — nay, I shall be better for the change. And here, there must be curiosity, conjecture — torture!" said he, locking his hands tightly together; "order the horses at once!"

I left the room, accordingly; and while they were getting ready the horses, I ran to the place where I had left Vivian. He was still there, in the same attitude, covering his face

with his hands, as if to shut out the sun. I told him hastily of Roland's improvement, of our approaching departure, and asked him an address in London at which I could find him. He gave me as his direction the same lodging at which I had so often visited him. "If there be no vacancy there for me," said he, "I shall leave word where I am to be found. But I would gladly be where I was, before —" He did not finish the sentence. I pressed his hand and left him.

CHAPTER IX.

Some days have elapsed; we are in London, my father with us; and Roland has permitted Austin to tell me his tale, and received through Austin all that Vivian's narrative to me suggested, whether in extenuation of the past, or in hope of redemption in the future. And Austin has inexpressibly soothed his brother. And Roland's ordinary roughness has gone, and his looks are meek, and his voice low. But he talks little, and smiles never. He asks me no questions; does not to *me* name his son, nor recur to the voyage to Australia, nor ask 'why it is put off,' nor interest himself as before in preparations for it — he has no heart for anything.

The voyage *is* put off till the next vessel sails, and I have seen Vivian twice or thrice, and the result of the interviews has disappointed and depressed me. It seems to me that much of the previous effect I had produced is already obliterated. At the very sight of the great Babel — the evidence of the ease, the luxury, the wealth, the pomp, the strife, the penury, the famine, and the rags, which the focus of civilisation, in the disparities of old societies, inevitably gathers together — the fierce combative disposition seemed to awaken *again; the* perverted ambition, the hostility to the world; the

wrath, the scorn; the war with man, and the rebellious murmur against Heaven. There was still the one redeeming point of repentance for his wrongs to his father — his heart was still softened there; and, attendant on that softness, I hailed a principle more like that of honour than I had yet recognised in Vivian. He cancelled the agreement which had assured him of a provision at the cost of his father's comforts. "At least, there," he said, "I will injure him no more!"

But while, on this point, repentance seemed genuine, it was not so with regard to his conduct towards Miss Trevanion. His gipsy nurture, his loose associates, his extravagant French romances, his theatrical mode of looking upon love intrigues and stage plots, seemed all to rise between his intelligence and the due sense of the fraud and treachery he had practised. He seemed to feel more shame at the exposure than at the guilt; more despair at the failure of success than gratitude at escape from crime. In a word, the nature of a whole life was not to be remodelled at once — at least by an artificer so unskilled as I.

After one of these interviews, I stole into the room where Austin sate with Roland, and, watching a seasonable moment when Roland, shaking off a reverie, opened his Bible, and sate down to it, with each muscle in his face set, as I had seen it before, into iron resolution, I beckoned my father from the room.

PISISTRATUS. — I have again seen my cousin. I cannot make the way I wish. My dear father, *you* must see him.

MR. CAXTON. — I! — yes, assuredly, if I can be of any service. But will he listen to me?

PISISTRATUS. — I think so. A young man will often respect in his elder, what he will resent as a presumption in his contemporary.

MR. CAXTON. — *It* may be so: (*then*, more thoughtfully,)

but you describe this strange boy's mind as a wreck! — in what part of the mouldering timbers can I fix the grappling-hook? Here, it seems that most of the supports on which we can best rely, when we would save another, fail us. Religion, honour, the associations of childhood, the bonds of home, filial obedience — even the intelligence of self-interest, in the philosophical sense of the word. And I, too! — a mere book-man! My dear son! — I despair!

PISISTRATUS. — No, you do not despair — no, you must succeed; for, if you do not, what is to become of Uncle Roland? Do you not see his heart is fast breaking?

MR. CAXTON. — Get me my hat; I will go. I will save this Ishmael — I will not leave him till he is saved!

PISISTRATUS. — (*some minutes after, as they are walking toward's Vivian's lodgings.*) — You ask me what support you are to cling to! A strong and a good one, Sir.

MR. CAXTON. — Ay, what is that?

PISISTRATUS. — Affection! There is a nature capable of strong affection at the core of this wild heart! He could love his mother; tears gush to his eyes at her name — he would have starved rather than part with the memorial of that love. It was his belief in his father's indifference or dislike that hardened and embruted him — it is only when he hears how that father loved him, that I now melt his pride and curb his passions. You have affection to deal with! — do you despair now?

My father turned on me those eyes so inexpressibly benign and mild, and replied softly, "No!"

We reached the house; and my father said, as we knocked at the door, "If he is at home, leave me. This is a hard study to which you have set me; I must work at it alone." Vivian was at home, and the door closed on his visitor. My father stayed some hours.

On returning home, to my great surprise I found Trevanion with my uncle. He had found us out — no easy matter, I should think. But a good impulse in Trevanion was not of that feeble kind which turns home at the sight of a difficulty. He had come to London on purpose to see and to thank us.

I did not think there had been so much of delicacy — of what I may call the "beauty of kindness" — in a man whom incessant business had rendered ordinarily blunt and abrupt. I hardly recognised the impatient Trevanion in the soothing, tender, subtle respect that rather implied than spoke gratitude, and sought to insinuate what he owed to the unhappy father, without touching on his wrongs from the son. But of this kindness — which showed how Trevanion's high nature of gentleman raised him aloof from that coarseness of thought which those absorbed wholly in practical affairs often contract — of this kindness, so noble and so touching, Roland seemed scarcely aware. He sate by the embers of the neglected fire, his hands grasping the arms of his elbow-chair, his head drooping on his bosom; and only by a deep hectic flush on his dark cheek could you have seen that he distinguished between an ordinary visitor and the man whose child he had helped to save. This minister of state — this high member of the elect, at whose gift are places, peerages, gold sticks, and ribbons — has nothing at his command for the bruised spirit of the half-pay soldier. Before that poverty, that grief, and that pride, the King's Counsellor was powerless. Only when Trevanion rose to depart, something like a sense of the soothing intention which the visit implied seemed to rouse the repose of the old man, and to break the ice at its surface; for he followed Trevanion to the door, took both his hands, pressed them, then turned away, and resumed his seat. Trevanion beckoned to me, and I followed him down stairs, and into a little parlour which was unoccupied.

After some remarks upon Roland, full of deep and considerate feeling, and one quick, hurried reference to the son — to the effect that his guilty attempt would never be known by the world — Trevanion then addressed himself to me with a warmth and urgency that took me by surprise. "After what has passed," he exclaimed, "I cannot suffer you to leave England thus. Let me not feel with you, as with your uncle, that there is nothing by which I can repay — no, I will not so put it — stay and serve your country at home: it is my prayer — it is Ellinor's. Out of all at my disposal, it will go hard but what I shall find something to suit you." And then, hurrying on, Trevanion spoke flatteringly of my pretensions, in right of birth and capabilities, to honourable employment, and placed before me a picture of public life — its prizes and distinctions — which, for the moment at least, made my heart beat loud and my breath come quick. But still, even then, I felt (was it an unreasonable pride?) that there was something that jarred, something that humbled, in the thought of holding all my fortunes as a dependency on the father of the woman I loved, but might not aspire to; — something even of personal degradation in the mere feeling that I was thus to be repaid for a service, and recompensed for a loss. But these were not reasons I could advance; and, indeed, so for the time did Trevanion's generosity and eloquence overpower me, that I could only falter out my thanks, and my promise that I would consider and let him know.

With that promise he was forced to content himself; he told me to direct to him at his favourite country seat, whither he was going that day, and so left me. I looked round the humble parlour of the mean lodging-house, and Trevanion's words came again before me like a flash of golden light. I stole into the open air, and wandered through the crowded streets, agitated and disturbed.

CHAPTER X.

SEVERAL days elapsed — and of each day my father spent a considerable part at Vivian's lodgings. But he maintained a reserve as to his success, begged me not to question him, and to refrain also for the present from visiting my cousin. My uncle guessed or knew his brother's mission; for I observed that, whenever Austin went noiseless away, his eye brightened, and the colour rose in a hectic flush to his cheek. At last my father came to me one morning, his carpet-bag in his hand, and said, "I am going away for a week or two. Keep Roland company till I return."

"Going with *him?*"

"With him."

"That is a good sign."

"I hope so; that is all I can say now."

The week had not quite passed when I received from my father the letter I am about to place before the reader, and you may judge how earnestly his soul must have been in the task it had volunteered, if you observe how little, comparatively speaking, the letter contains of the subtleties and pedantries (may the last word be pardoned, for it is scarcely a just one) which ordinarily left my father a scholar even in the midst of his emotions. He seemed here to have abandoned his books, to have put the human heart before the eyes of his pupil, and said, "Read, and *un*learn!"

TO PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

"MY DEAR SON, — It were needless to tell you all the earlier difficulties I have had to encounter with my charge, nor to repeat all the means which, acting on your suggestion,

(a correct one,) I have employed to arouse feelings long dormant and confused, and allay others, long prematurely active, and terribly distinct. The evil was simply this: here was the intelligence of a man in all that is evil — and there ignorance of an infant in all that is good. In matters merely worldly, what wonderful acumen! in the plain principles of right and wrong, what gross and stolid obtuseness! At one time, I am straining all my poor wit to grapple in an encounter on the knottiest mysteries of social life; at another, I am guiding reluctant fingers over the hornbook of the most obvious morals. Here hieroglyphics, and there pot-hooks! But as long as there is affection in a man, why, there is Nature to begin with! To get rid of all the rubbish laid upon her, clear back the way to that Nature, and start afresh — that is one's only chance.

"Well, by degrees I won my way, waiting patiently till the bosom, pleased with the relief, disgorged itself of all 'its perilous stuff,' — not chiding — not even remonstrating, seeming almost to sympathise, till I got him Socratically, to disprove himself. When I saw that he no longer feared me — that my company had become a relief to him — I proposed an excursion, and did not tell him whither.

"Avoiding as much as possible the main north road, (for I did not wish, as you may suppose, to set fire to a train of associations that might blow us up to the dog-star,) and, where that avoidance was not possible, travelling by night, I got him into the neighbourhood of the old Tower. I would not admit him under its roof. But you know the little inn, three miles off the trout stream? — we made our abode there.

"Well, I have taken him into the village, preserving his incognito. I have entered with him into cottages, and turned the talk upon Roland. You know how your uncle is adored;

know what anecdotes of his bold, warm-hearted youth
, and now of his kind and charitable age, would spring
ɔm the garrulous lips of gratitude! I made him see with
wn eyes, hear with his own ears, how all who knew
ıd loved and honoured him — except his son. Then
ɛ him round the ruins — (still not suffering him to enter
ɔuse,) for those ruins are the key to Roland's character —
ɛ them, one sees the pathos in his poor foible of family
. There, you distinguish it from the insolent boasts
ı prosperous, and feel that it is little more than the pious
ɜnce to the dead — 'the tender culture of the tomb.'
ıte down on heaps of mouldering stone, and it was there
explained to him what Roland was in youth, and what
d dreamed that a son would be to him. I showed him
raves of his ancestors, and explained to him why they
sacred in Roland's eyes! I had gained a great way,
he longed to enter the home that should have been his;
could make him pause of his own accord, and say, 'No,
ɛ first be worthy of it.' Then you would have smiled —
ɨirist that you are — to have heard me impressing upon
cute, sharp-witted youth, all that we plain folk under-
by the name of HOME — its perfect trust and truth, its
ə holiness, its exquisite happiness — being to the world
conscience is to the human mind. And after that, I
ɦht in his sister, whom till then he had scarcely named —
ıom he scarcely seemed to care — brought her in to aid
ıther, and endear the home. 'And you know,' said I,
if Roland were to die, it would be a brother's duty to
y his place; to shield her innocence — to protect her
! A good name is something, then. Your father was
o wrong to prize it. You would like yours to be that
ı your sister would be proud to own!'

While we were talking, Blanche suddenly came to the

spot, and rushed to my arms. She looked on him as a strange
but I saw his knees tremble. And then she was about to p
her hand in his — but I drew her back. Was I cruel? I
thought so. But when I dismissed her, I replied to his r
proach, 'Your sister is a part of Home. If you think you
self worthy of either, go and claim both; I will not object.'
'She has my mother's eyes,' said he, and walked awa
I left him to muse amidst the ruins, while I went in to s
your poor mother, and relieve her fears about Roland, a
make her understand why I could not yet return *home*.

"This brief sight of his sister has sunk deep into hi
But I now approach what seems to me the great difficulty
the whole. He is fully anxious to redeem his name — to rege
his home. So far so well. But he cannot yet see ambitic
except with hard, worldly eyes. He still fancies that all
has to do is to get money and power, and some of those emp
prizes in the Great Lottery, which we often win more eas
by our sins than our virtues. (Here follows a long passa
from Seneca, omitted as superfluous.) He does not yet ev
understand me — or, if he does, he fancies me a mere boo
worm indeed, when I imply that he might be poor, a
obscure, at the bottom of fortune's wheel, and yet be one
should be proud of! He supposes that, to redeem his nan
he has only got to lacker it. Don't think me merely t
fond father, when I add my hope that I shall use you to s
vantage here. I mean to talk to him to-morrow, as
return to London, of you, and of your ambition: you sh
hear the result.

"At this moment, (it is past midnight,) I hear his step
the room above me. The window sash aloft opens — for t
third time; would to Heaven he could read the true astrolo
of the stars! There they are — bright, luminous, benignan
And I seeking to chain this wandering comet into the h

monies of heaven! Better task than that of astrologers, and astronomers to boot! Who among them can 'loosen the band of Orion?' — but who amongst us may not be permitted by God to have sway over the action and orbit of the human soul?

"Your ever affectionate father,

"A. C."

Two days after the receipt of this letter, came the following; and though I would fain suppress those references to myself which must be ascribed to a father's partiality, yet it is so needful to retain them in connexion with Vivian, that I have no choice but to leave the tender flatteries to the indulgence of the kind.

"My dear Son, — I was not too sanguine as to the effect that your simple story would produce upon your cousin. Without implying any contrast to his own conduct, I described that scene in which you threw yourself upon our sympathy, in the struggle between love and duty, and asked for our counsel and support; when Roland gave you his blunt advice to tell all to Trevanion; and when, amidst such sorrow as the heart in youth seems scarcely large enough to hold, you caught at truth impulsively, and the truth bore you safe from the shipwreck. I recounted your silent and manly struggles — your resolution not to suffer the egotism of passion to unfit you for the aims and ends of that spiritual probation which we call life. I showed you as you were, still thoughtful for us, interested in our interests — smiling on us, that we might not guess that you wept in secret! Oh, my son — my son! do not think that, in those times, I did not feel and pray for you! And while he was melted by my own emotion, I turned from your love to your ambition. I made him see that you, too,

had known the restlessness which belongs to young natures; that you, too, had your dreams of fortur aspirations for success. But I painted that ambitio true colours: it was not the desire of a selfish intellect in yourself a somebody — a something — raised a ste in the social ladder, for the pleasure of looking down o at the foot, but the warmer yearning of a generous your ambition was to repair your father's losses — mir your father's very foible, in *his* idle desire of fame — to your uncle what he had lost in his natural heir — li success to useful objects, your interests to those of yo your reward to the proud and grateful smiles of th loved.. That was thine ambition, O my tender anach And when, as I closed the sketch, I said, 'Pardon m know not what delight a father feels, when, while se son away from him into the world, he can speak an thus of him! But this, you see, is not your kind of an Let us talk of making money, and driving a coach-a through this villanous world,' — your cousin sank int found reverie, and when he woke from it, it was l waking of the earth after a night in spring — the ba had put forth buds!

"And, some time after, he startled me by a praye would permit him, with his father's consent, to acc you to Australia. The only answer I have given him has been in the form of a question: 'Ask yourself if I I cannot wish Pisistratus to be other than he is; and you agree with him in all his principles and objects, to incur the risk that you should give him your knowl the world, and inoculate him with your ambition?' struck, and had the candour to attempt no reply.

"Now, Pisistratus, the doubt I expressed to him doubt I feel. For, indeed, it is only by home-truth

refining arguments, that I can deal with this unscholastic Scythian, who, fresh from the Steppes, comes to puzzle me in the Portico.

"On the one hand, what is to become of him in the Old World? At his age, and with his energies, it would be impossible to cage him with us in the Cumberland ruins; weariness and discontent would undo all we could do. He has no resource in books — and I fear never will have! But to send him forth into one of the overcrowded professions — to place him amidst all those 'disparities of social life,' on the rough stones of which he is perpetually grinding his heart — turn him adrift amongst all the temptations to which he is most prone — this is a trial which, I fear, will be too sharp for a conversion so incomplete. In the New World, no doubt, his energies would find a safer field; and even the adventurous and desultory habits of his childhood might there be put to healthful account. Those complaints of the disparities of the civilised world, find, I suspect, an easier if a bluffer reply from the political economist than the Stoic philosopher. 'You don't like them, you find it hard to submit to them,' says the political economist; 'but they are the laws of a civilised state, and you can't alter them. Wiser men than you have tried to alter them, and never succeeded, though they turned the earth topsy-turvy! Very well; but the world is wide — go into a state that is not so civilised. The disparities of the Old World vanish amidst the New! Emigration is the reply of Nature to the rebellious cry against Art.' Thus would say the political economist: and, alas, even in your case, my son, I found no reply to the reasonings! I acknowledge, then, that Australia might open the best safety-valve to your cousin's discontent and desires; but I acknowledge also a counter-truth, which is this — 'It is not permitted to an honest man to corrupt himself for the sake of others.' That is almost

the only maxim of Jean Jacques, to which I can cheerfully subscribe! Do you feel quite strong enough to resist all the influences which a companionship of this kind may subject you to — strong enough to bear his burthen as well as your own — strong enough, also — ay, and alert and vigilant enough — to prevent those influences harming the others, whom you have undertaken to guide, and whose lots are confided to you? Pause well, and consider maturely, for this must not depend upon a generous impulse. I think that your cousin would now pass under your charge, with a sincere desire for reform; but between sincere desire and steadfast performance there is a long and dreary interval — even to the best of us. Were it not for Roland, and had I one grain less confidence in you, I could not entertain the thought of laying on your young shoulders so great a responsibility. But every new responsibility to an earnest nature is a new prop to virtue; —and all I now ask of you is—to remember that it *is* a solemn and serious charge, not to be undertaken without the most deliberate gauge and measure of the strength with which it is to be borne.

"In two days we shall be in London. — Yours, my anachronism, anxiously and fondly,

"A. C."

I was in my own room while I read this letter, and I had just finished it when, as I looked up, I saw Roland standing opposite to me. "It is from Austin," said he; then he paused a moment, and added in a tone that seemed quite humble, "May I see it? — and dare I?" I placed the letter in his hands, and retired a few paces, that he might not think I watched his countenance while he read it. And I was only aware that he had come to the end by a heavy, anxious, but not despondent sigh. Then I turned, and our eyes met, and

there was something in Roland's look, inquiring — and as it were imploring. I interpreted it at once.

"Oh, yes, uncle," I said, smiling; "I have reflected, and I have no fear of the result. Before my father wrote, what he now suggests had become my secret wish. As for our other companions, their simple natures would defy all such sophistries as — but he is already half cured of those. Let him come with me, and when he returns he shall be worthy of a place in your heart, beside his sister Blanche. I feel, I promise it — do not fear for me! Such a change will be a talisman to myself. I will shun every error that I might otherwise commit, so that he may have no example to entice him to err."

I know that in youth, and the superstition of first love, we are credulously inclined to believe that love, and the possession of the beloved, are the only happiness. But when my uncle folded me in his arms, and called me the hope of his age, and stay of his house — the music of my father's praise still ringing on my heart — I do affirm that I knew a greater and a prouder bliss than if Trevanion had placed Fanny's hand in mine, and said, "She is yours."

And now the die was cast — the decision made. It was with no regret that I wrote to Trevanion to decline his offers. Nor was the sacrifice so great — even putting aside the natural pride which had before inclined to it—as it may seem to some; for, restless though I was, I had laboured to constrain myself to other views of life than those which close the vistas of ambition with images of the terrestrial deities—Power and Rank. Had I not been behind the scenes, noted all of joy and of peace that the pursuit of power had cost Trevanion, and seen how little of happiness rank gave even to one of the polished habits and graceful attributes of Lord Castleton? Yet each nature seemed fitted so well — the first for power, the last for

rank! It is marvellous with what liberality Providence atones for the partial dispensations of Fortune. Independence, or the vigorous pursuit of it; affection, with its hopes and its rewards; a life only rendered by art more susceptible to nature — in which the physical enjoyments are pure and healthful — in which the moral faculties expand harmoniously with the intellectual — and the heart is at peace with the mind: is this a mean lot for ambition to desire — and is it so far out of human reach? "Know thyself," said the old philosophy. "Improve thyself," saith the new. The great object of the Sojourner in Time is not to waste all his passions and gifts on the things external that he must leave behind — that which he cultivates within is all that he can carry into the Eternal Progress. We are here but as schoolboys, whose life begins where school ends; and the battles we fought with our rivals, and the toys that we shared with our playmates, and the names that we carved, high or low, on the wall, above our desks — will they so much bestead us hereafter? As new fates crowd upon us, can they more than pass through the memory with a smile or a sigh? Look back to thy school days, and answer.

CHAPTER XI.

Two weeks, since the date of the preceding chapter, have passed; we have slept our last, for long years to come, on the English soil. It is night; and Vivian has been admitted to an interview with his father. They have been together alone an hour and more, and I and my father will not disturb them. But the clock strikes — the hour is late — the ship sails to-night — we should be on board. And as we two stand below, the door opens in the room above, and a heavy step descends the stairs; the father is leaning on the son's arm. You should

see how timidly the son guides the halting step. And now, as the light gleams on their faces, there are tears on Vivian's cheek; but the face of Roland seems calm and happy. Happy! when about to be separated, perhaps for ever, from his son? Yes, happy, because he has found a son for the first time; and is not thinking of years and absence, and the chance of death — but thankful for the Divine mercy, and cherishing celestial hope. If ye wonder why Roland is happy in such an hour, how vainly have I sought to make him breathe, and live, and move before you!

. . . . . .

We are on board; our luggage all went first. I had had time, with the help of a carpenter, to knock up cabins for Vivian, Guy Bolding, and myself in the hold. For, thinking we could not too soon lay aside the pretensions of Europe — "*de* fine-gentlemanise" ourselves, as Trevanion recommended — we had engaged steerage passage, to the great humouring of our finances. We had, too, the luxury to be by ourselves, and our own Cumberland folks were round us, as our friends and servants both.

We are on board, and have looked our last on those we are to leave, and we stand on deck leaning on each other. We are on board, and the lights, near and far, shine from the vast city; and the stars are on high, bright and clear, as for the first mariners of old. Strange noises, rough voices, and crackling cords, and here and there the sobs of women, mingling with the oaths of men. Now the swing and heave of the vessel — the dreary sense of exile that comes when the ship fairly moves over the waters. And still we stood, and looked, and listened; silent, and leaning on each other.

Night deepened, the city vanished — not a gleam from its myriad lights! The river widened and widened. How cold comes the wind! — is that a gale from the sea? The stars

grow faint — the moon has sunk. And now, how desolate look the waters in the comfortless gray of dawn! Then we shivered and looked at each other, and muttered something that was not the thought deepest at our hearts, and crept into our berths — feeling sure it was not for sleep. And sleep came on us soft and kind. The ocean lulled the exiles as on a mother's breast.

PART XVII.

CHAPTER I.

THE stage-scene has dropped. Settle yourselves, my good audience; chat each with his neighbour. Dear Madam in the boxes, take up your opera-glass and look about you, Treat Tom and pretty Sal to some of those fine oranges, O thou happy-looking mother in the two-shilling gallery! Yes, brave 'prentice boys, in the tier above, the cat-call by all means! And you, "most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs," in the front row of the pit — practised critics and steady old play-goers — who shake your heads at new actors and play-wrights, and, true to the creed of your youth, (for the which all honour to you!) firmly believe that we are shorter by the head than those giants our grandfathers — laugh or scold as you will, while the drop-scene still shuts out the stage. It is just that you should all amuse yourselves in your own way, O spectators! for the interval is long. All the actors have to change their dresses; all the scene-shifters are at work, sliding the "sides" of a new world into their grooves; and, in high disdain of all unity of time as of place, you will see in the play-bills that there is a great demand on your belief. You are called upon to suppose that we are older by five years than when you last saw us "fret our hour upon the stage." Five years! the author tells us especially to humour the belief by letting the drop-scene linger longer than usual between the lamps and the stage.

Play up, O ye fiddles and kettle-drums! the time is

elapsed. Stop that cat-call, young gentleman! — heads down in the pit there! Now the flourish is over — the scene draws up: — look before.

A bright, clear, transparent atmosphere — bright as that of the East, but vigorous and bracing as the air of the North; a broad and fair river, through wide grassy plains; yonder, far in the distance, stretch away vast forests of evergreen, and gentle slopes break the line of the cloudless horizon; see the pastures, Arcadian with sheep in hundreds and thousands — Thyrsis and Menalcas would have had hard labour to count them, and small time, I fear, for singing songs about Daphne. But, alas! Daphnes are rare; no nymphs with garlands and crooks trip over those pastures.

Turn your eyes to the right nearer the river; just parted by a low fence from the thirty acres or so that are farmed for amusement or convenience, not for profit; — *that* comes from the sheep, — you catch a glimpse of a garden. Look not so scornfully at the primitive horticulture, such gardens are rare in the bush. I doubt if the stately King of the Peak ever more rejoiced in the famous conservatory, through which you may drive in your carriage, than do the sons of the Bush in the herbs and blossoms which taste and breathe of the old father-land. Go on and behold the palace of the patriarchs — it is of wood, I grant you, but the house we build with our own hands is always a palace. Did you ever build one when you were a boy? And the lords of that palace are lords of the land, almost as far as you can see, and of those numberless flocks; and, better still, of a health which an antediluvian might have envied, and of nerves so seasoned with horse-breaking, cattle-driving, fighting with wild blacks — chaces from them and after them, for life and for death — that if any passion vex the breast of those kings of the Bushland, fear at least is erased from the list.

See, here and there through the landscape, rude huts like the masters' — wild sprits and fierce dwell within. But they are tamed into order by plenty and hope; by the hand open but firm, by the eye keen but just.

Now, out from those woods, over those green rolling plains, harumscarum, helter-skelter, long hair flying wild, and all bearded as a Turk or a pard, comes a rider you recognise. The rider dismounts and another old acquaintance turns from a shepherd, with whom he has been conversing on matters that never plagued Thyrsis and Menalcas, whose sheep seem to have been innocent of foot-rot and scab, and accosts the horseman?"

PISISTRATUS. — "My dear Guy, where on earth have you been?"

GUY — (*producing a book from his pocket with great triumph.*) — There! Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.* I could not get the squatter to let me have *Kenilworth*, though I offered him three sheep for it. Dull old fellow, that Dr. Johnson, I suspect; so much the better, the book will last all the longer. And here's a Sydney paper too, only two months old! (*Guy takes a short pipe or dodeen from his hat, in the band of which it had been stuck, fills and lights it.*)

PISISTRATUS. — You must have ridden thirty miles at the least. To think of *your* turning book-hunter, Guy!

GUY BOLDING — (*philosophically.*) — Ay, one don't know the worth of a thing till one has lost it. No sneers at me, old fellow; you, too, declared that you were bothered out of your life by those books, till you found how long the evenings were without them. Then, the first new book we got — an old volume of the *Spectator!* — such fun!

PISISTRATUS. — Very true. The brown cow has calved in your absence. Do you know, Guy, I think we shall have

no scab in the fold this year. If so, there will be a rare sum to lay by! Things look up with us now, Guy.

GUY BOLDING. — Yes; very different from the first two years. You drew a long face then. How wise you were, to insist on our learning experience at another man's station before we hazarded our own capital! But, by Jove, those sheep, at first, were enough to plague a man out of his wits! What with the wild dogs, just as the sheep had been washed and ready to shear; then that cursed scabby sheep of Joe Timmes's, that we caught rubbing his sides so complacently against our unsuspecting poor ewes. I wonder we did not run away. But "*Patientia fit*," — what is that line in Horace? Never mind now. "It is a long lane that has no turning" does just as well as anything in Horace, and Virgil to boot. I say, has not Vivian been here?

PISISTRATUS. — No; but he will be sure to come to-day.

GUY BOLDING. — He has much the best berth of it. Horse-breeding and cattle-feeding; galloping after those wild devils; lost in a forest of horns; beasts lowing, scampering, goring, tearing off like mad buffaloes; horses galloping up hill, down hill, over rocks, stones, and timber; whips cracking, men shouting — your neck all but broken; a great bull making at you full rush. Such fun! Sheep are dull things to look at after a bull-hunt and a cattle-feast.

PISISTRATUS. — Every man to his taste in the Bush. One may make one's money more easily and safely, with more adventure and sport, in the bucolic department. But one makes larger profit and quicker fortune, with good luck and good care, in the pastoral — and our object, I take it, is to get back to England as soon as we can.

GUY BOLDING. — Humph! I should be content to live and die in the Bush — nothing like it, if women were not so scarce. To think of the redundant spinster population at

home, and not a spinster here to be seen within thirty miles, save Bet Goggins, indeed — and she has only one eye! But to return to Vivian — why should it be our object, more than his, to get back to England as soon as we can?

PISISTRATUS. — Not more certainly. But you saw that an excitement more stirring than that we find in the sheep had become necessary to him. You know he was growing dull and dejected; the cattle station was to be sold a bargain. And then the Durham bulls, and the Yorkshire horses, which Mr. Trevanion sent you and me out as presents were so tempting, I thought we might fairly add one speculation to another; and since one of us must superintend the bucolics, and two of us were required for the pastorals, I think Vivian was the best of us three to intrust with the first; and, certainly, it has succeeded as yet.

GUY. — Why, yes, Vivian is quite in his element — always in action, and always in command. Let him be first in everything, and there it not a finer fellow, nor a better tempered — present company excepted. Hark! the dogs, the crack of the whip; there he is. And now, I suppose, we may go to dinner.

Enter VIVIAN.

His frame has grown more athletic; his eye, more steadfast and less restless, looks you full in the face. His smile is more open; but there is a melancholy in his expression, almost approaching to gloom. His dress is the same as that of Pisistratus and Guy — white vest and trowsers; loose neckcloth, rather gay in colour; broad cabbage-leaf hat; his moustache and beard are trimmed with more care than ours. He has a large whip in his hand, and a gun slung across his shoulders. Greetings are exchanged; mutual inquiries as to cattle and sheep, and the last horses despatched to the Indian market. Guy shows the *Lives of the Poets;* Vivian asks if it is possible to get the *Life of Clive*, or *Napoleon*, or

a copy of *Plutarch*. Guy shakes his head — says, if a *Robinson Crusoe* will do as well, he has seen one in a very tattered state, but in too great request to be had a bargain.

The party turn into the hut. Miserable animals are bachelors in all countries; but most miserable in Bushland. A man does not know what a helpmate of the soft sex is in the Old World, where women seem a matter of course. But in the Bush, a wife is literally bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh — your better half, your ministering angel, your Eve of the Eden — in short, all that poets have sung, or young orators say at public dinners, when called upon to give the toast of "The Ladies." Alas! we are three bachelors, but we are better off than bachelors often are in the Bush. For the wife of the shepherd I took from Cumberland does me and Bolding the honour to live in our hut, and make things tidy and comfortable. She has had a couple of children since we have been in the Bush; a wing has been added to the hut for that increase of family. The children, I daresay, one might have thought a sad nuisance in England; but I declare that, surrounded as one is by great bearded men, from sunrise to sunset, there is something humanising, musical, Christianlike, in the very squall of the baby. There it goes — bless it! As for my other companions from Cumberland, Miles Square, the most aspiring of all, has long left me, and is superintendent to a great sheepowner some two hundred miles off. The Will-o'-the-Wisp is consigned to the cattle station, where he is Vivian's head man, finding time now and then to indulge his old poaching propensities at the expense of parrots, black cockatoos, pigeons, and kangaroos. The shepherd remains with us, and does not seem, honest fellow, to care to better himself; he has a feeling of clanship, which keeps down the ambition common in Australia. And his wife — such a treasure! I assure you, the sight of her

, smiling woman's face, when we return home at l, and the very flow of her gown, as she turns the rs"* in the ashes, and fills the teapot, have in them ng holy and angelical. How lucky our Cumberland not jealous! Not that there is any cause, enviable ugh he be; but where Desdemonas are so scarce, if ld but guess how green-eyed their Othellos generally xcellent husbands, it is true — none better; but you er think twice before you attempt to play the Cassio land! There, however, she is, dear creature! — among knives and forks, smoothing the tablecloth, n the salt-beef, and that rare luxury of pickles, (the in our store), and the produce of our garden and yard, which few Bushmen can boast of — and the , and a pot of tea to each banqueter; no wine, beer, its — those are only for shearing-time. We have just ce, (a fashion retained from the holy mother country), less my soul, what a clatter without, what a tramping what a barking of dogs! Some guests have arrived. re always welcome in Bushland! Perhaps a cattle- search of Vivian; perhaps that cursed squatter, whose re always migrating to ours. Never mind, a hearty e to all — friend or foe. The door opens; one, two, rangers. More plates and knives; draw your stools; ime. First eat, then — what news?

as the strangers sit down, a voice is heard at the

u will take particular care of this horse, young man: m about a little; wash his back with salt and water. buckle the saddle-bags; give them to me. Oh! safe , I daresay — but papers of consequence. The pro-

damper is a cake of flour baked without yeast, in the ashes.

sperity of the colony depends on those papers. What w become of you all if any accident happened to then shudder to think."

And here, attired in a twill shooting-jacket, budding gilt buttons, impressed with a well-remembered devic cabbage-leaf hat shading a face rarely seen in the bush face smooth as razor could make it: neat, trim, respect looking as ever — his arm full of saddle-bags, and his no gently distended, inhaling the steam of the banquet, ı in — Uncle Jack.

PISISTRATUS — (*leaping up.*) — Is it possible! Y Australia — you in the Bush!

Uncle Jack, not recognising Pisistratus in the tall, b ed man who is making a plunge at him, recedes in a exclaiming — "Who are you? — never saw you before, I suppose you 'll say next that *I owe you something!*"

PISISTRATUS. — Uncle Jack!

UNCLE JACK — (*dropping his saddle-bags.*) — Nephe Heaven be praised. Come to my arms!

They embrace; mutual introductions to the compa Mr. Vivian, Mr. Bolding, on the one side — Major Blarney, Mr. Bullion, Mr. Emanuel Speck on the o Major Mac Blarney is a fine portly man, with a slight D brogue, who squeezes your hand as he would a sponge. Bullion — reserved and haughty — wears green specta and gives you a forefinger. Mr. Emanuel Speck — unus smart for the Bush, with a blue satin stock, and one of t blouses common in Germany, with elaborate hems, pockets enough for Briareus to have put all his hands in once — is thin, civil, and stoops — bows, smiles, and down to dinner again, with the air of a man accustom attend to the main chance.

UNCLE JACK — (*his mouth full of beef.*) — Famous bee

ved it yourself, eh? Slow work that cattle-feeding! — *(Empties the rest of the picklejar into his plate.)* Must learn to go ahead in the new world — railway times these! We can put him up to a thing or two — eh, Bullion? — (whispering me, "Great capitalist that Bullion! LOOK AT HIM!")

MR. BULLION — *(gravely.)* — A thing or two! If he has capital — you have said it, Mr. Tibbets. *(Looks round for the pickles — the green spectacles remain fixed upon Unde Jack's plate.)*

UNCLE JACK. — All that this colony wants is a few men like us, with capital and spirit. Instead of paying paupers to emigrate, they should pay rich men to come — eh, Speck?

While Uncle Jack turns to Mr. Speck, Mr. Bullion fixes his fork in a pickled onion in Jack's plate, and transfers it to his own — observing, not as incidentally to the onion, but to truth in general — "A man, gentlemen, in this country, has only to keep his eyes on the look-out, and seize on the first advantage! — resources are incalculable!"

Uncle Jack, returning to the plate and missing the onion, forestalls Mr. Speck in seizing the last potato — observing also, and in the same philosophical and generalising spirit as Mr. Bullion — "The great thing in this country is to be always beforehand: discovery and invention, promptitude and decision! — that's your go. 'Pon my life, one picks up sad vulgar sayings among the natives here! — 'that's your go!' shocking! What would your poor father say? How is he — good Austin? Well? — that's right: and my dear sister? Ah, that damnable Peck! — still harping on the *Anti-Capitalist*, eh? But I 'll make it up to you all now. Gentlemen, charge your glasses — a bumper-toast —

MR. SPECK — *(in an affected tone.)* — I respond to the sentiment in a flowing cup. Glasses are not forthcoming.

UNCLE JACK. — A bumper-toast to the heatlh of the

future millionnaire, whom I present to you in my nephew and sole heir — Pisistratus Caxton, Esq. Yes, gentlemen, I here publicly announce to you that this gentleman will be the inheritor of all my wealth — freehold, leasehold, agricultural, and mineral; and when I am in the cold grave — (*takes out his pocket-handkerchief*) — and nothing remains of poor John Tibbets, look upon that gentleman, and say, "John Tibbets lives again!"

Mr. Speck — (*chauntingly.*) —

"Let the bumper-toast go round."

Guy Bolding. — Hip, hip, hurrah! — three times three! What fun!

Order is restored; dinner-things are cleared; each gentleman lights his pipe.

Vivian. — What news from England?

Mr. Bullion. — As to the funds, Sir?

Mr. Speck. — I suppose you mean, rather, as to the railways: great fortunes will be made there, Sir; but still I think that our speculations here will —

Vivian. — I beg pardon for interrupting you, Sir; but I thought, in the last papers, that there seemed something hostile in the temper of the French. No chance of a war?

Major MacBlarney. — Is it the wars you 'd be after, young gintleman? If me interest at the Horse Guards can avail you, bedad! you 'd make a proud man of Major MacBlarney.

Mr. Bullion — (*authoritatively.*) — No, Sir, we won't have a war: the capitalists of Europe and Australia won't have it. The Rothschilds, and a few others that shall be nameless, have only got to do *this*, Sir — (*Mr. Bullion buttons up his pockets*) — and we 'll do it too; and then what becomes of your war, Sir?

Mr. Bullion snaps his pipe in the vehemence with which he brings his hand on the table, turns round the green spectacles, and takes up Mr. Speck's pipe, which that gentleman had laid aside in an unguarded moment.)

VIVIAN. — But the campaign in India?

MAJOR MACBLARNEY. — Oh! — and if it 's the Ingees you 'd —

BULLION — (*refilling Speck's pipe from Guy Bolding's exclusive tobacco-pouch, and interrupting the Major.*) — India — that 's another matter: I don't object to that! War there — rather good for the money market than otherwise!

VIVIAN. — What news there, then?

BULLION. — Don't know — haven't got India stock.

MR. SPECK. — Nor I either. The day for India is over: this is our India now. (*Misses his tobacco-pipe; sees it in Bullion's mouth, and stares aghast! — N. B. — The pipe is not a clay* dodeen, *but a small meerschaum — irreplaceable in Bushland.*)

PISISTRATUS. — Well, uncle, but I am at a loss to understand what new scheme you have in hand. Something benevolent, I am sure — something for your fellow-creatures — for philanthropy and mankind?

MR. BULLION — (*starting.*) — Why, young man, are you as green as all that?

PISISTRATUS. — I, Sir — no — Heaven forbid! But my — (*Uncle Jack holds up his forefinger imploringly, and spills his tea over the pantaloons of his nephew!*)

Pisistratus, wroth at the effect of the tea, and therefore obdurate to the sign of the forefinger, continues rapidly, "But my uncle *is!* — some grand national-imperial-colonial-anti-monopoly" —

UNCLE JACK. — Pooh! Pooh! What a droll boy it is.

MR. BULLION — (*solemnly.*) — With these notions, which

not even in jest should be fathered on my respectable and intelligent friend here — (*Uncle Jack bows*) — I am afraid you will never get on in the world, Mr. Caxton. I don't think our speculations will suit *you!* It is growing late, gentlemen: we must push on.

Uncle Jack — (*jumping up.*) — And I have so much to say to the dear boy. Excuse us: you know the feelings of an uncle! (*Takes my arm, and leads me out of the hut.*)

Uncle Jack — (*as soon as we are in the air.*)—You 'll ruin us — you, me, and your father and mother. Yes! What do you think I work and slave myself for but for you and yours? — Ruin us all, I say, if you talk in that way before Bullion! His heart is as hard as the Bank of England's — and quite right he is, too. Fellow-creatures! — stuff! I have renounced that delusion — the generous follies of my youth! I begin at last to live for myself — that is, for self and relatives! I shall succeed this time, you 'll see!

Pisistratus. — Indeed, uncle, I hope so sincerily; and to do you justice, there is always something very clever in your ideas — only they don't —

Uncle Jack — (*interrupting me with a groan.*) — The fortunes that other men have gained by my ideas! — shocking to think of! What! — and shall I be reproached if I live no longer for such a set of thieving, greedy, ungrateful knaves? No — no! Number one shall be my maxim; and I 'll make you a Crœsus, my boy — I will.

Pisistratus, after grateful acknowledgments for all prospective benefits, inquires how long Jack has been in Australia; what brought him into the colony; and what are his present views. Learns, to his astonishment, that Uncle Jack has been four years in the colony; that he sailed the year after Pisistratus — induced, he says, by that illustrious example, and by some mysterious agency or commission, which he will not explain,

emanating either from the Colonial Office, or an Emigration Company. Uncle Jack has been thriving wonderfully since he abandoned his fellow-creatures. His first speculation, on arriving at the colony, was in buying some houses in Sydney, which (by those fluctuations in prices common to the extremes of the colonial mind — which is one while skipping up the rainbow with Hope, and at another plunging into Acherontian abysses with Despair) he bought excessively cheap, and sold excessively dear. But his grand experiment has been in connexion with the infant settlement of Adelaide, of which he considers himself one of the first founders; and as, in the rush of emigration which poured to that favoured establishment in the earlier years of its existence, — rolling on its tide all manner of credulous and inexperienced adventurers, — vast sums were lost, so, of those sums, certain fragments and pickings were easily griped and gathered up by a man of Uncle Jack's readiness and dexterity. Uncle Jack had contrived to procure excellent letters of introduction to the colonial grandees: he got into close connexion with some of the principal parties seeking to establish a monopoly of land, (which has since been in great measure effected by raising the price, and excluding the small fry of petty capitalists;) and effectually imposed on them, as a man with a vast knowledge of public business — in the confidence of great men at home — considerable influence with the English press, &c., &c. And no discredit to their discernment, for Jack, when he pleased, had a way with him that was almost irresistible. In this manner he contrived to associate himself and his earnings with men really of large capital, and long practical experience in the best mode by which that capital might be employed. He was thus admitted into a partnership (so far as his means went) with Mr. Bullion, who was one of the largest sheepowners and landholders in the colony, though, having many other nests to feather, that

gentleman resided in state at Sydney, and left his runs and stations to the care of overseers and superintendents. But land-jobbing was Jack's special delight; and an ingenious German having lately declared that the neighbourhood of Adelaide betrayed the existence of those mineral treasures which have since been brought to day, Mr. Tibbets had persuaded Bullion and the other gentlemen now accompanying him, to undertake the land journey from Sidney to Adelaide, privily and quietly to ascertain the truth of the German's report, which was at present very little believed. If the ground failed of mines, Uncle Jack's account convinced his associates that mines quite as profitable might be found in the pockets of the raw adventurers, who were ready to buy one year at the dearest market, and driven to sell the next at the cheapest.

"But," concluded Uncle Jack, with a sly look, and giving me a poke in the ribs, "I 've had to do with mines before now, and know what they are. I 'll let nobody but you into my pet scheme: you shall go shares if you like. The scheme is as plain as a problem in Euclid, — if the German is right, and there are mines, why, the mines will be worked. Then miners must be employed; but miners must eat, drink, and spend their money. The thing is to get *that* money. Do you take?"

PISISTRATUS. — Not at all!

UNCLE JACK — (*majestically.*) — A Great Grog and Store Depôt! The miners want grog and stores, come to your depôt; you take their money; Q E D! Shares — eh, you dog? Cribs, as we said at school. Put in a paltry thousand or two, and you shall go halves.

PISISTRATUS — (*vehemently.*) — Not for all the mines of Potosi.

UNCLE JACK — (*good humouredly.*) — Well, it shan't be the worse for you. I shan't alter my will, in spite of your want of

confidence. Your young friend, — that Mr. Vivian, I think you call him — intelligent looking-fellow, sharper than the other, I guess, — would *he* like a share?

PISISTRATUS. — In the grog depôt? You had better ask him!

UNCLE JACK. — What! you pretend to be aristocratic in the Bush! Too good. Ha, ha — they 're calling to me — we must be off.

PISISTRATUS. — I will ride with you a few miles. What say you, Vivian? and you, Guy? —

As the whole party now joined us.

Guy prefers basking in the sun, and reading the *Lives of the Poets*. Vivian assents; we accompany the party till sunset. Major MacBlarney prodigalises his offers of service in every conceivable department of life, and winds up with an assurance that, if we want anything in those departments connected with engineering — such as mining, mapping, surveying, &c. — he will serve us, bedad, for nothing, or next to it. We suspect Major MacBlarney to be a civil engineer, suffering under the innocent hallucination that he has been in the army.

Mr. Specks lets out to me, in a confidential whisper, that Mr. Bullion is monstrous rich, and has made his fortune from small beginnings, by never letting a good thing go. I think of Uncle Jack's pickled onion, and Mr. Speck's meerschaum, and perceive, with respectful admiration, that Mr. Bullion acts uniformly on one grand system. Ten minutes afterwards, Mr. Bullion observes, in a tone equally confidential, that Mr. Speck, though so smiling and civil, is as sharp as a needle; and that if I want any shares in the new speculation, or indeed in any other, I had better come at once to Bullion, who would not deceive me for my weight in gold. "Not," added Bullion, "that I have anything to say against Speck.

He is well enough to do in the world — a warm man, Sir; and when a man is really warm, I am the last person to think of his little faults, and turn on him the cold shoulder."

"Adieu!" said Uncle Jack, pulling out once more his pocket-handkerchief; "my love to all at home." And sinking his voice into a whisper, "If ever you think better of the grog and store depôt, nephew, you 'll find an uncle's heart in this bosom!"

CHAPTER II.

It was night as Vivian and myself rode slowly home. Night in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world, so much nearer to earth! Every star stands out so bright and particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it. And the moon like a large silvery sun; — the least object on which it shines — so distinct and so still.* Now and then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with the solitude that it only deepens its charms. Hark! the low cry of a night-bird, from yonder glen amidst the small gray gleaming rocks. Hark! as night deepens, the bark of the distant watch-dog, or the low strange howl of his more savage species, from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound, and flings it sportively from hill to hill — farther, and farther, and farther down, till all again is hushed, and the flowers hang noiseless over your head, as you ride through a grove of the

* "I have frequently," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his invaluable work upon South Australia, at once so graphic and so practical, "been out on a journey in such a night, and whilst allowing the horse his own time to walk along the road, have solaced myself by reading in the still moonlight,"

giant gum-trees. Now the air is literally charged with the odours, and the sense of fragrance grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace, and escape again into the open plains, and the full moonlight, and through the slender tea-trees catch the gleam of the river, and in the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere hear the soothing sound of murmur.

PISISTRATUS. — And this land has become the heritage of our people! Methinks I see, as I gaze around, the scheme of the All-beneficent Father disentangling itself clear through the troubled history of mankind. How mysteriously, while Europe rears its populations, and fulfils its civilising mission, these realms have been concealed from its eyes — divulged to us just as civilisation needs the solution to its problems; a vent for feverish energies, baffled in the crowd; offering bread to the famished, hope to the desperate; in very truth enabling the "New World to redress the balance of the Old." Here, what a Latium for the wandering spirits,

> "On various seas by various tempests toss'd."

Here, the actual Æneid passes before our eyes. From the huts of the exiles scattered over this hardier Italy, who cannot see in the future,

> "A race from whence new Alban sires shall come
> And the long glories of a future Rome?"

VIVIAN — (*mournfully.*) — Is it from the outcasts of the workhouse, the prison, and the transport-ship, that a second Rome is to arise?

PISISTRATUS. — There is something in this new soil — in the labour it calls forth, in the hope it inspires, in the sense of property, which I take to be the core of social morals — that expedites the work of redemption with marvellous ra-

pidity. Take them altogether, whatever their origin, or whatever brought them hither, they are a fine, manly, frank-hearted race, these colonists now! — rude, not mean, especially in the Bush — and, I suspect, will ultimately become as gallant and honest a population as that now springing up in South Australia, from which convicts are excluded — and happily excluded — for the distinction will sharpen emulation. As to the rest, and in direct answer to your question, I fancy even the emancipist part of our population every whit as respectable as the mongrel robbers under Romulus.

VIVIAN. — But were *they* not soldiers? — I mean the first Romans?

PISISTRATUS. — My dear cousin, we are in advance of those grim outcasts, if we can get lands, houses, and wives, (though the last is difficult, and it is well that we have no white Sabines in the neighbourhood!) without that same soldiering which was the necessity of their existence.

VIVIAN — (*after a pause.*) — I have written to my father, and to yours more fully — stating in the one letter my wish, in the other trying to explain the feelings from which it springs.

PISISTRATUS. — Are the letters gone?

VIVIAN. — Yes.

PISISTRATUS. — And you would not show them to me?

VIVIAN. — Do not speak so reproachfully. I promised your father to pour out my whole heart to him, whenever it was troubled and at strife. I promise you now that I will go by his advice.

PISISTRATUS — (*disconsolately.*) — What is there in this military life for which you yearn that can yield you more food for healthful excitement and stirring adventure than your present pursuits afford?

VIVIAN. — *Distinction!* You do not see the difference

between us. You have but a fortune to make, I have a name to redeem; you look calmly on to the future, I have a dark blot to erase from the past.

PISISTRATUS — (*soothingly.*) — It is erased. Five years of no weak bewailings, but of manly reform, steadfast industry, conduct so blameless, that even Guy (whom I look upon as the incarnation of blunt English honesty) half doubts whether you are *'cute* enough for "a station" — a character already so high, that I long for the hour when you will again take your father's spotless name, and give me the pride to own our kinship to the world; all this surely redeems the errors arising from an uneducated childhood and a wandering youth.

VIVIAN — (*leaning over his horse, and putting his hand on my shoulder.*) — "My dear friend, what do I owe you?" Then recovering his emotion, and pushing on at a quicker pace, while he continues to speak, "But can you not see that, just in proportion as my comprehension of right would become clear and strong, so my conscience would become also more sensitive and reproachful; and the better I understand my gallant father, the more I must desire to be as he would have had his son. Do you think it would content him, could he see me branding cattle and bargaining with bullock-drivers? Was it not the strongest wish of his heart that I should adopt his own career? Have I not heard you say that he would have had you too a soldier, but for your mother? I have no mother! If I made thousands, and tens of thousands, by this ignoble calling, would they give my father half the pleasure that he would feel at seeing my name honourably mentioned in a despatch? No, no! you have banished the gipsy blood, and now the soldier's breaks out! Oh for one glorious day in which I may clear my way into fair repute, as our fathers before us! — when tears of proud joy may flow from those eyes that have wept such hot drops at my shame!

When *she*, too, in her high station, beside that sleek lord, may say, 'His heart was not so vile, after all!' Don't argue with me — it is in vain! Pray, rather, that I may have leave to work out my own way; for I tell you that, if condemned to stay here, I may not murmur aloud — I may go through this round of low duties as the brute turns the wheel of a mill: but my heart will prey on itself, and you shall soon write on my grave-stone the epitaph of the poor poet you told us of, whose true disease was the thirst of glory — 'Here lies one whose name was written in water.'"

I had no answer; that contagious ambiton made my own veins run more warmly, and my own heart beat with a louder tumult. Amidst the pastoral scenes, and under the tranquil moonlight, of the New, the Old World, even in me, rude Bushman, claimed for a while its son. But as we rode on, the air, so inexpressibly buoyant, yet soothing as an anodyne, restored me to peaceful Nature. Now the flocks, in their snowy clusters, were seen sleeping under the stars; hark, the welcome of the watch-dogs; see the light gleaming far from the chink of the door! And, pausing, I said aloud, "No, there is more glory in laying these rough foundations of a mighty state, though no trumpets resound with your victory — though no laurels shall shadow your tomb — than in forcing the onward progress of your race over burning cities and hecatombs of men!" I looked round for Vivian's answer; but, ere I spoke, he had spurred from my side, and I saw the wild dogs slinking back from the hoofs of his horse, as he rode at speed, on the sward, through the moonlight.

CHAPTER III.

THE weeks and the months rolled on, and the replies to Vivian's letters came at last: I foreboded too well their purport. I knew that my father could not set himself in opposition to the deliberate and cherished desire of a man who had now arrived at the full strength of his understanding, and must be left at liberty to make his own election of the paths of life. Long after that date, I saw Vivian's letter to my father; and even his conversation had scarcely prepared me for the pathos of that confession of a mind remarkable alike for its strength and its weakness. If born in the age, or submitted to the influences, of religious enthusiasm, here was a nature that, awaking from sin, could not have been contented with the sober duties of mediocre goodness — that would have plunged into the fiery depths of monkish fanaticism — wrestled with the fiend in the hermitage, or marched barefoot on the infidel with the sackcloth for armour — the cross for a sword. Now, the impatient desire for redemption took a more mundane direction, but with something that seemed almost spiritual in its fervour. And this enthusiasm flowed through strata of such profound melancholy! Deny it a vent, and it might sicken into lethargy, or fret itself into madness — give it the vent, and it might vivify and fertilise as it swept along.

My father's reply to this letter was what might be expected. It gently reinforced the old lessons in the distinctions between aspirations towards the perfecting ourselves — aspirations that are never in vain — and the morbid passion for applause from others, which shifts conscience from our own bosoms to the confused babel of the crowd, and calls it "fame." But my father, in his counsels, did not seek to oppose a mind so

obstinately bent upon a single course — he sought rather to guide and strengthen it in the way it should go. The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandise to exchange. Not every vessel that sails from Tarshish can bring back the gold of Ophir; but shall it therefore rot in the harbour? No; give its sails to the wind!

But I had expected that Roland's letter to his son would have been full of joy and exultation — joy there was none, in it, yet exultation there might be — though serious, grave, and subdued. In the proud assent that the old soldier gave to his son's wish, in his entire comprehension of motives so akin to his own nature — there was yet a visible sorrow; it seemed even as if he constrained himself to the assent he gave. Not till I had read it again and again, could I divine Roland's feelings while he wrote. At this distance of time, I comprehend them well. Had he sent from his side, into noble warfare, some boy fresh to life, new to sin, with an enthusiasm pure and single-hearted as his own young chivalrous ardour — then, with all a soldier's joy, he had yielded a cheerful tribute to the hosts of England; but here he recognised, though perhaps dimly, not the frank military fervour, but the stern desire of expiation — and in that thought he admitted forebodings that would have been otherwise rejected — so that, at the close of the letter, it seemed not the fiery war-seasoned Roland that wrote, but rather some timid, anxious mother. Warnings and entreaties, and cautions not to be rash, and assurances that the best soldiers were ever the most prudent — were these the counsels of the fierce veteran, who, at the head of the forlorn hope, had mounted the wall at —, his sword between his teeth!

But, whatever his presentiments, Roland had yielded at once to his son's prayer — hastened to London at the receipt

' his letter — obtained a commission in a regiment now in tive service in India; and that commission was made out in s son's name. The commission, with an order to join the giment as soon as possible, accompanied the letter.

And Vivian, pointing to the name addressed to him, said, Now, indeed, I may resume this name, and, next to Heaven, ill I hold it sacred! It shall guide me to glory in life, or y father shall read it, without shame, on my tomb!" I see m before me, as he stood then — his form erect, his dark es solemn in their light, a serenity in his smile, a grandeur i his brow, that I had never marked till then! Was that the me man I had recoiled from as the sneering cynic, shud- ered at as the audacious traitor, or wept over as the cowering itcast. How little the nobleness of aspect depends on sym- etry of feature, or the mere proportions of form! What gnity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought!

CHAPTER IV.

He is gone! he has left a void in my existence. I had own to love him so well; I had been so proud when men raised him. My love was a sort of self-love — I had looked on him in part as the work of my own hands. I am a long me ere I can settle back, with good heart, to my pastoral fe. Before my cousin went, we cast up our gains, and ttled our shares. When he resigned the allowance which oland had made him, his father secretly gave to me, for his e, a sum equal to that which I and Guy Bolding brought to the common stock. Roland had raised the sum upon ortgage; and, while the interest was a trivial deduction om his income, compared to the former allowance, the ca- tal was much more useful to his son than a mere yearly

payment could have been. Thus, between us, we had a considerable sum for Australian settlers — £4500. For the first two years we made nothing; indeed, great part of the first year was spent in learning our art, at the station of an old settler. But, at the end of the third year, our flocks having then become very considerable, we cleared a return beyond my most sanguine expectations. And when my cousin left, just in the sixth year of exile, our shares amounted to £4000 each, exclusive of the value of the two stations. My cousin had, at first, wished that I should forward his share to his father, but he soon saw that Roland would never take it; and it was finally agreed that it should rest in my hands, for me to manage for him, send him out an interest at five per cent, and devote the surplus profits to the increase of his capital. I had now, therefore, the control of £12,000, and we might consider ourselves very respectable capitalists. I kept on the cattle station, by the aid of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, for about two years after Vivian's departure, (we had then had it altogether for five.) At the end of that time, I sold it and the stock to great advantage. And the sheep — for the "brand" of which I had a high reputation — having wonderfully prospered in the meanwhile, I thought we might safely extend our speculations into new ventures. Glad, too, of a change of scene, I left Bolding in charge of the flocks, and bent my course to Adelaide, for the fame of that new settlement had already disturbed the peace of the Bush. I found Uncle Jack residing near Adelaide, in a very handsome villa, with all the signs and appurtenances of colonial opulence; and report, perhaps, did not exaggerate the gains he had made: — so many strings to his bow — and each arrow, this time, seemed to have gone straight to the white of the butts! I now thought I had acquired knowledge and caution sufficient to avail myself of Uncle Jack's ideas, without ruining myself by

following them out in his company; and I saw a kind of retributive justice in making his brain minister to the fortunes which his ideality and constructiveness, according to Squills, had served so notably to impoverish. I must here gratefully acknowledge, that I owed much to this irregular genius. The investigation of the supposed mines had proved unsatisfactory to Mr. Bullion; and they were not fairly discovered till a few years after. But Jack had convinced himself of their existence, and purchased, on his own account, "for an old song," some barren land, which he was persuaded would prove to him a Golconda, one day or other, under the euphonius title (which, indeed, it ultimately established) of the "Tibbet's Wheal." The suspension of the mines, however, fortunately suspended the existence of the Grog and Store Depôt, and Uncle Jack was now assisting in the foundation of Fort Philip. Profiting by his advice, I adventured in that new settlement some timid and wary purchases, which I resold to considerable advantage. Meanwhile, I must not omit to state briefly what, since my departure from England, had been the ministerial career of Trevanion.

That refining fastidiousness, — that scrupulosity of political conscience, which had characterised him as an independent member, and often served, in the opinion, both of friend and of foe, to give the attribute of *general* impracticability to a mind that, in all *details*, was so essentially and laboriously practical — might perhaps have founded Trevanion's reputation as a minister, if he could have been a minister without colleagues — if, standing alone, and from the necessary height, he could have placed, clear and single, before the world, his exquisite honesty of purpose, and the width of a statesmanship marvellously accomplished and comprehensive. But Trevanion could not amalgamate with others, nor subscribe to the discipline of a cabinet in which he was not the chief, especially

m a policy which must have been thoroughly abhorrent to such a nature — a policy that, of late years, has distinguished not one faction alone, but has seemed so forced upon the more eminent political leaders, on either side, that they who take the more charitable view of things may, perhaps, hold it to arise from the necessity of the age, fostered by the temper of the public — I mean the policy of *Expediency*. Certainly not in this book will I introduce the angry element of party politics; and how should I know much about them? All that I have to say is, that, right or wrong, such a policy must have been at war, every moment, with each principle of Trevanion's statesmanship, and fretted each fibre of his moral constitution. The aristocratic combinations which his alliance with the Castleton interest had brought to his aid, served perhaps to fortify his position in the cabinet; yet aristocratic combinations were of small avail against what seemed the atmospherical epidemic of the age. I could see how his situation had preyed on his mind, when I read a paragraph in the newspapers, "that it was reported, on good authority, that Mr. Trevanion had tendered his resignation, but had been prevailed upon to withdraw it, as his retirement at that moment would break up the government." Some months afterwards came another paragraph, to the effect "that Mr. Trevanion was taken suddenly ill, and that it was feared his illness was of a nature to preclude his resuming his official labours." Then parliament broke up. Before it met again, Mr. Trevanion was gazetted as Earl of Ulverstone, a title that had been once in his family — and had left the administration, unable to encounter the fatigues of office. To an ordinary man, the elevation to an earldom, passing over the lesser honours in the peerage, would have seemed no mean close to a political career; but I felt what profound despair of striving against circumstance for utility — what entanglements with his colleagues, whom he could

neither conscientiously support, nor, according to his high old-fashioned notions of party honour and etiquette, energetically oppose — had driven him to abandon that stormy scene in which his existence had been passed. The House of Lords, to that active intellect, was as the retirement of some warrior of old into the cloisters of a convent. The gazette that chronicled the Earldom of Ulverstone was the proclamation that Albert Trevanion lived no more for the world of public men. And, indeed, from that date his career vanished out of sight. Trevanion died — the Earl of Ulverstone made no sign.

I had hitherto written but twice to Lady Ellinor during my exile — once upon the marriage of Fanny with Lord Castleton, which took place about six months after I sailed from England, and again, when thanking her husband for some rare animals, equine, pastoral, and bovine, which he had sent as presents to Bolding and myself. I wrote again after Trevanion's elevation to the peerage, and received in due time a reply, confirming all my impressions — for it was full of bitterness and gall, accusations of the world, fears for the country: Richelieu himself could not have taken a gloomier view of things, when his levees were deserted, and his power seemed annihilated before the "Day of Dupes." Only one gleam of comfort appeared to visit Lady Ulverstone's breast, and thence to settle prospectively over the future of the world — a second son had been born to Lord Castleton; to that son the earldom of Ulverstone, and the estates held in right of its countess, would descend! Never was there a child of such promise! Not Virgil himself, when he called on the Sicilian Muses to celebrate the advent of a son to Pollio, ever sounded a loftier strain. Here was one, now perchance engaged on words of two syllables, called —

"By labouring nature to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main,
See to their base restored, earth, sea, and air,
And joyful ages from behind in crowding ranks appear!"

Happy dream which Heaven sends to grandparents! rebaptism of Hope in the font whose drops sprinkle the grandchild!

Time flies on; affairs continue to prosper. I am just leaving the bank at Adelaide with a satisfied air, when I am stopped in the street by bowing acquaintances, who never shook me by the hand before. They shake me by the hand now, and cry — "I wish you joy, Sir. That brave fellow, your namesake, is of course your near relation."

"What do you mean?"

"Have not you seen the papers? Here they are."

"Gallant conduct of Ensign de Caxton — promoted to a lieutenancy on the field" — I wipe my eyes, and cry — "Thank Heaven — it is my cousin!" Then new handshakings, new groups gather round. I feel taller by the head than I was before! We grumbling English, always quarrelling with each other — the world not wide enough to hold us; and yet, when in the far land some bold deed is done by a countryman, how we feel that we are brothers! how our hearts warm to each other! What a letter I wrote home! and how joyously I went back to the Bush! The Will-o'-the-Wisp has attained to a cattle station of his own. I go fifty miles out of my way to tell him the news and give him the newspaper; for he knows now that his old master, Vivian, is a Cumberland man — a Caxton. Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp! The tea that night tasted uncommonly like whisky-punch! Father Mathew forgive us! — but if you had been a Cumberland man, and heard the Will-o'-the-Wisp roaring out, "Blue bonnets over the Borders," I think your tea, too, would not have come out of the caddy!

CHAPTER V.

A GREAT change has occurred in our household. Guy's father is dead — his latter years cheered by the accounts of his son's steadiness and prosperity, and by the touching proofs thereof which Guy has exhibited. For he insisted on repaying to his father the old college debts, and the advance of the £1500, begging that the money might go towards his sister's portion. Now, after the old gentleman's death, the sister resolved to come out and live with her dear brother Guy. Another wing is built to the hut. Ambitious plans for a new stone house, to be commenced the following year, are entertained: and Guy has brought back from Adelaide not only a sister, but, to my utter astonishment, a wife, in the shape of a fair friend, by whom the sister was accompanied. The young lady did quite right to come to Australia if she wanted to be married. She was very pretty, and all the beaux in Adelaide were round her in a moment. Guy was in love the first day — in a rage with thirty rivals the next — in despair the third — put the question the fourth — and before the fifteenth was a married man, hastening back with a treasure, of which he fancied all the world was conspiring to rob him. His sister was quite as pretty as her friend, and she too had offers enough the moment she landed — only she was romantic and fastidious, and I fancy Guy told her that "I was just made for her."

However, charming though she be — with pretty blue eyes, and her brother's frank smile, I am not enchanted. I fancy she lost all chance of my heart by stepping across the yard in a pair of silk shoes. If I were to live in the Bush, give me a wife as a companion who can ride well, leap over a

ditch, walk beside me when I go forth, gun in hand, for a shot at the kangaroos. But I dare not go on with the list of a Bush husband's requisites. This change, however, serves, for various reasons, to quicken my desire of return. Ten years have now elapsed, and I have already obtained a much larger fortune than I had calculated to make. Sorely to Guy's honest grief, I therefore wound up our affairs, and dissolved partnership; for he had decided to pass his life in the colony — and, with his pretty wife, who has grown very fond of him, I don't wonder at it. Guy takes my share of the station and stock off my hands; and, all accounts squared between us, I bid farewell to the Bush. Despite all the motives that drew my heart homeward, it was not without participation in the sorrow of my old companions, that I took leave of those I might never see again on this side the grave. The meanest man in my employ had grown a friend; and when those hard hands grasped mine, and from many a breast that once had waged fierce war with the world came the soft blessing to the Homewardbound — with a tender thought for the Old England, that had been but a harsh step-mother to them — I felt a choking sensation, which I suspect is little known to the friendships of Mayfair and St. James's. I was forced to get off, with a few broken words, when I had meant to part with a long speech: perhaps the broken words pleased the audience better. Spurring away, I gained a little eminence and looked back. There, were the poor faithful fellows gathered in a ring, watching me — their hats off — their hands shading their eyes from the sun. And Guy had thrown himself on the ground, and I heard his loud sobs distinctly. His wife was leaning over his shoulder, trying to soothe; forgive him, fair helpmate, you will be all in the world to him — to-morrow! And the blue-eyed sister, where was she? Had she no tears for the rough friend who laughed at the silk shoes, and taught

her how to hold the reins, and never fear that the old pony would run away with her? What matter, if the tears were shed, they were hidden tears. No shame in them, fair Ellen — since then, thou hast wept happy tears over thy firstborn — those tears have long ago washed away all bitterness in the innocent memories of a girl's first fancy.

CHAPTER VI.

(Dated from Adelaide.)

IMAGINE my wonder — Uncle Jack has just been with me, and — but hear the dialogue.

UNCLE JACK. — So you are positively going back to that smoky, fusty, old England, just when you are on your high road to a plumb. A plumb, Sir, at least! They all say there is not a more rising young man in the colony. I think Bullion would take you into partnership. What are you in such a hurry for?

PISISTRATUS. — To see my father, and mother, and Uncle Roland, and — (*was about to name some one else, but stops.*)

You see, my dear uncle, I came out solely with the idea of repairing my father's losses, in that unfortunate speculation of *The Capitalist.*

UNCLE JACK — (*coughs and ejaculates.*) — That villain Peck!

PISISTRATUS. — And to have a few thousands to invest in poor Roland's acres. The object is achieved: why should I stay?

UNCLE JACK. — A few paltry thousands, when in twenty years more, at the farthest, you would wallow in gold!

PISISTRATUS. — A man learns in the Bush how happy life

can be with plenty of employment, and very little money. I shall practise that lesson in England.

UNCLE JACK. — Your mind 's made up?

PISISTRATUS. — And my place in the ship taken.

UNCLE JACK. — Then there 's no more to be said. (*Hums, haws, and examines his nails — filbert nails, not a speck on them.*) Then suddenly, and jerking up his head. "That '*Capitalist!*' it has been on my conscience, nephew, ever since; and, somehow or other, since I have abandoned the cause of my fellow-creatures, I think I have cared more for my relations."

PISISTRATUS — (*smiling, as he remembers his father's shrewd predictions thereon.*) — Naturally, my dear uncle, any child who has thrown a stone into a pond knows that a circle disappears as it widens.

UNCLE JACK. — Very true — I shall make a note of that, applicable to my next speech, in defence of what they call the "land monopoly." Thank you — stone — circle! (*Jots down notes in his pocket-book.*) But, to return to the point, I am well off now — I have neither wife nor child; and I feel that I ought to bear my share in your father's loss: it was our joint speculation. And your father, good dear Austin, paid my debts into the bargain. And how cheering the punch was that night, when your mother wanted to scold poor Jack. And the £300 Austin lent me when I left him: nephew, that was the remaking of me — the acorn of the oak I have transplanted. So here they are, added Uncle Jack with a heroical effort — (and he extracted from the pocket-book, bills for a sum between three and four thousand pounds.) There, it is done — and I shall sleep better for it! (*With that Uncle Jack got up, and bolted out of the room.*)

Ought I to take the money? Why, I think yes! — it is but fair. Jack must be really rich, and can well spare the

money; besides, if he wants it again, I know my father will let him have it. And, indeed, Jack caused the loss of the whole sum lost on *The Capitalist*, &c.; and this is not quite the half of what my father paid away. But is it not fine in Uncle Jack! Well, my father was quite right in his milder estimate of Jack's scalene conformation, and it is hard to judge of a man when he is needy and down in the world. When one grafts one's ideas on one's neighbour's money, they are certainly not so grand as when they spring from one's own.

Uncle Jack (*popping his head into the room.*) — And you see, you can double that money if you will just leave it in my hands for a couple of years, — you have no notion what I shall make of the Tibbet's Wheal! Did I tell you? — the German was quite right, — I have been offered already seven times the sum which I gave for the land. But I am now looking out for a Company: let me put you down for shares to the amount at least of those trumpery bills. Cent per cent, — I guarantee cent per cent! (*And Uncle Jack stretches out those famous smooth hands of his, with a tremulous motion of the ten eloquent fingers.*)

Pisistratus. — Ah, my dear uncle, if you repent.

Uncle Jack. — Repent! when I offer you cent per cent, on my personal guarantee!

Pisistratus — (*carefully putting the bills into his breast coat-pocket.*) — Then, if you don't repent, my dear uncle, allow me to shake you by the hand, and say that I will not consent to lessen my esteem and admiration for the high principle which prompts this restitution, by confounding it with trading associations of loans, interests, and copper mines. And, you see, since this sum is paid to my father, I have no right to invest it without his permission.

UNCLE JACK — (*with emotion.*) — "Esteem, admiration, high principle!" — these are pleasant words, from you, nephew. (*Then shaking his head and smiling.*) You sly dog, you are quite right: get the bills cashed at once. And hark ye, Sir, just keep out of my way, will you, — and don't let me coax you out of a farthing! (*Uncle Jack slams the door, and rushes out. Pisistratus draws the bills warily from his pocket, half-suspecting they must already have turned into withered leaves, like fairy money; slowly convinces himself that the bills are good bills, and by lively gestures testifies his delight and astonishment.*) SCENE CHANGES.

PART XVIII.

CHAPTER I.

ADIEU thou beautiful land! Canaan of the exiles, and ırat to many a shattered ark! Fair cradle of a race for ɔm the unbounded heritage of a future, that no sage can ıjecture, no prophet divine, lies afar in the golden promise- ıt of Time! — destined, perchance, from the sins and sor- ʏs of a civilisation struggling with its own elements of ːay, to renew the youth of the world, and transmit the great l of England through the cycles of Infinite Change. All nates that can best ripen the products of earth, or form ɔ various character and temper the different families of n, 'rain influences' from the heaven, that smiles so benignly those who had once shrunk, ragged, from the wind, or ·wled on the thankless sun. Here, the hardy air of the ll Mother Isle, there the mild warmth of Italian autumns, the breathless glow of the tropics. And with the beams of ːry climate, glides subtle HOPE. Of her there, it may be d as of Light itself, in those exquisite lines of a neglected et —

"Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee;
Like a clear river thou dost glide —

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou, the rich dye on them bestowest;
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest."*

* Cowley's *Ode to Light*.

Adieu, my kind nurse and sweet foster-mother! — a long and a last adieu! Never had I left thee but for that louder voice of Nature which calls the child to the parent, and wooes us from the labours we love the best by the chime in the Sabbath bells of Home.

No one can tell how dear the memory of that wild Bush life becomes to him who has tried it with a *fitting spirit*. How often it haunts him in the commonplace of more civilised scenes! Its dangers, its risks, its sense of animal health, its bursts of adventure, its intervals of careless repose: — the fierce gallop through a very sea of wide rolling plains — the still saunter, at night, through woods never changing their leaves; with the moon, clear as sunshine, stealing slant through their clusters of flowers. With what an effort we reconcile ourselves to the trite cares and vexed pleasures, "the quotidian ague of frigid impertinences," to which we return. How strong and black stands my pencil-mark in this passage of the poet from which I have just quoted before! —

"We are here among the vast and noble scenes of Nature, we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy; we walk here, in the light and open ways of the Divine Bounty, we grope there, in the dark and confused labyrinth of human malice."*

But I weary you, reader. The New World vanishes — now a line — now a speck; let us turn away, with the face to the Old.

Among my fellow-passengers, how many there are returning home disgusted, disappointed, impoverished, ruined, throwing themselves again on those unsuspecting poor friends, who thought they had done with the luckless good-for-noughts for ever. For don't let me deceive thee, reader, into supposing that every adventurer to Australia has the luck of

* Cowley on *Town and Country*. (Discourse on Agriculture.)

Pisistratus. Indeed, though the poor labourer, and especially the poor operative from London and the great trading towns, (who has generally more of the quick knack of learning — the *adaptable faculty* — required in a new colony, than the simple agricultural labourer,) are pretty sure to succeed, the class to which I belong is one in which failures are numerous, and success the exception — I mean young men with scholastic education and the habits of gentlemen — with small capitals and sanguine hopes. But this, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is not the fault of the colony, but of the emigrants. It requires, not so much intellect as a peculiar turn of intellect, and a fortunate combination of physical qualities, easy temper, and quick mother-wit, to make a small capitalist a prosperous Bushman.* And if you could see the sharks that swim round a man just dropped at Adelaide or Sydney, with one or two thousand pounds in his pocket! Hurry out of the towns as fast as you can, my young emigrant; turn a deaf ear, for the present at least, to all jobbers and speculators; make friends with some practised old Bushman; spend several months at his station before you hazard your capital; take with you a temper to bear everything and sigh for nothing; put your

* How true are the following remarks: —

"Action is the first great requisite of a colonist, (that is, a pastoral or agricultural settler.) With a young man, the tone of his mind is more important than his previous pursuits. I have known men of an active, energetic, contented disposition, with a good flow of animal spirits, who had been bred in luxury and refinement, succeed better than men bred as farmers, who were always bankering after bread and beer, and market ordinaries of Old England. . . . To be dreaming when you should be looking after your cattle, is a terrible drawback. . . . There are certain persons who, too lazy and too extravagant to succeed in Europe, sail for Australia under the idea that fortunes are to be made there by a sort of legerdemain, spend or lose their capital in a very short space of time, and return to England to abuse the place, the people, and everything connected with colonisation." — *Sidney's Australian Handbook* — admirable for its wisdom and compactness.

whole heart in what you are about; never call upon Hercules when your cart sticks in the rut, and, whether you feed sheep or breed cattle, your success is but a question of time.

But, whatever I owed to nature, I owed also something to fortune. I bought my sheep at little more than 7s. each. When I left, none were worth less than 15s., and the fat sheep were worth £1.* I had an excellent shepherd, and my whole care, night and day, was the improvement of the flock. I was fortunate, too, in entering Australia before the system miscalled "The Wakefield"** had diminished the supply of labour and raised the price of land. When the change came, (like most of those with large allotments and surplus capital,) it greatly increased the value of my own property, though at the

* Lest this seem an exaggeration, I venture to annex an extract from a MS. letter to the author from Mr. George Blakeston Wilkinson, author of *South Australia*.

"I will instance the case of one person, who had been a farmer in England, and emigrated with about £2000 about seven years since. On his arrival, he found that the prices of sheep had fallen from about 30s. to 5s. or 6s. per head, and he bought some well-bred flocks at these prices. He was fortunate in obtaining a good and extensive *run*, and he devoted the whole of his time to improving his flocks, and encouraged his shepherds by rewards, so that, in about four years, his original number of sheep had increased from 2500 (which cost him £700) to 7000; and the breed and wool were also so much improved that he could obtain £1 per head for 2000 fat sheep, and 15s. per head for the other 5000, and this at a time when the general price of sheep was from 10s. to 16s. This alone increased his original capital, invested in sheep, from £700 to £5700. The profits from the wool paid the whole of his expenses and wages for his men."

** I felt sure, from the first, that the system called "The Wakefield," could never fairly represent the ideas of Mr. Wakefield himself, whose singular breadth of understanding, and various knowledge of mankind, belied the notion that fathered on him the clumsy execution of a theory wholly inapplicable to a social state like Australia. I am glad to see that he has vindicated himself from the discreditable paternity. But I grieve to find that he still clings to one cardinal error of the system, in the discouragement of small holdings, and that he evades, more ingeniously than ingenuously, the important question — "What should be the minimum price of land?"

cost of a terrible blow on the general interests of the colony. I was lucky, too, in the additional venture of a cattle station, and in the breed of horses and herds, which, in the five years devoted to that branch establishment, trebled the sum invested therein, exclusive of the advantageous sale of the station.* I was lucky, also, as I have stated, in the purchase and resale of lands, at Uncle Jack's recommendation. And, lastly, I left in time, and escaped a very disastrous crisis in colonial affairs, which I take the liberty of attributing entirely to the mischievous crotchets of theorists at home, who want to set all clocks by Greenwich time, forgetting that it is morning in one part of the world at the time they are tolling the curfew in the other.

CHAPTER II.

London once more! How strange, lone, and savage I feel in the streets. I am ashamed to have so much health and strength, when I look at those slim forms, stooping backs, and pale faces. I pick my way through the crowd with the merciful timidity of a good-natured giant. I am afraid of jostling against a man for fear the collision should kill him. I get out of the way of a thread-paper clerk, and it is a wonder I am not run over by the omnibuses; — I feel as if I could run over them! I perceive, too, that there is something outlandish, peregrinate, and lawless about me. Beau Brummell

* "The profits of cattle-farming are smaller than those of the sheepowner, (if the latter have good luck, for much depends upon that,) but cattle-farming is much more safe as a speculation, and less care, knowledge, and management are required. £2000, laid out on 700 head of cattle, if good runs be procured, might increase the capital in five years, from £2000 to £6000, besides enabling the owner to maintain himself, pay wages, &c." — *MS. letter from G. B. Wilkinson.*

would certainly have denied me all pretension to the simple air of a gentleman, for every third passenger turns back to look at me. I retreat to my hotel — send for bootmaker, hatter, tailor, and haircutter. I humanise myself from head to foot. Even Ulysses is obliged to have recourse to the arts of Minerva, and, to speak unmetaphorically, "smarten himself up," before the faithful Penelope condescends to acknowledge him.

The artificers promise all despatch. Meanwhile, I hasten to re-make acquaintance with my mother country over files of the *Times*, *Post*, *Chronicle*, and *Herald*. Nothing comes amiss to me, but articles on Australia; from those I turn aside with the true pshaw-supercilious of your practical man.

No more are leaders filled with praise and blame of Trevanion. "Percy's spur is cold." Lord Ulverstone figures only in the *Court Circular*, or "*Fashionable Movements*." Lord Ulverstone entertains a royal duke at dinner, or dines in turn with a royal duke, or has come to town, or gone out of it. At most, (faint Platonic reminiscence of the former life,) Lord Ulverstone says in the House of Lords a few words on some question, not a party one; and on which (though affecting perhaps the interests of some few thousands, or millions, as the case may be) men speak without "hears," and are inaudible in the gallery; or Lord Ulverstone takes the chair at an agricultural meeting, or returns thanks when his health is drank at a dinner at Guildhall. But the daughter rises as the father sets, though over a very different kind of world.

"First ball of the season at Castleton House!" Long description of the rooms and the company; above all, of the hostess. Lines on the Marchioness of Castleton's picture in the "Book of Beauty," by the Hon. Fitzroy Fiddledum, beginning with "Art thou an angel from" &c. — a paragraph that pleased me more on "Lady Castleton's Infant School at

Raby Park;" then again — "Lady Castleton, the new patroness at Almacks;" a criticism more rapturous than ever gladdened living poet, on Lady Castleton's superb diamond stomacher, just reset by Storr and Mortimer; Westmacott's bust of Lady Castleton; Landseer's picture of Lady Castleton and her children, in the costume of the olden time. Not a month in that long file of the *Morning Post* but what Lady Castleton shone forth from the rest of womankind —

"— Velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

The blood mounted to my cheek. Was it to this splendid constellation in the patrician heaven that my obscure, portionless youth had dared to lift its presumptuous eyes? But what is this? "Indian Intelligence — Skilful Retreat of the Seapoys, under Captain de Caxton!" A captain already — what is the date of the newspaper? — three months ago. The leading article quotes the name with high praise. Is there no leaven of envy amidst the joy at my heart? How obscure has been my career — how laurelless my poor battle with adverse fortune! Fie, Pisistratus, I am ashamed of thee. Has this accursed Old World, with its feverish rivalries, diseased thee already? Get thee home, quick, to the arms of thy mother, the embrace of thy father — hear Roland's low blessing, that thou hast helped to minister to the very fame of that son. If thou wilt have ambition, take it, not soiled and foul with the mire of London. Let it spring fresh and hardy in the calm air of wisdom; and fed, as with dews, by the loving charities of Home.

CHAPTER III.

It was at sunset that I stole through the ruined courtyard, having left my chaise at the foot of the hill below. Though they whom I came to seek knew that I had arrived in England, they did not, from my letter, expect me till the next day. I had stolen a march upon them; and now, in spite of all the impatience which had urged me thither, I was afraid to enter — afraid to see the change more than ten years had made in those forms, for which, in my memory, Time had stood still. And Roland had, even when we parted, grown old before his time. Then, my father was in the meridian of life, now he had approached to the decline. And my mother, whom I remembered so fair, as if the freshness of her own heart had preserved the soft bloom to the cheek — I could not bear to think that she was no longer young. Blanche, too, whom I had left a child — Blanche, my constant correspondent during those long years of exile, in letters crossed and re-crossed, with all the small details that make the eloquence of letter-writing, so that in those epistles I had seen her mind gradually grow up in harmony with the very characters; at first vague and infantine — then somewhat stiff with the first graces of running hand, then dashing off, free and facile; and, for the last year before I left, so formed, yet so airy — so regular, yet so unconscious of effort — though, in truth, as the caligraphy had become thus matured, I had been half vexed and half pleased to perceive a certain reserve creeping over the style — wishes for my return less expressed from herself than as messages from others; words of the old childlike familiarity repressed; and "Dearest Sisty" abandoned for the cold form of "Dear Cousin." Those letters, coming to me in a spot where maiden and love had been as myths of the bygone,

phantasms and *eidola*, only vouchsafed to the visions of fancy, had, by little and little, crept into secret corners of my heart; and out of the wrecks of a former romance, solitude and reverie had gone far to build up the fairy domes of a romance yet to come. My mother's letters had never omitted to make mention of Blanche — of her forethought and tender activity, of her warm heart and sweet temper — and, in many a little home picture, presented her image where I would fain have placed it, not "crystal-seeing," but joining my mother in charitable visits to the village, instructing the young, and tending on the old, or teaching herself to illuminate, from an old missal in my father's collection, that she might surprise my uncle with a new genealogical table, with all shields and quarterings, blazoned *or*, *sable* and *argent*; or flitting round my father where he sate, and watching when he looked round for some book he was too lazy to rise for. Blanche had made a new catalogue and got it by heart, and knew at once from what corner of the Heraclea to summon the ghost. On all these little traits had my mother been eulogistically minute; but somehow or other she had never said, at least for the last two years, whether Blanche was pretty or plain. That was a sad omission. I had longed just to ask that simple question, or to imply it delicately and diplomatically; but, I know not why, I never dared — for Blanche would have been sure to have read the letter, and what business was it of mine? And, if she *was* ugly, what question more awkward both to put and to answer? Now, in childhood, Blanche had just one of those faces that might become very lovely in youth, and would yet quite justify the suspicion that it might become gryphonesque, witch-like, and grim. Yes, Blanche, it is perfectly true! If those large, serious black eyes took a fierce light, instead of a tender — if that nose, which seemed then undecided, whether to be straight or to be aquiline, arched off

in the latter direction, and assumed the martial, Roman, and imperative character of Roland's manly proboscis — if that face, in childhood too thin, left the blushes of youth to take refuge on two salient peaks by the temples (Cumberland air, too, is famous for the growth of the cheek-bone!) — if all that should happen, and it very well might, then, O Blanche, I wish thou hadst never written me those letters; and I might have done wiser things than steel my heart so obdurately to pretty Ellen Bolding's blue eyes and silk shoes. Now, combining together all these doubts and apprehensions, wonder not, O reader, why I stole so stealthily through the ruined courtyard, crept round to the other side of the tower, gazed wistfully on the sun setting slant, on the high casements of the hall, (too high, alas, to look within,) and shrunk yet to enter; — doing battle, as it were, with my heart.

Steps! — one's sense of hearing grows so quick in the Bushland! — steps, though as light as ever brushed the dew from the harebell! — I crept under the shadow of the huge buttress mantled with ivy. A form comes from the little door at an angle in the ruins — a woman's form. Is it my mother? It is too tall, and the step is more bounding. It winds round the building, it turns to look back, and a sweet voice — a voice strange, yet familiar — calls, tender but chiding, to a truant that lags behind. Poor Juba! he is trailing his long ears on the ground: he is evidently much disturbed in his mind; now he stands still, his nose in the air. Poor Juba! I left thee so slim and so nimble —

> "Thy form, that was fashioned as light as a fay's,
> Has assumed a proportion more round,"

years have sobered thee strangely, and made thee obese and Primmins-like. They have taken too good care of thy creature comforts, O sensual Mauritanian! still, in that mystic in-

telligence we call instinct, thou art chasing something that years have not sweept from thy memory. Thou art deaf to thy lady's voice, however tender and chiding. That's right, come near — nearer — my cousin Blanche; let me have a fair look at thee. Plague take the dog, he flies off from her: he has found the scent, he is making up to the buttress! Now — pounce — he is caught! — whining ungallant discontent, shall I not yet see the face! — it is buried in Juba's black curls. Kisses too! Wicked Blanche, to waste on a dumb animal what, I heartily hope, many a good Christian would be exceedingly glad of! Juba struggles in vain, and is borne off. I don't think that those eyes can have taken the fierce turn, and Roland's eagle nose can never go with that voice, which has the coo of the dove.

I leave my hiding-place, and steal after the Voice, and its owner — where can she be going? Not far. She springs up the hill whereon the lords of the castle once administered justice, — that hill which commands the land far and wide, and from which can be last caught the glimpse of the westering sun. How gracefully still is that attitude of wistful repose! Into what delicate curves do form and drapery harmoniously flow! How softly distinct stands the lithe image against the purple hues of the sky! Then again comes the sweet voice, gay and carolling as a bird's — now in snatches of song, now in playful appeals to that dull four-footed friend. She is telling him something that must make the black ears stand on end, for I just catch the words, "He is coming," and "home!"

I cannot see the sun set where I lurk in my ambush, amidst the brake and the ruins; but I *feel* that the orb has past from the landscape, in the fresher air of the twilight, in the deeper silence of eve. Lo! Hesper comes forth; at his signal, star after star, come the hosts —

"Ch'eran con lui, quando l'amor divino,
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle!"

And the sweet voice is hushed.

Then slowly the watcher descends the hill on the opposite side — the form escapes from my view. What charm has gone from the twilight? See, again, where the step steals through the ruins and along the desolate court. Ah! deep and true heart, do I divine the remembrance that leads thee? I pass through the wicket, down the dell, skirt the laurels, and behold the face, looking up to the stars—the face which had nestled to my breast in the sorrow of parting, years, long years ago: on the grave where we had sate, I the boy, thou the infant—there, O Blanche! is thy fair face — (fairer than the fondest dream that had gladdened my exile) — vouchsafed to my gaze!

"Blanche, my cousin! — again, again — soul with soul, amidst the dead! Look up, Blanche; it is I."

CHAPTER IV.

"Go in first, and prepare them, dear Blanche; I will wait by the door. Leave it ajar, that I may see them."

Roland is leaning against the wall — old armour suspended over the gray head of the soldier. It is but a glance that I give to the dark cheek and high brow: no change there for the worse — no new sign of decay. Rather if anything, Roland seems younger than when I left. Calm is the brow — no shame on it now, Roland; and the lips, once so compressed, smile with ease—no struggle now, Roland, "not to complain." A glance shows me all this.

"Papæ!" says my father, and I hear the fall of a book, "I can't read a line. He is coming to-morrow! — to-morrow! If we lived to the age of Methusalem, Kitty, we could never

reconcile philosophy and man; that is, if the poor man's to be plagued with a good, affectionate son!"

And my father gets up and walks to and fro. One minute more, father — one minute more — and I am on thy breast! Time, too, has dealt gently with thee, as he doth with those for whom the wild passions and keen cares of the world never sharpen his scythe. The broad front looks more broad, for the locks are more scanty and thin; but still not a furrow!

Whence comes that short sigh!

"What is really the time, Blanche? Did you look at the turret clock? Well, just go and look again."

"Kitty," quoth my father, "you have not only asked what time it is thrice within the last ten minutes, but you have got my watch, and Roland's great chronometer, and the Dutch clock out of the kitchen, all before you, and they all concur in the same tale — to-day is not to-morrow."

"They are all wrong, I know," said my mother, with mild firmness; "and they 've never gone right since *he* left."

Now out comes a letter — for I hear the rustle — and then a step glides towards the lamp; and the dear, gentle, womanly face — fair still, fair ever for me — fair as when it bent over my pillow, in childhood's first sickness, or when we threw flowers at each other on the lawn at sunny noon! And now Blanche is whispering; and now the flutter, the start, the cry — "It is true! it is true! Your arms, mother. Close, close round my neck, as in the old time. Father! Roland, too! O joy! joy! joy! home again — home till death!"

CHAPTER V.

From a dream of the Bushland, howling dingoes,* and the war-whoop of the wild men, I wake and see the sun shining in through the jasmine that Blanche herself has had trained round the window — old schoolbooks, neatly ranged round the wall — fishing rods, cricket-bats, foils, and the old-fashioned gun, — and my mother seated by the bedside — and Juba whining and scratching to get up. Had I taken thy murmured blessing, my mother, for the whoop of the blacks, and Juba's low whine for the howl of the dingoes?

Then what days of calm exquisite delight! — the interchange of heart with heart; what walks with Roland, and tales of him once our shame, now our pride; and the art with which the old man would lead those walks round by the village, that some favourite gossips might stop and ask, "What news of his brave young honour?"

I strive to engage my uncle in my projects for the repair of the ruins — for the culture of those wide bogs and moorlands: why is it that he turns away and looks down embarrassed? Ah, I guess! — his true heir now is restored him. He cannot consent that I should invest this dross, for which (the Great Book once published) I have no other use, in the house and the lands that will pass to his son. Neither would he suffer me so to invest even his son's fortune, the bulk of which I still hold in trust for that son. True, in his career, my cousin may require to have his money always forthcoming. But *I*, who have no career, — pooh! these scruples will rob me of half the pleasure my years of toil were to purchase. I must contrive it somehow or other: what if he would let me house and

* *Dingoes* — the name given by Australian natives to the wild dogs.

moorland on a long improving lease? Then, for the rest, there is a pretty littly property to be sold close by, on which I can retire when my cousin, as heir of the family, comes, perhaps with a wife, to reside at the Tower. I must consider of all this, and talk it over with Bolt when my mind is at leisure from happiness to turn to such matters; meanwhile I fall back on my favourite proverb, — "*Where there 's a will there 's a way.*"

What smiles and tears, and laughter and careless prattle with my mother, and roundabout questions from her, to know if I had never lost my heart in the Bush? and evasive answers from me, to punish her for not letting out that Blanche was so charming. "I fancied Blanche had grown the image of her father, who has a fine martial head certainly, but not seen to advantage in petticoats! How could you be so silent with a theme so attractive?"

"Blanche made me promise."

Why, I wonder? Therewith I fell musing.

What quiet delicious hours are spent with my father in his study, or by the pond, where he still feeds the carps that have grown into Ceprinidian leviathans. The duck, alas! has departed this life — the only victim that the Grim King has carried off; so I mourn, but am resigned to that lenient composition of the great tribute to Nature. I am sorry to say the Great Book has advanced but slowly — by no means yet fit for publication, for it is resolved that it shall not come out as first proposed, a part at a time, but *totus, teres, atque rotundus.* The matter has spread beyond its original compass; no less than five volumes — and those of the amplest — will contain the History of Human Error. However, we are far in the fourth, and one must not hurry Minerva.

My father is enchanted with Uncle Jack's "noble conduct," as he calls it; but he scolds me for taking the money,

and doubts as to the propriety of returning it. In these matters my father is quite as Quixotical as Roland. I am forced to call in my mother as umpire between us, and she settles the matter at once by an appeal to feeling. "Ah, Austin, do you not humble me, if you are too proud to accept what is due to you from my brother!"

"*Velit, nolit, quod amica,*" answered my father, taking off and rubbing his spectacles — "which means, Kitty, that when a man's married he has no will of his own. To think," added Mr. Caxton, musingly, "that in this world one cannot be sure of the simplest mathematical definition! You see, Pisistratus that the angles of a triangle so decidedly scalene as your Uncle Jack's, may be equal to the angles of a right-angled triangle after all!" *

The long privation of books has quite restored all my appetite for them. How much I have to pick up! — what a compendious scheme of reading I and my father chalk out! I see enough to fill up all the leisure of life. But, somehow or other, Greek and Latin stand still: nothing charms me like Italian. Blanche and I are reading *Metastasio*, to the great indignation of my father, who calls it "rubbish," and wants to substitute Dante. I have no associations at present with the souls

"Che son contenti
Nel fuoco;"

I am already one of the "*beate gente.*" Yet in spite of Metastasio, Blanche and I are not so intimate as cousins ought to be.

* Not having again to advert to Uncle Jack, I may be pardoned for informing the reader, by way of annotation, that he continues to prosper surprisingly in Australia, though the Tibbets' Wheal stands still for want of workmen. Despite of a few ups and downs, I have had no fear of his success until this year, (1849,) when I tremble to think what effect the discovery of the gold mines in California may have on his lively imagination. If thou escapest that snare, Uncle Jack, *res age, tutus eris*, — thou art safe for life!

If we are by accident alone, I become as silent as a Turk, — as formal as Sir Charles Grandison, I caught myself calling her *Miss* Blanche the other day.

I must not forget thee, honest Squills — nor thy delight at my health and success; nor thy exclamation of pride, (one hand on my pulse and the other griping hard the "ball" of my arm,) "It all comes of my citrate of iron; nothing like it for children; it has an effect on the cerebral developments of hope and combativeness." Nor can I wholly omit mention of poor Mrs. Primmins, who still calls me "Master Sisty," and is breaking her heart that I will not wear the new flannel waistcoats she had such pleasure in making — "Young gentlemen just growing up are so apt to go off in a galloping 'sumption!" "She knew just such another as Master Sisty, when she lived at Torquay, who wasted away, and went out like a *snuff*, all because he would not wear flannel waistcoats." Therewith my mother looks grave, and says, "One can't take too much precaution."

Suddenly the whole neighbourhood is thrown into commotion. Trevanion — I beg his pardon, Lord Ulverstone — is coming to settle for good at Compton. Fifty hands are employed daily in putting the grounds into hasty order. Fourgons, and waggons, and vans have disgorged all the necessaries a great man requires, where he means to eat, drink, and sleep; books, wines, pictures, furniture. I recognise my old patron still. He is in earnest, whatever he does. I meet my friend, his steward, who tells me that Lord Ulverstone finds his favourite seat, near London, too exposed to interruption; and moreover, that, as he has there completed all improvements that wealth and energy can effect, he has less occupation for agricultural pursuits, to which he has grown more and more partial, than on the wide and princely domain which has hitherto wanted the master's eye. "He is a bra' farmer, I

know," quoth the steward, "so far as the theory goes; but I don't think we in the north want great lords to teach us how to follow the plough." The steward's sense of dignity is hurt; but he is an honest fellow, and really glad to see the family come to settle in the old place.

They have arrived, and with them the Castletons, and a whole *posse comitatus* of guests. The County Paper is full of fine names.

"What on earth did Lord Ulverstone mean by pretending to get out of the way of troublesome visitors?"

"My dear Pisistratus," answered my father, to that exclamation, "it is not the visitors who come, but the visitors who stay away, that most trouble the repose of a retired minister. In all the procession, he sees but the images of Brutus and Cassius -- that are *not* there! And depend on it, also a retirement so near London did not make noise enough. You see, a retiring statesman is like that fine carp—the farther he leaps from the water, the greater splash he makes in falling into the weeds! But," added Mr. Caxton, in a repentant tone, "this jesting does not become us; and, if I indulged it, it is only because I am heartily glad that Trevanion is likely now to find out his true vocation. And as soon as the fine people he brings with him have left him alone in his library, I trust he will settle to that vocation, and be happier than he has been yet."

"And that vocation, Sir, is —?"

"Metaphysics!" said my father. "He will be quite at home in puzzling over Berkeley, and considering whether the Speaker's chair, and the official red boxes, were really things whose ideas of figure, extension, and hardness, were all in the mind. It will be a great consolation to him to agree with Berkeley, and to find that he has only been baffled by immaterial phantasma!"

My father was quite right. The repining, subtle, truth-weighing Trevanion, plagued by his conscience into seeing all sides of a question, (for the least question has more than two sides, and is hexagonal at least,) was much more fitted to discover the origin of ideas than to convince Cabinets and Nations that two and two make four — a proposition on which he himself would have agreed with Abraham Tucker, where that most ingenious and suggestive of all English metaphysicians observes, "Well persuaded as I am that two and two make four, if I were to meet with a person of credit, candour, and understanding, who should sincerely call it in question, I would give him a hearing; for I am not more certain of that than of the whole being greater than a part. And yet I could myself suggest *some considerations that might seem to controvert this point.*" * I can so well imagine Trevanion listening to "some person of credit, candour, and understanding," in disproof of that vulgar proposition that twice two make four! But the news of this arrival, including that of Lady Castleton, disturbed me greatly, and I took to long wanderings alone. In one of these rambles, they all called at the Tower — Lord and Lady Ulverstone, the Castletons, and their children. I escaped the visit; and on my return home there was a certain delicacy respecting old associations that restrained much talk, before me, on so momentous an event. Roland, like me, had kept out of the way. Blanche, poor child, ignorant of the antecedents, was the most communicative. And the especial theme she selected — was the grace and beauty of Lady Castleton!

A pressing invitation to spend some days at the castle had

* *Light of Nature — chapter on Judgment.* — See the very ingenious illustration of doubt, "whether the part is always greater than the whole" — taken from time, or rather eternity.

been cordially given to all. It was accepted only by myself: I wrote word that I would come.

Yes; I longed to prove the strength of my own self-conquest, and accurately test the nature of the feelings that had disturbed me. That any sentiment which could be called love remained for Lady Castleton, the wife of another, and that other a man with so many claims on my affection as her lord, I held as a moral impossibility. But, with all those lively impressions of early youth still engraved on my heart — impressions of the image of Fanny Trevanion, as the fairest and brightest of human beings — could I feel free to love again? Could I seek to woo, and rivet to myself for ever, the entire and virgin affections of another, while there was a possibility that I might compare and regret. No; either I must feel that, if Fanny were again single — could be mine without obstacle, human or divine — she had ceased to be the one I would single out of the world; or, though regarding love as the dead, I would be faithful to its memory and its ashes. My mother sighed, and looked fluttered and uneasy all the morning of the day on which I was to repair to Compton. She even seemed cross, for about the third time in her life, and paid no compliment to Mr. Stultz, when my shooting-jacket was exchanged for a black frock, which that artist had pronounced to be "splendid;" neither did she honour me with any of those little attentions to the contents of my portmanteau, and the perfect "getting up" of my white waistcoats and cravats, which made her natural instincts on such memorable occasions. There was also a sort of querulous, pitying tenderness in her tone, when she spoke to Blanche, which was quite pathetic; though, fortunately, its cause remained dark and impenetrable to the innocent comprehension of one who could not see where the past filled the urns of the future at the fountain of life. My father understood me better — shook me by

the hand, as I got into the chaise, and muttered, out of Seneca —

"Non tanquam transfuga, sed tanquam explorator!"

'Not to desert, but examine.'

Quite right.

CHAPTER VI.

AGREEABLY to the usual custom in great houses, as soon as I arrived at Compton I was conducted to my room, to adjust my toilet, or compose my spirits by solitude: — it wanted an hour to dinner. I had not, however, been thus left ten minutes, before the door opened, and Trevanion himself (as I would fain still call him) stood before me. Most cordial were his greeting and welcome; and, seating himself by my side, he continued to converse, in his peculiar way — bluntly eloquent, and carelessly learned — till the half-hour bell rang. He talked on Australia, the Wakefield system — cattle — books, his trouble in arranging his library — his schemes for improving his property, and embellishing his grounds — his delight to find my father look so well — his determination to see a great deal of him, whether his old college friend would or no. He talked, in short, of everything except politics, and his own past career — showing only his soreness in that silence. But (independently of the mere work of time) he looked yet more worn and jaded in his leisure than he had done in the full tide of business; and his former abrupt quickness of manner now seemed to partake of feverish excitement. I hoped that my father *would* see much of him, for I felt that the weary mind wanted soothing.

Just as the second bell rung, I entered the drawing-room. There were at least twenty guests present — each guest, no doubt, some planet of fashion or fame, with satellites of its

own. But I saw only two forms distinctly: first, Lord Ca
ton, conspicuous with star and garter — somewhat ampler
portlier in proportions, and with a frank dash of gray i
silky waves of his hair; but still as pre-eminent as ever for
beauty — the charm of which depends less than any other
youth — arising, as it does, from a felicitous combinatio
bearing and manner, and that exquisite suavity of expre
which steals into the heart, and pleases so much that i
comes a satisfaction to admire! Of Lord Castleton, inc
it might be said, as of Alcibiades, 'that he was beautif
every age.' I felt my breath come thick, and a mist passe
fore my eyes, as Lord Castleton led me through the crowd
the radiant vision of Fanny Trevanion, how altered — and
dazzling! — burst upon me.

I felt the light touch of that hand of snow; but no g
thrill shot through my veins. I heard the voice, music
ever — lower than it was once, and more subdued in its ke
steadfast and untremulous — it was no longer the voice
made "my soul plant itself in the ears."* The event was
and I knew that the dream had fled from the waking worl
ever.

"Another old friend!" as Lady Ulverstone came forth
a little group of children, leading one fine boy of nine
old, while one, two or three years younger, clung to her g
"Another old friend! — and," added Lady Ulverstone,
the first kind greetings, "two new ones, when the old
gone." The slight melancholy left the voice, as, after
senting to me the little viscount, she drew forward the
bashful Lord Albert, who indeed had something of his gr
sire's and namesake's look of refined intelligence in his
and eyes.

* Sir Philip Sidney.

The watchful tact of Lord Castleton was quick in terminating whatever embarrassment might belong to these introductions, as, leaning lightly on my arm he drew me forward, and presented me to the guests more immediately in our neighboorhood, who seemed by their earnest cordiality to have been already prepared for the introduction.

Dinner was now announced, and I welcomed that sense of relief and segregation with which one settles into one's own "particular" chair at your large miscellaneous entertainments.

I stayed three days at that house. How truly had Trevanion said that Fanny would make "an excellent great lady." What perfect harmony between her manners and her position; just retaining enough of the girl's seductive gaiety and bewitching desire to please, to soften the new dignity of bearing she had unconsciously assumed — less, after all, as great lady, than as wife and mother: with a fine breeding, perhaps a little languid and artificial, as compared with her lord's — which sprang, fresh and healthful, wholly from nature — but still so void of all the chill of condescension, or the subtle impertinence that belongs to that order of the inferior *noblesse*, which boasts the name of "exclusives;" with what grace, void of prudery, she took the adulation of the flutterers, turning from them to her children, or escaping lightly to Lord Castleton, with an ease that drew round her at once the protection of hearth and home.

And certainly Lady Castleton was more incontestably beautiful than Fanny Trevanion had been.

All this I acknowledged, not with a sigh and a pang, but with a pure feeling of pride and delight. I might have loved madly and presumptuously, as boys will do; but I had loved worthily; — the love left no blush on my manhood; and Fanny's very happiness was my perfect and total cure of every wound

in my heart not quite scarred over before. Had she been discontented, sorrowful, without joy in the ties she had formed, there might have been more danger that I should brood over the past, and regret the loss of its idol. Here there was none. And the very improvement in her beauty had so altered its character — *so* altered — that Fanny Trevanion and Lady Castleton seemed two persons. And, thus observing and listening to her, I could now dispassionately perceive such differences in our nature as seemed to justify Trevanion's assertion, which once struck me as so monstrous, "that we should not have been happy had fate permitted our union." Pure-hearted and simple though she remained in the artificial world, still that world was her element; its interests occupied her; its talk, though just chastened from scandal, flowed from her lips. To borrow the words of a man who was himself a courtier, and one so distinguished that he could afford to sneer at Chesterfield,* "*She* had the routine of that style of conversation which is a sort of gold leaf, that is a great embellishment where it is joined to anything else." I will not add, "but makes a very poor figure by itself,"— for *that* Lady Castleton's conversation certainly did not do — perhaps, indeed because it was not "by itself"— and the gold leaf was all the better for being thin, since it could not cover even the surface of the sweet and amiable nature over which it was spread. Still this was not the mind in which now, in maturer experience, I would seek to find sympathy with manly action, or companionship in the charms of intellectual leisure.

There was about this beautiful favourite of nature and fortune a certain helplessness which had even its grace in that high station, and which perhaps tended to insure her domestic peace, for it served to attach her to those who had won in-

* Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of George II.*

fluence over her, and was happily accompanied by a most affectionate disposition. But still, if less favoured by circumstances, less sheltered from every wind that could visit her too roughly — if, as the wife of a man of inferior rank, she had failed of that high seat and silken canopy reserved for the spoiled darlings of fortune — that helplessness might have become querulous. I thought of poor Ellen Bolding and her silken shoes. Fanny Trevanion seemed to have come into the world with silk shoes — not to walk where there was a stone or a briar! I heard something, in the gossip of those around, that confirmed this view of Lady Castleton's character, while it deepened my admiration of her lord, and showed me how wise had been her choice, and how resolutely he had prepared himself to vindicate his own. One evening, as I was sitting a little apart from the rest, with two men of the London world, to whose talk — for it ran upon the *on dits* and anecdotes of a region long strange to me — I was a silent but amused listener; one of the two said — "Well, I don't know anywhere a more excellent creature than Lady Castleton; so fond of her children — and her tone to Castleton so exactly what it ought to be — so affectionate, and yet, as it were, respectful. And the more credit to her, if, as they say, she was not in love with him when she married, (to be sure, handsome as he is, he is twice her age!) And no woman could have been more flattered and courted by Lotharios and lady-killers than Lady Castleton has been. I confess, to my shame, that Castleton's luck puzzles me, for it is rather an exception to my general experience."

"My dear ***," said the other, who was one of those wise men of pleasure, who occasionally startle us into wondering how they come to be so clever, and yet rest contented with mere drawing-room celebrity — men who seem always idle, yet appear to have read everything; always indifferent to what

passes before them, yet who know the characters and divine the secrets of everybody — "my dear ***," said the gentleman, "you would not be puzzled if you had studied Lord Castleton, instead of her ladyship. Of all the conquests ever made by Sedley Beaudesert, when the two fairest dames of the Faubourg are said to have fought for his smiles, in the *Bois de Boulogne* — no conquest ever cost him such pains, or so tasked his knowledge of women, as that of his wife after marriage! He was not satisfied with her hand, he was resolved to have her whole heart, 'one entire and perfect chrysolite,' and he has succeeded! Never was husband so watchful, and so little jealous — never one who confided so generously in all that was best in his wife, yet was so alert in protecting and guarding her, wherever she was weakest! When in the second year of marriage, that dangerous German Prince Von Leibenfels, attached himself so perseveringly to Lady Castleton, and the scandal-mongers pricked up their ears, in hopes of a victim, I watched Castleton with as much interest as if I had been looking over Deschappelles playing at chess. You never saw anything so masterly: he pitted himself against his highness with the cool confidence, not of a blind spouse, but a fortunate rival. He surpassed him in the delicacy of his attentions, he outshone him by his careless magnificence. Leibenfels had the impertinence to send Lady Castleton a bouquet of some rare flowers just in fashion. Castleton, an hour before, had filled her whole balcony with the same costly exotics, as if they were too common for nosegays, and only just worthy to bloom for her a day. Young and really accomplished as Leibenfels is, Castleton eclipsed him by his grace, and fooled him with his wit: he laid little plots to turn his moustache and guitar into ridicule; he seduced him into a hunt with the buckhounds, (though Castleton himself had not hunted before, since he was thirty,) and drew him,

spluttering German oaths, out of the slough of a ditch; he made him the laughter of the clubs; he put him fairly out of fashion — and all with such suavity and politeness, and bland sense of superiority, that it was the finest piece of high comedy you ever beheld. The poor prince, who had been coxcomb enough to lay a bet with a Frenchman as to his success with the English in general, and Lady Castleton in particular, went away with a face as long as Don Quixote's. If you had but seen him at S— House, the night before he took leave of the island, and his comical grimace when Castleton offered him a pinch of the Beaudesert mixture! No! the fact is, that Castleton made it the object of his existence, the masterpiece of his art, to secure to himself a happy home, and the entire possession of his wife's heart. The first two or three years, I fear, cost him more trouble than any other man ever took, with his own wife at least — but he may now rest in peace; Lady Castleton is won, and for ever."

As my gentleman ceased, Lord Castleton's noble head rose above the group standing round him; and I saw Lady Castleton turn with a look of well-bred fatigue from a handsome young fop, who had affected to lower his voice while he spoke to her, and, encountering the eyes of her husband, the look changed at once into one of such sweet smiling affection, such frank unmistakeable wife-like pride, that it seemed a response to the assertion — "Lady Castleton is won, and for ever."

Yes, that story increased my admiration for Lord Castleton: it showed me with what forethought and earnest sense of responsibility he had undertaken the charge of a life, the guidance of a character yet undeveloped; it lastingly acquitted him of the levity that had been attributed to Sedley Beaudesert. But I felt more than ever contented that the task had devolved on one whose temper and experience had so

fitted him to discharge it. That German prince made me tremble from sympathy with the husband, and in a sort of relative shudder for myself! Had that episode happened to me! I could never have drawn "high comedy" from it! — I could never have so happily closed the fifth act with a pinch of the Beaudesert mixture! No, no; to my homely sense of man's life and employment, there was nothing alluring in the prospect of watching over the golden tree in the garden, with a "woe to the Argus, if Mercury once lull him to sleep!" Wife of mine shall need no watching, save in sickness and sorrow! Thank Heaven, that my way of life does not lead through the roseate thoroughfares, beset with German princes laying bets for my perdition, and fine gentlemen admiring the skill at which I play at chess for so terrible a stake! To each rank and each temper, its own laws. I acknowledge that Fanny is an excellent marchioness, and Lord Castleton an incomparable marquis. But, Blanche, if I can win thy true simple heart, I trust I shall begin at the fifth act of high comedy, and say at the altar —

"Once won, won for ever!"

CHAPTER VII.

I RODE home on a horse my host lent me; and Lord Castleton rode part of the way with me, accompanied by his two boys, who bestrode manfully their Shetland ponies, and cantered on before us. I paid some compliment to the spirit and intelligence of these children — a compliment they well deserved.

"Why, yes," said the marquis, with a father's becoming pride, "I hope neither of them will shame his grandsire, Trevanion. Albert (though not quite the wonder poor Lady

Ulverstone declares him to be) is rather too precocious; and it is all I can do to prevent his being spoilt by flattery to his cleverness, which, I think, is much worse than even flattery to rank — a danger to which, despite Albert's destined inheritance, the elder brother is more exposed. Eton soon takes out the conceit of the latter and more vulgar kind. I remember Lord — (you know what an unpretending, good-natured fellow he is now) strutting into the play-ground, a raw boy, with his chin up in the air, and burly Dick Johnson (rather a tuft-hunter now, I 'm afraid) coming up, and saying, 'Well, Sir, and who the deuce are you?' 'Lord —,' says the poor devil unconsciously, 'eldest son of the Marquis of —.' 'Oh, indeed,' cries Johnson; 'then, there 's one kick for my lord, and two for the marquis!' I am not fond of kicking, but I doubt if anything ever did — more good than those three kicks! But," continued Lord Castleton, "when one flatters a boy for his cleverness, even Eton itself cannot kick the conceit out of him. Let him be last in the form, and the greatest dunce ever flogged, there are always people to say that your public schools don't do for your great geniuses. And it is ten to one but what the father is plagued into taking the boy home, and giving him a private tutor, who fixes him into a prig for ever. A coxcomb in dress (said the marquis, smiling) is a trifler it would ill become me to condemn, and I own that I would rather see a youth a fop than a sloven; but a coxcomb in ideas — why, the younger he is, the more unnatural and disagreeable. Now, Albert, over that hedge, Sir."

"That hedge, papa? The pony will never do it."

"Then," said Lord Castleton, taking off his hat with politeness, "I fear you will deprive us of the pleasure of your company."

The boy laughed, and made gallantly for the hedge, though I saw by his change of colour that it a little alarmed

him. The pony could not clear the hedge; but it was a pony c tact and resources, and it scrambled through like a cat, ir flicting sundry rents and tears on a jacket of Raphael blue.

Lord Castleton said, smiling, "You see I teach them t get through a difficultly one way or the other. Between yo and me," he added seriously, "I perceive a very differer world rising round the next generation from that in which first went forth and took my pleasure. I shall rear my boy accordingly. Rich noblemen must now-a-days be useful mer and if they can't leap over briars they must scramble throug them. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, heartily."

"Marriage makes a man much wiser," said the marqui after a pause. "I smile now, to think how often I sighed : the thought of growing old. Now I reconcile myself to th gray hairs without dreams of a wig, and enjoy youth still—f (pointing to his sons) it is *there!*"

"He has very nearly found out the secret of the saffron ba now," said my father, pleased, and rubbing his hands, whe I repeated this talk with Lord Castleton. "But I fear poo Trevanion (he added, with a compassionate change of coun tenance) is still far away from the sense of Lord Bacon receipt. And his wife, you say, out of very love for hin keeps always drawing discord from the one jarring wire."

"You must talk to her, Sir."

"I will," said my father angrily; "and scold her too - foolish woman! I shall tell her Luther's advice to the Prin of Anhalt."

"What was that, Sir?"

"Only to throw a baby into the river Maldon, because had sucked dry five wet-nurses besides the mother, and mu therefore be a changeling. Why, that ambition of her would suck dry all the mothers' milk in the genus mammalia

And such a withered, rickety, malign little changeling too! She shall fling it into the river, by all that is holy!" cried my father; and, suiting the action to the word, away went the spectacles he had been rubbing indignantly for the last three minutes, into the pond. "Papæ!" faltered my father aghast, while the Ceprinidæ, mistaking the dip of the spectacles for an invitation to dinner, came scudding up to the bank. "It is all your fault," said Mr. Caxton, recovering himself. "Get me the new tortoise-shell spectacles and a large slice of bread. You see that when fish are reduced to a pond they recognise a benefactor, which they never do when rising at flies, or groping for worms, in the waste world of a river. Hem! — a hint for the Ulverstones. Besides the bread and the spectacles, just look out and bring me the old black-letter copy of St. Anthony's *Sermon to Fishes*."

CHAPTER VIII.

Some weeks now have passed since my return to the Tower: the Castletons are gone, and all Trevanion's gay guests. And since these departures, visits between the two houses have been interchanged often, and the bonds of intimacy are growing close. Twice has my father held long conversations apart with Lady Ulverstone, (my mother is not foolish enough to feel a pang now at such confidences,) and the result has become apparent. Lady Ulverstone has ceased all talk against the world and the public — ceased to fret the galled pride of her husband with irritating sympathy. She has made herself the true partner of his present occupations, as she was of those in the past; she takes interest in farming, and gardens, and flowers, and those philosophical peaches which come from trees academical that Sir William Temple

reared in his graceful retirement. She does more — she sits by her husband's side in the library, reads the books he reads, or, if in Latin, coaxes him into construing them. Insensibly she leads him into studies farther and farther remote from Blue Books and Hansard; and, taking my father's hint,

"Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."

They are inseparable. Darby-and-Joan-like, you see them together in the library, the garden, or the homely little pony-phaeton, for which Lord Ulverstone has resigned the fast-trotting cob, once identified with the eager looks of the busy Trevanion. It is most touching, most beautiful! And to think what a victory over herself the proud woman must have obtained! — never a thought that seems to murmur, never a word to recall the ambitious man back from the philosophy into which his active mind flies for refuge. And with the effort her brow has become so serene! That careworn expression, which her fine features once wore, is fast vanishing. And what affects me most, is to think that this change (which is already settling into happiness) has been wrought by Austin's counsels and appeals to her sense and affection. "It is to you," he said, "that Trevanion must look for more than comfort — for cheerfulness and satisfaction. Your child is gone from you — the world ebbs away — you two should be all in all to each other. Be so." Thus, after paths so devious, meet those who had parted in youth, now on the verge of age. There, in the same scenes where Austin and Ellinor had first formed acquaintance, he, aiding her to soothe the wounds inflicted by the ambition that had separated their lots, and both taking counsel to insure the happiness of the rival she had preferred.

After all this vexed public life of toil, and care, and ambition, — to see Trevanion and Ellinor, drawing closer and

closer to each other, knowing private life and its charms for the first time, — verily it would have been a theme for an elegiast like Tibullus.

But all this while a younger love, with no blurred leaves to erase from the chronicle, has been keeping sweet account of the summer time. "Very near are two hearts that have no guile between them," saith a proverb, traced back to Confucius. O ye days of still sunshine, reflected back from ourselves — O ye haunts, endeared evermore by a look, tone, or smile, or rapt silence; when more and more with each hour, unfolded before me, that nature, so tenderly coy, so cheerful though serious, so attuned by simple cares to affection, yet so filled, from soft musings and solitude, with a poetry that gave grace to duties the homeliest; — setting life's trite things to music. Here nature and fortune concurred alike: equal in birth and pretensions — similar in tastes and in objects, — loving the healthful activity of purpose, but content to find it around us — neither envying the wealthy, nor vying with the great; each framed by temper to look on the bright side of life, and find founts of delight, and green spots fresh with verdure, where eyes but accustomed to cities could see but the sands and the mirage: While afar (as man's duty,) I had gone through the travail that, in wrestling with fortune, gives pause to the heart to recover its losses, and know the value of love, in its graver sense of life's earnest realities; heaven had reared, at the thresholds of home, the young tree that should cover the roof with its blossoms, and embalm with its fragrance the daily air of my being.

It had been the joint prayer of those kind ones I left, that such might be my reward; and each had contributed, in his or her several way, to fit that fair life for the ornament and joy of the one that now asked to guard and to cherish it. From Roland came that deep, earnest honour — a man's in its

strength, and a woman's in its delicate sense of refinement. From Roland, that quick taste for all things noble in poetry, and lovely in nature — the eye that sparkled to read how Bayard stood alone at the bridge, and saved an army — or wept over the page that told how the dying Sidney put the bowl from his burning lips. Is that too masculine a spirit for some? Let each please himself. Give me the woman who can echo all thoughts that are noblest in men! And that, eye, too — like Roland's, — could pause to note each finer mesh in the wonderful webwork of beauty. No landscape to her was the same yesterday and to-day, — a deeper shade from the skies could change the face of the moors — the springing up of fresh wild flowers, the very song of some bird unheard before, lend variety to the broad rugged heath. Is that too simple a source of pleasure for some to prize? Be it so to those who need the keen stimulants that cities afford. But if we were to pass all our hours in those scenes, it was something to have the tastes which own no monotony in Nature.

All this came from Roland; and to this, with thoughtful wisdom, my father had added enough knowledge from books to make those tastes more attractive, and to lend to impulsive perception of beauty and goodness the culture that draws finef essence from beauty, and expands the Good into the Better by heightening the site of the survey: hers, knowledge enough to sympathise with intellectual pursuits, not enough to dispute on man's province — Opinion. Still, whether in nature or in lore, still

> "The fairest garden in her looks,
> And in her mind the choicest books!"

And yet, thou wise Austin — and thou, Roland, poet that never wrote a verse, — yet your work had been incomplete, but then Woman stept in, and the mother gave to her she designed for a daughter the last finish of meek every-day charities —

the mild household virtues, — "the soft word that turneth away wrath," — the angelic pity for man's rougher faults — the patience that bideth its time — and, exacting no "rights of woman," subjugates us, delighted, to the invisible thrall.

Dost thou remember, my Blanche, that soft summer evening when the vows our eyes had long interchanged stole at last from the lip? Wife mine, come to my side, — look over me while I write; there, thy tears — (happy tears, are they not Blanche?) — have blotted the page! Shall we tell the world more? Right, my Blanche, no words should profane the place where those tears have fallen!

* * * * * *

And here I would fain conclude; but alas, and alas! that I cannot associate with our hopes, on this side the grave, him who, we fondly hoped, (even on the bridal day, that gave his sister to my arms,) would come to the hearth where his place now stood vacant, contented with glory, and fitted at last for the tranquil happiness, which long years of repentance and trial had deserved.

Within the first year of my marriage, and shortly after, a gallant share in a desperate action, which had covered his name with new honours, just when we were most elated, in the blinded vanity of human pride — came the fatal news! The brief career was run. He died, as I knew he would have prayed to die, at the close of a day ever memorable in the annals of that marvellous empire, which valour without parallel has annexed to the Throne of the Isles. He died in the arms of Victory, and his last smile met the eyes of the noble chief who, even in that hour, could pause from the tide of triumph by the victim it had cast on its bloody shore. "One favour," faltered the dying man; "I have a father at home — he too is a soldier. In my tent is my will: it gives all I have to him — he can take it without shame. That is not

enough! Write to him — you — with your own hand, and tell him how his son fell!" And the hero fulfilled the prayer, and that letter is dearer to Roland than all the long roll of the ancestral dead! Nature has reclaimed her rights, and the forefathers recede before the son.

In a side chapel of the old Gothic church, amidst the mouldering tombs of those who fought at Acre and Agincourt, a fresh tablet records the death of HERBERT DE CAXTON, with the simple inscription —

HE FELL ON THE FIELD:
HIS COUNTRY MOURNED HIM,
AND HIS FATHER IS RESIGNED.

Years have rolled away since that tablet was placed there, and changes have passed on that nook of earth which bounds our little world: fair chambers have sprung up amidst the desolate ruins; far and near, smiling corn-fields replace the bleak, dreary moors. The land supports more retainers than ever thronged to the pennon of its barons of old; and Roland can look from his tower over domains that are reclaimed, year by year, from the waste, till the ploughshare shall win a lordship more opulant than those feudal chiefs ever held by the tenure of the sword. And the hospitable mirth that had fled from the ruin has been renewed in the hall; and rich and poor, great and lowly, have welcomed the rise of an ancient house from the dust of decay. All those dreams of Roland's youth are fulfilled; but they do not gladden his heart like the thought that his son, at the last, was worthy of his line, and the hope that no gulf shall yawn between the two when the Grand Circle is rounded, and man's past and man's future meet where Time disappears. Never was that lost one forgotten! — never was his name breathed but tears rushed to the eyes; and, each morning, the peasant going to his labour might see Roland steal down the dell to the deep-set door of

the chapel. None presume there to follow his steps, or intrude on his solemn thoughts; for there, in sight of that tablet, are his orisons made, and the remembrance of the dead forms a part of the commune with heaven. But the old man's step is still firm, and his brow still erect; and you may see in his face that it was no hollow boast which proclaimed that the "father was resigned:" and ye who doubt if too Roman a hardness might not be found in that Christian resignation, think what it is to have feared for a son the life of shame, and ask, then, if the sharpest grief to a father is in a son's death of honour!

Years have passed, and two fair daughters play at the knees of Blanche, or creep round the footstool of Austin, waiting patiently for the expected kiss when he looks up from the Great Book, now drawing fast to its close; or, if Roland enter the room, forget all their sober demureness, and, unawed by the terrible "Papæ," run clamorous for the promised swing in the orchard, or the fiftieth recital of "Chevy Chase."

For my part, I take the goods the gods provide me, and am contented with girls that have the eyes of their mother; but Roland, ungrateful man, begins to grumble that we are so neglectful of the rights of heirs male. He is in doubt whether to lay the fault on Mr. Squills or on us: I am not sure that he does not think it a conspiracy of all three to settle the representation of the martial De Caxton's on "the spindle side." Whosoever be the right person to blame, an omission so fatal to the straight line in the pedigree is rectified at last, and Mrs. Primmins again rushes, or rather rolls — in the movement natural to forms globular and spheral — into my father's room, with —

"Sir, Sir — it is a boy!"

Whether my father asked also this time that question so puzzling to metaphysical inquirers, "What is a boy?" I know

not: I rather suspect he had not leisure for so abstrac
tion; for the whole household burst on him, and my
in that storm peculiar to the elements of the Mind I
— a sort of sunshiny storm between laughter and c
whirled him off to behold the *Neogilos*.

Now, some months after that date, on a winter's
we were all assembled in the hall, which was still o
apartment, since its size permitted to each his own se
and peculiar employment. A large screen fenced
interruption my father's erudite settlement, and q
of sight, behind that impermeable barrier, he was no
winding up that eloquent peroration which will asto
world whenever, by Heaven's special mercy, the
devils have done with "The History of Human Err
another nook, my uncle had ensconced himself — sti
coffee, (in the cup my mother had presented to him
years ago, and which had miraculously escaped all th
race of crockery is heir to,) a volume of *Ivanhoe* in t
hand; and, despite the charm of the Northern Wiz
eye *not* on the page. On the wall, behind him, ha
picture of Sir Herbert de Caxton, the soldier-com
Sidney and Drake; and, at the foot of the picture, Rol
slung his son's sword beside the letter that spoke of hi
which is framed and glazed: sword and letter had be
the last, nor least honoured, Penates of the hall; —
was grown an ancestor.

Not far from my uncle sat Mr. Squills, employed
ping out phrenological divisions on a cast he had ma
the skull of one of the Australian aborigines — a ghas
sent which (in compliance with a yearly letter to that
I had brought him over, together with a stuffed "w
and a large bundle of sarsaparilla. (For the satisfa
his patients, I may observe, parenthetically, that t

and the "wombat" — that last is a creature between a miniature pig and a very small badger — were not precisely packed up with the sasaparilla!) Farther on stood open, but idle, the new pianoforte, at which, before my father had given his preparatory hem, and sat down to the Great Book, Blanche and my mother had been trying hard to teach me to bear the third in the glee of "The Chough and Crow to roost have gone," — vain task, in spite of all flattering assurances that I have a very fine "bass," if I could but manage to humour it. Fortunately for the ears of the audience, that attempt is now abandoned. My mother is hard at work on her tapestry — the last pattern in fashion — to wit, a rosy-cheeked young troubadour playing the lute under a salmon-coloured balcony; the two little girls look gravely on, prematurely in love, I suspect, with the troubadour; and Blanche and I have stolen away into a corner, which, by some strange delusion, we consider out of sight, and in that corner in the cradle of the *Neogilos*. Indeed it is not our fault that it is there — Roland would have it so; and the baby is so good, too, he never cries — at least so say Blanche and my mother: at all events, he does not cry to-night. And, indeed, that child is a wonder! He seems to know and respond to what was uppermost at our hearts when he was born; and yet more, when Roland (contrary, I dare say, to all custom) permitted neither mother, nor nurse, nor creature of womankind, to hold him at the baptismal font, but bent over the new Christian his own dark, high-featured face, reminding one of the eagle that hid the infant in its nest, and watched over it with wings that had baffled with the storm: and from that moment the child, who took the name of HERBERT, seemed to recognise Roland better than his nurse, or even mother — seemed to know that, in giving him that name, we sought to give Roland his son once more! Never did the old man come

near the infant but it smiled, and crowed, and stretched out its little arms; and then the mother and I would press each other's hand secretly, and were not jealous. Well, then Blanche and Pisistratus were seated near the cradle, and talking in low whispers, when my father pushed aside the screen, and said —

"There — the work is done! — and now it may go to Press as soon as you will."

Congratulations poured in — my father bore them with his usual equanimity; and standing on the hearth, his hand in his waistcoat, he said musingly, "Among the last delusions of Human Error, I have had to notice Rousseau's phantasy of Perpetual Peace, and all the like pastoral dreams, which preceded the bloodiest wars that have convulsed the earth for more than a thousand years!"

"And to judge by the newspapers," said I, "the same delusions are renewed again. Benevolent theorists go about prophesying peace as a positive certainty, deduced from that sibyl-book the ledger; and we are never again to buy cannons provided only we can exchange cotton for corn."

MR. SQUILLS — (*who, having almost wholly retired from general business, has, from want of something better to do attended sundry "Demonstrations in the North," since which he has talked much about the march of improvement, the spirit of the age, and "*US *of the nineteenth century."*) — I heartily hope that those benevolent theorists *are* true prophets. I have found, in the course of my professional practice, that men get out of the world quite fast enough, without hacking them into pieces, or blowing them up into the air. War is a great evil.

BLANCHE — (*passing by Squills, and glancing toward Roland.*) — Hush!

Roland remains silent.

MR. CAXTON. — War is a great evil; but evil is admitted

by Providence into the agency of creation, physical and moral. The existence of evil has puzzled wiser heads than ours, Squills. But, no doubt, there is One above who has His reasons for it. The combative bump seems as common to the human skull as the philoprogenitive, — if it is in our organisation, be sure it is not there without cause. Neither is it just to man, nor wisely submissive to the Disposer of all events, to suppose that war is wholly and wantonly produced by human crimes and follies — that it conduces *only* to ill, and does not as often arise from the necessities interwoven in the framework of society, and speed the great ends of the human race, conformably with the designs of the Omniscient. Not one great war has ever desolated the earth, but has left behind it seeds that have ripened into blessings incalculable!

MR. SQUILLS — *(with the groan of a dissentient at a "Demonstration.")* — *Oh! oh!* OH!

Luckless Squills! Little could he have foreseen the shower-bath, or rather *douche*, of erudition that fell splash on his head, as he pulled the spring, with that impertinent *Oh! oh!* Down first came the Persian War, with Median myriads disgorging all the rivers they had drank up in their march through the East — all the arts, all the letters, all the sciences, all the notions of liberty that we inherit from Greece — my father rushed on with them all, sousing Squills with his proofs that, without the Persian War, Greece would never have risen to be the teacher of the world. Before the gasping victim could take breath, down came Hun, Goth, and Vandal, on Italy and Squills.

"What, Sir!" cried my father, "don't you see that, from those eruptions on demoralised Rome came the regeneration of manhood; the rebaptism of earth from the last soils of paganism; and the remote origin of whatever of Christianity

yet exists, free from the idolatries with which Rome contaminated the faith?"

Squills held up his hands, and made a splutter. Down came Charlemagne! — paladins and all! There my father was grand! What a picture he made of the broken, jarring, savage elements of barbaric society. And the iron hand of the great Frank — settling the nation, and founding existent Europe. Squills was now fast sinking into coma, or stupefaction; but, catching at a straw, as he heard the word "Crusades" he stuttered forth, "Ah! *there* I defy you!"

"Defy me, there!" cries my father, and one would think the ocean was in the shower-bath, it came down with such a rattle, my father scarcely touched on the smaller points in excuse for the Crusades, though he recited very volubly all the humaner arts introduced into Europe by that invasion of the East; and showed how it had served civilisation, by the vent it afforded for the rude energies of chivalry — by the element of destruction to feudal tyranny that it introduced — by its use in the emancipation of burghs, and the disrupture of serfdom. But he showed, in colours vivid as if caught from the skies of the East, the great spread of Mohametanism, and the danger it menaced to Christian Europe — and drew up the Godfreys, and Tancreds, and Richards, as a league of the Age and Necessity, against the terrible progress of the sword and the Koran. "You call them madmen," cried my father, "but the frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate! How know you that — but for the terror inspired hy the hosts who marched to Jerusalem — how know you that the Crescent had not waved over other realms than those which Roderic lost to the Moor? If Christianity had been less a passion, and the passion had less stirred up all Europe — how know you that the creed of the Arab (which was then, too, a passion) might not have planted its mosques in the forum of Rome, and on

the site of *Notre Dame?* For in the war between creeds — when the creeds are embraced by vast races — think you that the reason of sages can cope with the passion of millions? Enthusiasm must oppose enthusiasm. The crusader fought for the tomb of Christ, but he saved the life of Christendom."

My father paused. Squills was quite passive; he struggled no more — he was drowned.

"So," resumed Mr. Caxton, more quietly — "so, if later wars yet perplex us as to the good that the All-wise One draws from their evils, our posterity may read their uses as clearly as we now read the finger of Providence resting on the barrows of Marathon, or guiding Peter the Hermit to the battle-fields of Palestine. Nor, while we admit the evil to the passing generation, can we deny that many of the virtues that make the ornament and vitality of peace sprung up first in the convulsions of war!" Here Squills began to evince faint signs of resuscitation, when my father let fly at him one of those numberless waterworks which his prodigious memory kept in constant supply. "Hence," said he, "hence not unjustly has it been remarked by a philosopher, shrewd at least in worldly experience — (Squills again closed his eyes, and became exanimate) — 'It is strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. But 't is in war that the knot of fellowship is closest drawn; 't is in war that mutual succour is most given — mutual danger run, and common affection, most exerted and employed; for heroism and philanthropy are almost one and the same!'" *

My father ceased, and mused a little. Squills, if still living, thought it prudent to feign continued extinction.

"Not," said Mr. Caxton, resuming — "not but what I hold it our duty never to foster into a passion what we must

* Shaftesbury.

rather submit to as an awful necessity. You say truly, Mr. Squills — war is an evil; and woe to those who, on slight pretences, open the gates of Janus,

> — 'The dire abode,
> And the fierce issues of the furious god.'"

Mr. Squills after a long pause, (employed in some of the more handy means for the reanimation of submerged bodies, supporting himself close to the fire in a semi-erect posture, with gentle friction, self-applied, to each several limb, and copious recourse to certain steaming stimulants which my compassionate hands prepared for him) stretches himself, and says feebly "In short, then, not to provoke farther discussion, you would go to war in defence of your country. Stop, Sir — stop, for God's sake! I agree with you — I agree with you! But, fortunately, there is little chance now that any new Boney will build boats at Boulogne to invade us."

Mr. Caxton. — I am not so sure of that, Mr. Squills. (*Squills falls back with a glassy stare of deprecating horror.*) I don't read the newspapers very often, but the past helps me to judge of the present.

Therewith my father earnestly recommended to Mr. Squills the careful perusal of certain passages in Thucydides, just previous to the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, (*Squills hastily nodded the most servile acquiescence,*) and drew an ingenious parallel between the signs and symptoms forboding that outbreak, and the very apprehension of coming war which was evinced by the recent *Io pæans* to peace. And, after sundry notable and shrewd remarks, tending to show where elements for war were already ripening, amidst clashing opinions and disorganised states, he wound up with saying, — "So that, all things considered, I think we had better just keep up enough of the bellicose spirit, not to think

t a sin if we are called upon to fight for our pestles and nortars, our three per cents, goods, chattels, and liberties. Such a time must come, sooner or later, even though the whole world were spinning cotton, and printing sprigged calicoes. *We* may not see it, Squills, but that young gentleman in the cradle, whom you have lately brought into light, may.

"And if so," said my uncle abruptly, speaking for the first time, — "if indeed it is for altar and hearth!"

My father suddenly drew in and pished a little, for he saw that he was caught in the web of his own eloquence.

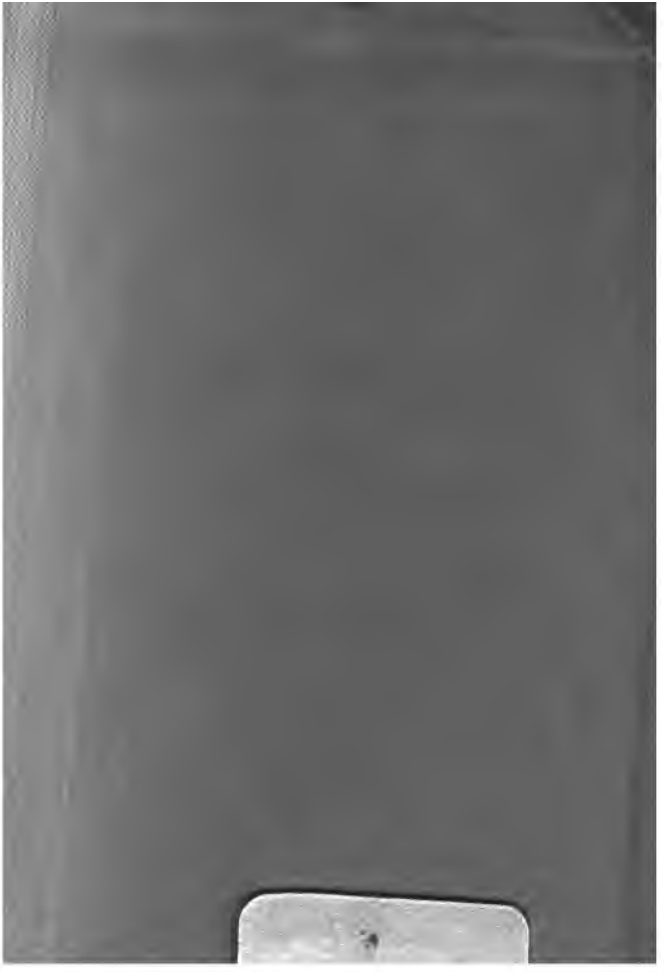
Then Roland took down from the wall his son s sword. Stealing to the cradle, he laid it in its sheath by the infant's side, and glanced from my father to us with a beseeching eye. Instinctively Blanche bent over the cradle, as if to protect the *Neogilos;* but the child, waking, turned from her, and, attracted by the glitter of the hilt, laid one hand lustily thereon, and pointed with the other, laughing, to Roland.

"Only on my father's proviso," said I hesitatingly. "For hearth and altar — nothing less!"

"And even in that case," said my father, "add the shield to the sword!" and on the other side of the infant he placed Roland's well-worn bible, blistered in many a page with secret tears.

There we all stood, grouping round the young centre of so many hopes and fears — in peace or in war, born alike for the Battle of Life. And he, unconscious of all that made our lips silent, and our eyes dim, had already left that bright bauble of the sword, and thrown both arms round Roland's bended neck.

"*Herbert*," murmured Roland; and Blanche gently drew away the sword, — and left the bible.

THE END.

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